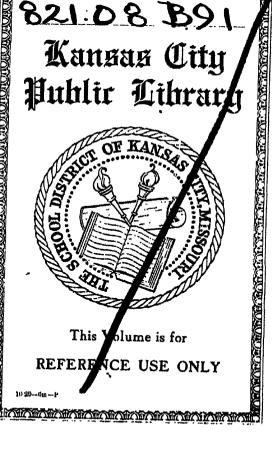
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A NEW LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG: EDITED BY WILLIAM CUL-LEN BRYANT WITH HIS REVIEW OF POETS AND POETRY FROM THE TIME OF CHAUCER

REVISED AND ENLARGED WITH RECENT AUTHORS, AND CONTAINING A DICTIONARY OF POETICAL OUOTATIONS

Pictorial and Portrait Illustrations

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Indexed Gr 1904, 1917

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

STANDING by general consent in the front rank of its class, since its first issue in 1870, Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" is one of the perennial standards.

The name "Library," which was given it, indicates the principle upon which the book has been made, namely: that it might serve as a book of reference; as a comprehensive exhibit of the history, growth, and condition of poetical literature; and, more especially, as a companion, at the will of its possessor, for the varying moods of the mind.

Mr. Bryant's broad sympathies and pure taste secured in the original edition a selection at once full and choice. Yet, in the desire to better it and keep it fresh, almost the latest literary labor of his life was a thorough revision and enlargement of this "Family Library," as he was wont to call it; and since that time it has been again revised, and made more useful by the addition of certain valuable features and representative poems from authors of more recent fame. In all this labor, the chief aim of the collection—to present an array of good poetry so widely representative and so varied in its tone as to offer an answering chord to every mood and phase of human feeling—has been carefully kept in view, both in the selection and the arrangement of its contents. So that, in all senses, the realization of its significant title has been an objective point.

In pursuance of this plan, the highest standard of literary criticism has not been made the only test of worth for selection, since many poems have been included which, though less perfect than others in form, have, by some power of touching the heart, gained and maintained a sure place in the popular esteem.

In its present form, this "Library" is believed to be the most complete of all the anthologies.

Perhaps the most notable of the new features, aside from the new poems, is the addition to each of the Departments (as "Childhood and Youth," "Love," "Nature," etc.) of a number of briefer poetical quotations under the general head of "Fragments." These, in their careful classification, include, together with the complete poems in the work, nearly every well-known passage and phrase in the poetical literature of the language,

being the result of much original reading, as well as consultation of Addington, Mrs. Hale, Watson, Allibone, Bartlett, and other collections of such passages, — Bartlett being easily the chief. To make them readily accessible, — either in finding a specific "fragment" or in searching for quotations on particular subjects, — there is also an analytical index, or Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, giving some lifteen thousand references under alphabetically arranged key-words.

The Publishers desire to return their cordial thanks for the courtesy freely extended to them, by which many copyrighted American poems have been allowed to appear in this collection. In regard to a large number of them, permission has been accorded by the authors themselves; other poems, having been gathered as waifs and strays, have been necessarily used without a special authority; and, where due credit is not given, or where the authorship may have been erroneously ascribed, future editions will afford opportunity for correction, which will be gladly made. Particular acknowledgments are offered to Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. for extracts from the works of Fitz-Greene Halleck and from the poems of William Cullen Bryant; to Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, for poems of Charles G. Halpine and Will Carleton; to Messrs. J. B. Lippincoff & Co., for quotations from the writings of T. Buchanan Read; to Messrs, Charles SCRIBNER'S SONS for extracts from Dr. J. G. Holland's poems; to Messis. ROBERTS BROTHERS, for poems by John W. Chadwick, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Joaquin Miller, besides certain English poets for whom they are the authorized American publishers, - Sir Edwin Arnold, Jean Ingelow. William Morris, the Rossettis, and others; and more especially to the house of Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., for their courtesy in the liberal extracts granted from the writings of Aldrich, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Florence Percy, Saxe, Mrs. Stowe, Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Bret Harte, Trowbridge, Mrs. Thaxter, Whittier, and others of their unequalled list of poetical writers.

In the present edition, poems from a number of writers, whose chief fame has grown during recent years, or who were inadequately represented in the earlier editions, have been included. By way of giving a special attractiveness to them, these poems have been illustrated,—either pictorially or by portraits of the writers. In this connection, thanks are rendered to the following houses for permission to use poems by the authors whose names are given: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Helen Gray Cone, Margaret Deland, Edgar Fawcett, Louise Imogene Guiney, Emma Lazarus, Edna Dean Proctor, Sarah M. B. Piatt, James J. Roche, E. R. Sill, Edith M. Thomas, and George E. Woodberry; The Century Company,—Charlotte Fiske Bates, Richard Watson Gilder, Robert U. Johnson, Irwin Russell; Messrs. Roberts Brothers,—Arlo Bates, Emily Dickinson;

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In addition to the above acknowledgments, readers will see in the "Index of Authors" references enabling them to find the publishers of the works of American writers to whom their attention has been called by any fragment or poem. This "Library" contains specimens of many styles, and it is believed that, so far from preventing the purchase of special authors, it serves to draw attention to their merits; and the courtesy of their publishers, in granting the use of some of their poems here, will find a practical recognition.

With these explanations and acknowledgments, BRYANT'S FAMILY LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG is placed anew before the public. In this revised and enlarged form, it represents above seven hundred authors by their best productions.

NEW YORK, 1895.

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The Doet.

Thou who wouldn't wear the arene

Of iper midet they brethen of marking,

And clother, in words of flame,

Thoughts that whall live within the general smud,

Deem not the framing of a deathless lay

The pastino of a drowey summer day.

And week them on the verse that thou dost wiever,

And week them on the verse that thou dost wiever,

and in they lively hourd,

At wilent morning or at wakeful eve,

Wile the water current lingles throughthy veins,

Set forth the burning words in fluent strand.

Astfully Hought and ordered thoughit be,
Which the cold thymer lage
Upon the page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulseto livelier offeed,
On-fill, with seeden tears, the light that read

The secret would thou know

To touch the heart or fere the blood at will,

Set think eyed derflow.

Let they leps quever wrote the padde and this!!;

Seize the great thought creyet its power be past.

And bind in words, the fleet emotion facts:;

Then, should they were appear-Halting and harsh and all mapily wrought. Touch the crude line with fear. Save in the moment of in passioned thought. Then summon book the original glavand mends The Strain with Eapture that with five was pluned.

Of passion find an exterence in they lay; afblads that whirls the bust along the howling street and died away; But feelings of calm power and nightly sleenes, Sike currents journaging throughthe windless deep.

School than in living lays To limm the beauty of the earth and eky?

Before this inner gaze

Let all that beauty in clear vision lies Look on it wish exceeding love and write

The world inspired by wonder and delight

Of tempeste woulder those sting.
Or lett of battles, make thy selfa part.
Of the great turnult; cling
No the tossed wreck with terror in they heart.
Ticale: wirb the assaulting host, the tamparts (reight, ednd strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shall-then frame alay

Which haply may endure from age to age;

And they who read shull day:

"Theotwitchery hangs upon this pools page."

What art is his thewritten spells to find

"That sway, from mood to mood, the willing mind!"

William Cullen Bryant

Copies, Occ." 1875.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

Personal Talk.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By JAMES GRANT WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

The gravity and stillness of your youth The world hath noted, and your name is great In mouths of wisest censure.

SHAKSPEARE.

He had the wisdom of age in his youth, and the fire of youth in his age.

MARK HOPKINS.

ANCESTORS. — BIRTH. — CHILDHOOD. — SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS. — LEGAL STUDIES. — MARRIAGE. — PUBLICATION OF POEMS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT relates, that, when some one was mentioned as a "fine old man" to Dean Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing: "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago." Béranger and Brougham, Goethe and Guizot, Humboldt and Sir Henry Holland, Lyndhurst and Palmerston, Earl Russell and Field-Marshal Moltke; and, among Americans, J. Q. Adams and Taney, Professors Henry and Hodge, Horace Binney and Richard Henry Dana, who passed ninetyone, — the age at which Titian said that genius never grows old, — may be cited among the men of the nineteenth century in refutation of this theory, which it may be presumed has nothing to do with thews or stature. But if we were asked for a bright and shining example of faculties, and faculties of a high order, remaining unimpaired in mind and body till long past the grand climacteric, we might name WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the beloved patriarch of American poetry, and "the most accomplished, the most distinguished, and the most universally honored citizen of the United States," who, having lived under every Presidential Administration of our country until the last week of May, 1878, completed his fourscore years and three, cheerful and full of conversation, and continued to the end heartily to enjoy what Dr. Johnson happily calls "the sunshine of life."

No name in our contemporaneous literature, either in England or America, is crowned with more successful honors than that of William Cullen Bryant. Born among the granite hills of Massachusetts, at a period when our colonial literature,

like our people, was but recently under the dominion of Great Britain, he lived to see that literature expand from its infancy and take a proud place in the republic of letters; and he survived to see the Republic itself, after triumphantly crushing a giant rebellion, spring up to a giant power. Surrounded by such historic and heroic associations, men like Bryant, who survive, embody in their lives the annals of a people, and represent in their individuality the history of a nation.

Pursuing beyond the age of fourscore an energetic literary career, the poet was also an active co-laborer in all worthy movements to promote the advancement of the arts and literature. A liberal patron of art himself, he was always the judicious and eloquent advocate of the claims of artists. On the completion of the beautiful Venetian temple to Art erected by the New York Academy of Design, Mr. Bryant delivered the address dedicating the building and consecrating it to its uses. Foremost in the literary circles of his adopted city, he was for many years the President of that time-honored institution of New York, the Century Club, - of which Gulian C. Verplanck and George Bancroft had previously been presidents, and which has always embraced among its members men of letters, prominent artists, and leading gentlemen of the liberal professions. Philanthropic in his nature, Bryant was ever the consistent promoter of all objects having for their tendency the elevation of humanity and the furtherance of its interests. Connected with the leading evening metropolitan journal, and one of the oldest in the United States, he was enabled to bring the powerful influence of the Press to bear, with his own great literary renown and personal weight, upon whatever measure he supported in the cause of philanthropy, letters, and the promotion of art.

William Cullen Bryant was born in a log-house at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He was a descendant of the English and Scotch families of Alden, Ames, Harris, Hayward, Howard, Keith, Mitchel, Packard, Snell, and Washburn, and through them from several of the Pilgrims who landed from the "Mayflower" at Plymouth, on the 22d of December, 1620, — not a bad genealogy for an American citizen, nor unlike that of his brother-poet Halleck, who was descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, including John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Bryant also had a worthy clerical ancestor in the person of James Keith, the first minister of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, who, after having preached from the same pulpit fifty-six years, died in that town in 1719.

Stephen Bryant, the first of the poet's American ancestors of his own name, — who is known to have been at Plymouth, Massachusetts, as early as 1632, and who some time before 1650 married Abigail Shaw, — had several children, one of whom was also

¹ A general misapprehension exists as to Mr. Bryant's birthplace. He was born, as he told the writer, not in what is now known as the "Bryant Homestead," but in a small house constructed of square logs and long since removed. This fact is further confirmed by the following note from the poet to a friend, dated December 5, 1876: "Your uncle Eliphalet Packard was quite right in designating my birthplace. As the tradition of my family goes, I was born in a house which then stood at the northwest corner of a road leading north of the burying-ground on the hill, and directly opposite to the burying-ground. The house was afterwards removed and placed near that occupied then by Daniel Dawes. I suppose there is nothing left of it now."

named Stephen. He was the father of Ichabod Bryant, who moved from Raynham to West Bridgewater in 1745, bringing with him a certificate of dismission from the church at Raynham, and a recommendation to that of his new place of residence. Philip, the eldest of his five sons, studied medicine, and settled in North Bridgewater, now Brockton, where his house is still standing. Dr. Philip Bryant married Silence Howard, daughter of Dr. Abiel Howard, with whom he studied medicine. One of their nine children, a son called Peter, born in the year 1767, studied his father's profession, and succeeded to his practice. At that time there lived in the same town a Revolutionary veteran, "stern and severe," named Ebenezer Snell, of whom a small boy of the period recently informed the writer that "all the boys of Bridgewater were dreadfully afraid," so austere and authoritative were his manners. The old soldier had a pretty daughter, who won the susceptible young doctor's affections: so that when Squire Snell removed with his family to Cummington, and built what is now known as the "Bryant Homestead," Peter Bryant followed, establishing himself there as a physician and surgeon, and in 1792 was married to "sweet Sarah Snell." as she is called in one of the youthful doctor's poetic effusions. Five sons and two daughters were the fruit of this happy marriage, their second son being the subject of this sketch. Of these seven children but one son survives, John Howard Bryant, of Illinois, who, with his brother Arthur, since deceased, was present at the poet's funeral.

Dr. Peter Bryant's bearing, I am told by an aged man who remembers him, was the very reverse of that of his gruff father-in-law. Although reserved, he was gentle in manner, with a low soft voice, and always attired with scrupulous neatness. While not above the height of his gifted son, he was broad-shouldered, and would sometimes exhibit his great strength by lifting a barrel of cider from the ground over the wheel into a wagon. According to the account of another who knew him, he was "possessed of extensive literary and scientific acquirements, an unusually vigorous and well-disciplined mind, and an elegant and refined taste." He was for his son Cullen an able and skilful instructor, who chastened, improved, and encouraged the first rude efforts of his boyish genius. A personal friend of the poet wrote of him in 1840, that "his father, his guide in the first attempts at versification, taught him the value of correctness and compression, and enabled him to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and fustian."

The son in after-life commemorated the teachings and trainings of the father in a poem entitled "Hymn to Death," published in 1825, which has often been quoted for its beauty and pathos:—

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth The art of verse, and in the end of life Offered me the Muses. Oh, cut off Untimely! when the reason in its strength, Ripened by years of toil and studious search And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught Thy hand to practise best the lenient art To which thou gavest thy laborious days And lost thy life."

The poet's great-grandfather, Dr. Abiel Howard, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1729, had an extensive library for those times, and in his youth wrote verses. Some of these were in Mr. Bryant's possession, and, to quote his own words, "show no small power of poetic expression." The inclination to express themselves in poetic form reappeared in Dr. Howard's grandchildren. Dr. Bryant wrote many songs and love stanzas in his younger days, and some satirical political poems in middle age. His sister Ruth Bryant, who died young, left several meritorious poems which her nephew had read in manuscript. When Mr. Bryant was studying law, the late Judge Daniel Howard asked him from whom he inherited his poetic gift; he promptly replied, from his great-grandfather Dr. Howard. The poet's surviving brother recently said to the writer, "We were all addicted, more or less, to the unprofitable business of rhyming."

It was the dream of Dr. Bryant's life to educate a child for his own and his father's loved profession; and so it came to pass that his second son was named after one of the great Scottish medical lights of that era, William Cullen, an eminent Edinburgh physician. The child was frail, and his head was deemed too large for his body, — which fact so disturbed the worthy doctor that, unable to find in the books any remedy for excessive cerebral development, he decided upon a remedy of his own, and directed that the child should be daily ducked in an adjoining spring of clear cold water. Two of Dr. Bryant's students were deputed to carry the child from his bed each morning and to immerse him and his immense head. The tradition is that the embryo-poet fought stoutly against this singular proceeding, of which also the young mother did not approve, but which notwithstanding was continued till the discrepancy of proportion between the head and the body disappeared, and the father no longer deemed its continuance necessary.

As a child Bryant exhibited extraordinary precocity. He received instruction at home from his mother, whose school education, like that of most American women of her day, was limited to the ordinary English branches. He also was instructed by his father and an uncle, who taught him

"A little Latine and less Greeke."

Bryant has happily told the story of his boyhood in better and more entertaining style than it can by any possibility be narrated by another. It forms a charming chapter in an autobiography to which the venerable poet devoted an occasional hour during the closing years of his long career. Says Mr. Bryant:—

"The boys of the generation to which I belonged — that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this — were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in

^{1 &}quot;The Boys of my Boyhood," - St. Nicholas Magazine, December, 1876.

which I stood of him, — an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and certainly never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

"The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

"One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane that hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow fledged with a feather from his own wing; in other words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation.

"The awe in which the boys of that time held their parents extended to all elderly persons, toward whom our behavior was more than merely respectful, for we all observed a bushed and subdued demeanor in their presence. Toward the ministers of the gospel this behavior was particularly marked. At that time every township in Massachusetts the State in which I lived - had its minister, who was settled there for life; and when he once came among his people was understood to have entered into a connection with them scarcely less lasting than the marriage-tie. The community in which he lived regarded him with great veneration, and the visits which from time to time he made to the district schools seemed to the boys important occasions, for which special preparation was made. When he came to visit the school which I attended, we all had on our Sunday clothes, and were ready for him with a few answers to the questions in the 'Westminster Catechism.' He heard us recite our lessons, examined us in the catechism, and then began a little address, which I remember was the same on every occasion. He told us how much greater were the advantages of education which we enjoyed than those which had fallen to the lot of our parents, and exhorted us to make the best possible use of them, both for our own sakes and that of our parents, who were ready to make any sacrifice for us, even so far as to take the bread out of their own mouths to give us. I remember being disgusted with this illustration of parental kindness, which I was obliged to listen to twice at least in every year.

"The good man had, perhaps, less reason than he supposed to magnify the advantages of education enjoyed in the common schools at that time. Reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, with a little grammar and a little geography, were all that was taught,—and these by persons much less qualified, for the most part, than those who now give instruction. Those, however, who wished to proceed further took lessons from graduates of the colleges, who were then much more numerous in proportion to the population than they now are.

"One of the entertainments of the boys of my time was what were called the 'raisings,'—meaning the erection of the timber-frames of houses or barns, to which the boards were to be afterward nailed. Here the minister made a point of being present, and hither the able-bodied men of the neighborhood, the young men especially, were summoned, and took part in the work with great alacrity. It was a spectacle for us next to that of a performer on the tight-rope to see the young men walk steadily on the narrow footing of the beams at a great height from the ground, or as they stood to catch in their hands the

wooden pins and the braces flung to them from below. They vied with each other in the dexterity and daring with which they went through with the work; and when the skeleton of the building was put together, some one among them generally capped the climax of fearless activity by standing on the ridge-pole with his head downward and his heels in the air. At that time even the presence of the minister was no restraint upon the flow of milk-punch and grog, which in some cases was taken to excess. The practice of calling the neighbors to these 'raisings' is now discontinued in the rural neighborhoods; the carpenters provide their own workmen for the business of adjusting the timbers of the new building to each other, and there is no consumption of grog.

"Another of the entertainments of rustic life in the region of which I am speaking was the making of maple sugar. This was a favorite frolic of the boys.

"In autumn, the task of stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn was made the occasion of social meetings, in which the boys took a special part. A farmer would appoint what was called 'a husking,' to which he invited his neighbors. The ears of maize in the husk, sometimes along with part of the stalk, were heaped on the barn floor. In the evening lanterns were brought, and seated on piles of dry husks the men and boys stripped the ears of their covering, and breaking them from the stem with a sudden jerk threw them into baskets placed for the purpose. It was often a merry time: the gossip of the neighborhood was talked over, stories were told, jests went round, and at the proper hour the assembly adjourned to the dwelling-house, and were treated to pumpkinpie and cider, which in that season had not been so long from the press as to have parted with its sweetness.

"Quite as cheerful were the 'apple-parings,' which on autumn evenings brought together the young people of both sexes in little circles. The fruit of the orchards was pared and quartered and the core extracted, and a supply of apples in this state provided for making what was called 'apple-sauce,'—a kind of preserve of which every family laid in a large quantity every year.

"The cider-making season in autumn was, at the time of which I am speaking, somewhat correspondent to the vintage in the wine countries of Europe. Large tracts of land in New England were overshadowed by rows of apple-trees, and in the month of May a journey through that region was a journey through a wilderness of bloom. In the month of October the whole population was busy gathering apples under the trees, from which they fell in heavy showers as the branches were shaken by the strong arms of the farmers. The creak of the cider-mill, turned by a horse moving in a circle, was heard in every neighborhood as one of the most common of rural sounds. The freshly-pressed juice of the apples was most agreeable to boyish tastes, and the whole process of gathering the fruit and making the cider came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion; and the quantity swallowed by the men of that day led to the habits of intemperance, which at length alarmed the more thoughtful part of the community, and gave occasion to the formation of temperance societies and the introduction of better habits.

"The streams which bickered through the narrow glens of the region in which I lived were much better stocked with trout in those days than now, for the country had been newly opened to settlement. The boys all were anglers. I confess to having felt a strong interest in that 'sport,' as I no longer call it. I have long since been weaned from the propensity of which I speak; but I have no doubt that the instinct which inclines so

many to it, and some of them our grave divines, is a remnant of the original wild nature of man.

"I have not mentioned other sports and games of the boys of that day, — that is to say, of seventy or eighty years since, — such as wrestling, running, leaping, base-ball, and the like, for in these there was nothing to distinguish them from the same pastimes at the present day. There were no public lectures at that time on subjects of general interest; the profession of public lecturer was then unknown, and eminent men were not solicited, as they now are, to appear before audiences in distant parts of the country, and gratify the curiosity of strangers by letting them hear the sound of their voices. But the men of those days were far more given to attendance on public worship than those who now occupy their place, and of course they took their boys with them.

"Every parish had its tything-men, two in number generally, whose business it was to maintain order in the church during divine service, and who sat with a stern countenance through the sermon, keeping a vigilant eye on the boys in the distant pews and in the galleries. Sometimes, when he detected two of them communicating with each other, he went to one of them, took him by the button, and, leading him away, seated him beside himself. His power extended to other delinquencies. He was directed by law to see that the Sabbath was not profaned by people wandering in the fields and angling in the brooks. At that time a law, no longer in force, directed that any person who absented himself unnecessarily from public worship for a certain length of time should pay a fine into the treasury of the county. I remember several persons of whom it was said that they had been compelled to pay this fine, but I do not remember any of them who went to church afterward."

Bryant's education was continued under his uncle the Rev. Thomas Snell, of Brookfield, in whose family he lived and studied for one year; and by the Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, he was prepared for college. His brother Arthur remembered that when the young poet came home on visits from his uncle Snell's or "Parson Hallock's." he was in the habit of playing at games with them, and of amusing them in various ways; that he excelled as a runner, and had many successful running contests with his college classmates; also that he was accustomed on his home visits to declaim, for the entertainment of the family circle, some of his own compositions, both in prose and verse. He was at this time a small, delicate, and handsome youth, very shy and reserved, and a great reader, devouring every volume that he could meet with, and resembling the hero of Waverlev in "driving through a sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder." He was. as I was informed by Dr. Hallock, who studied with him at that time, - now nearly seventy years ago, - a natural scholar like his father, and although but fifteen. he had already accumulated a vast stock of information. In a letter to the Rev. H. Seymour, of Northampton, Massachusetts, published since Mr. Bryant's death, he speaks as follows of his early studies of Greek: "I began with the Greek alphabet. passed to the declensions and conjugations, which I committed to memory, and was put into the Gospel of St. John. In two calendar months from the time of beginning with the powers of the Greek alphabet I had read every book in the

¹ Dr. Snell was pastor of the North Parish of Brookfield for sixty-four years.

New Testament. I supposed, at the time, that I had made pretty good progress, but do not even now know whether that was very extraordinary." He found more pleasure in books, and in silent rambles among the hills and valleys, than in the usual sports and pastimes of youth of that age.

In October, 1810, when in his sixteenth year, Bryant entered the sophomore class of Williams College. He continued his studies there during one winter, with the same fidelity as before, but not with the same enthusiasm or pleasure. He did not like his college life, some features of which were distasteful to his shy and sensitive nature; and so with his father's permission he obtained an honorable dismissal in May, 1811, and in due time received the degree as a member of the class of 1813, of which there were in June, 1878, but two survivors, — the Rev. Elisha D. Barrett, of Missouri, and the Hon. Charles F. Sedgwick, of Connecticut. Dr. Calvin Durfee, the late historian of Williams College, said to me that Mr. Bryant "did not graduate in a regular course with his class; still, years ago, by vote of the trustees of the college, he was restored to his place in the class, and has been enrolled among the alumni."

Judge Sedgwick, under date of Sharon, July 3, 1878, wrote to the author: -

"I have your favor asking me to give you some of my recollections of the college life of my classmate W. C. Bryant. It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request, so far as I am able; but the short time during which he remained a member of the college could not be productive of many events of very great interest. Since his decease, many incorrect statements in relation to this portion of his history have gone forth, most of them intimating that he was a member of the college for two years. The truth is that having entered the sophomore class in October, 1810, and then having continued his membership for two terms, he took a dismission in May, 1811, intending to complete his collegiate education at Yale College. As stated above, he entered our class at the commencement of the sophomore year. His room-mate was John Avery, of Conway, Mass., who was some eight years his senior in age. Bryant had not then attained to the physical dimensions which he afterwards reached, but his bodily structure was remarkably regular and systematic. He had a prolific growth of dark brown hair, and I do not remember ever to have known a person in whom the progress of years made so great a difference in personal appearance as it did in the case of Mr. Bryant. I met him twice near the close of his life at Williams College Commencements, and if I had not seen pictures of him as he appeared in old age, I could hardly have been persuaded of his identity with the Bryant I knew in early life.

"When he entered college, it was known that he was the reputed author of two or three short poems which had recently been published, and which indicated decidedly promising talent on the part of their author. When spoken to in relation to these poetical effusions, he was reticent and modest, and in fact his modesty in everything was a peculiar trait of his character. It was very difficult to obtain from him any specimens of his talent as a poet. One exercise demanded of the students was the occasional writing of a composition, to be read to the tutor in presence of the class; and once Bryant, in fulfilling this requirement, read a short poem, which received the decided approval of the tutor, and once he translated one of the Odes of Horace, which he showed to a few personal friends. Those were the only examples of his poetry that I now remember of his furnishing during his college life. It may be stated here that the tutor who instructed

Mr. Bryant in college was the Rev. Orange Lyman, who was afterwards the Presbyterian elergyman at Vernon, Oneida County, N. Y.

"Bryant, during all his college experience, was remarkably quiet, pleasant, and unobtrusive in his manners and studious in the literary course. His lessons were all well mastered, and not a single event occurred during his residence which received the least disapproval of the Faculty.

"Your letter reminds me of the fact that there are but very few persons left who knew Mr. Bryant in college. 'The Flood of Years' has swept them all away except the Rev. Herman Halsey, of the class of 1811, who yet survives in Western New York, and my class-mate the Rev. E. D. Barrett, of Missouri, and myself, of the class of 1813. If I live to see the first day of September, I shall have completed eighty-three years of life."

The Rev. E. D. Barrett, from Sedalia, Missouri, July 9, 1878, wrote to me:

"I well remember Bryant's first appearance at college in my sophomore year. Many of the class were assembled in one of our rooms when he presented himself. A friendly greeting passed round the circle, and all seemed to enjoy the arrival of the young stranger and poet. News of Mr. Bryant's precocious intellect, his poetical genius, and his literary taste had preceded his arrival. He was looked up to with great respect, and regarded as an honor to the class of which he had become a member, and to the college which had now received him as his Alma Mater. I was the poet's senior by more than four years, having been born in January, 1790, and am, with the single exception of Charles F. Sedgwick, the sole survivor of the Williams College class of 1813."

No American poet has equalled Bryant in early poetic development. In that particular he surpassed Pope and Cowley and Byron. At the age of nine we find him composing tolerably clever verses, and four years later writing "The Embargo," a political as well as a poetical satire upon the Jeffersonian party of that day. The poem is also remarkable as having manifested at that early age a political order of mind which continued to develop in an equal ratio with his poetical nature through life. That mind, indeed, taking higher range, was not active in the turmoils and schemes of politicians; but it investigated the great questions of political economy, and grappled with principles of the gravest moment to society and humanity.

"The Embargo; or, Sketch of the Times, a Satire," we could easily imagine had been written in 1884, instead of seventy-seven years ago, when, our fathers tell us, demagogism was unknown:—

"E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim, Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame; Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide, And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride! She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound A motley throng obedient flock around: A mist of changing hue around she flings, And darkness perches on her dragon wings."

¹ The "Saturday Review" of June 22 says: "The death of Bryant does not indeed deprive America of her oldest poet, for the venerable Dana still survives; but even Mr. Dana can hardly have published verses earlier than the 'Infantalia' of Mr. Bryant. He lisped in numbers which were duly printed when he was but ten years of age; and in his early lines, published in 1804, shows a precocity as great as that of the late Bishop of St. David's, — Dr. Connop Thirlwall."

This poem, printed in Boston, attracted the public attention, and the edition was soon sold. To the second edition, containing "The Spanish Revolution" and several other juvenile pieces, was prefixed this curious advertisement, dated February, 1809:—

"A doubt having been intimated in the 'Monthly Anthology' of June last whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem, in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony: they would prefer that he should be judged by his works without favor or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it; after which they leave him a candidate for favor in common with other literary adventurers. They therefore assure the public that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice. And if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence."

In September, 1817, appeared in the "North American Review" the poem entitled "Thanatopsis," which Professor Wilson said "was alone sufficient to establish the author's claims to the honors of genius." It was written in a few weeks, in his eighteenth year, and but slightly retouched during the time that elapsed between its composition and its first appearance in print. The poem created a marked sensation at the time of its appearance, not unlike that caused by the publication of Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," a few years later. Richard H. Dana was then a member of the committee which conducted the Review, and received the manuscript poems "Thanatopsis" and the "Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood." The former was understood to have been written by Dr. Bryant, and the latter by his son. When Dana learned the name, and heard that the author of "Thanatopsis" was a member of the State legislature, he proceeded to the senate chamber to observe the new poet. He saw there a man of dark complexion, with iron-gray hair, thick eyebrows, well-developed forehead, with an intellectual expression, in which however he failed to find

"The vision and the faculty divine."

He went away puzzled and mortified at his lack of discernment. When Bryant in 1821 delivered at Harvard University his didactic poem entitled "The Ages," — n

¹ Mr. Bryant in a note to the writer says, "The first edition of my poom called 'The Embargo' did not contain any other poems. They were added in the second edition."

² In a letter to the writer, dated March 15, 1869, Mr. Bryant says: "I return your article, the great fault of which is too kind an appreciation of its subject. . . . I am not certain that the poem entitled 'Thanatopsis' was not written a year earlier than you have made it; indeed, I am much inclined to think it was in my eighteenth year. I was not a college student at the time, though I was pursuing college studies with a view of entering Yale College, having taken a dismission from Williams College for the purpose, — which, however, was never accomplished." The poem may be found on p. 307.

comprehensive poetical essay reviewing the world's progress in a panoramic view of the ages, and glowing with a prophetic vision of the future of America, — Dana alluded in complimentary terms to Dr. Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and then learned for the first time that the son was the author of both poems.

It is related that when the father showed a copy of "Thanatopsis" in manuscript, before its publication, to a lady well qualified to judge of its merits, simply saying, "Here are some lines that our Cullen has been writing," she read the poem, raised her eyes to the father's face, and burst into tears, — in which Dr. Bryant, a somewhat reserved and silent man, was not ashamed to join. "And no wonder," continues the writer; "it must have seemed a mystery that in the bosom of eighteen had grown up thoughts that even in boyhood shaped themselves into solemn harmonies, majestic as the diapason of ocean, fit for a temple-service beneath the vault of heaven"

Mr. Bryant continued his classical and mathematical studies at home with a view to entering Yale College; but abandoning this purpose, he became a law student in the office of Judge Howe, of Worthington, afterwards completing his course of legal study with William Baylies, of West Bridgewater. He was admitted to the Bar at Plymouth in 1815, and began practice at Plainfield, where he remained one year, and then removed to Great Barrington (all these towns being in the State of Massachusetts). At Great Barrington he made the acquaintance of the author Catherine M. Sedgwick (who afterwards dedicated to him her novel, "Redwood") and of Miss Frances Fairchild. The lovely qualities of this latter lady the young lawyer celebrated in verses, which for simple purity and delicate imagery are most characteristic of our poet's genius. They are entitled "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids!" and are to be found on page 130.

Miss Fairchild became Mr. Bryant's wife in 1821, and for more than two score years was the "good angel of his life." She is mentioned in many of the poet's stanzas. "The Future Life" is addressed to her. "It was written," says Mr. Bryant in a note to me, "during the lifetime of my wife, and some twenty years after our marriage, — that is to say, about 1840, or possibly two or three years after." "The Life that is" was also inspired by Mrs. Bryant, the poet having written it on the occasion of her recovery from a serious illness in Italy in 1858. It is of so personal a character that the author hesitated about publishing it. Two of the stanzas are as follows:—

"Twice wert thou given me, — once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

"And now, in thy ripe antumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain.
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled long."

¹ To be found on p. 275.

A few months after the young poet's marriage, a small volume of forty-four dingy pages was published by Hilliard & Metcalf, of Cambridge, Mass., entitled "Poems by William Cullen Bryant." A copy is now lying before me. It contains "The Ages," "To a waterfowl," "Translation of a Fragment of Simonides," "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "The Yellow Violet," "Song," "Green River," and "Thanatopsis." In this rare little volume the first and last paragraphs of the latter poem appear as they now stand, the version originally published in the "North American Review" having commenced with the lines, —

"Yet a few days, and thee The all-beholding sun shall see no more In all his course:"

and ended with the words,

"And make their bed with thee."

In the winter of 1877-78 the writer met Mr. Bryant in a Broadway bookstore, and showed him a copy of this early edition of his poetical writings, which the dealer in literary wares had just sold for ten dollars. He laughingly remarked, "Well, that's more than I received for its contents."

CHAPTER: II

This little life-boat of an earth, with its noisy crew of a mankind, and their troubled history, will one day have vanished,—faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What, then, is man? He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of time; that triumphs over time, and is, will be, when time shall be no more.—Thomas Carlyle.

LITERARY CAREER. — AUTHOR, EDITOR, AND POET — FOREIGN TRAVELS. — SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL. — COUNTRY HOUSES. — "THE FLOOD OF YEARS." — EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY. — POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS. — PUBLIC ADDRESSES.

In the year 1824 Mr. Bryant's picturesque poem "A Forest Hymn," 1" The Old Man's Funeral," "The Murdered Traveller," and other poetical compositions appeared in the "United States Literary Gazette," a weekly journal issued in Boston. The same year, at the suggestion of the Sedgwick family, he made his first visit to New York City, where through their influence he was introduced to many of the leading literary men of the metropolis. From the first, Bryant was averse to the dull and distasteful routine of the profession in which he was

"Forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen."

He could not like it, and his aversion for it daily increased. With Slender he could say, "If there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance." His visit to New York decided his destiny. Abandoning the law, in which he had met with a fair measure of success, having enjoyed for nine years a reasonable share of the local practice of Great Barrington, he determined upon pursuing the career of a man of letters, so well described by Carlyle, the "Censor of the Age," as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession,"—and he accordingly, in 1825, removed to New York, which continued to be his place of residence for more than half a century. Here he passed from earnest youth to venerable age — from thirty-one to eighty-four — in one unbroken path of honor and success.

Establishing himself as a literary man in New York, the poet entered upon the editorship of a monthly magazine, to which he contributed "The Death of the Flowers" and many other popular poems, as well as numerous articles on art and kindred subjects. This position soon introduced Bryant into a very charming circle, composed of Chancellor Kent; Cooper, just achieving popularity by his American novels; the young poets Halleck, Hillhouse, and Percival; the painters

Dunlap, Durand, Inman, and Morse; the scholars Charles King and Verplanck; and many other choice spirits, all long since passed away.

A few days after the poet's arrival in New York he met Cooper, to whom he had been previously introduced, who said, —

- "Come and dine with me to-morrow; I live at No. 345 Greenwich Street."
- "Please put that down for me," said Bryant, "or I shall forget the place."
- "Can't you remember three-four-five?" replied Cooper, bluntly.

Bryant did "remember three-four-five," not only for the day, but ever afterward. He dined with the novelist according to appointment, meeting at the table, besides Cooper's immediate family, the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck. The warm friendship of these three gifted men was severed only by death.

It was chiefly through the influence of the brothers Robert and Henry D. Sedgwick that Mr. Bryant was induced to abandon the uncongenial pursuit of the law; and it was through the influence of the same gentlemen that during the year 1826 he became connected with the "Evening Post." Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, who was among the first to appreciate the genius of young Bryant, was a brother of Miss Sedgwick the author, and at the time of his death, in 1831, he was among the most prominent lawyers and political writers of that day. To the "Evening Post" Mr. Bryant brought much literary experience, taste, and learning, and even at that time a literary reputation. Halleck at that period paid in "The Recorder" a richly-deserved compliment to his brother bard, when he wrote,—

"Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart—its teachers and its joy—
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever."

The "Evening Post" was founded by William Coleman, a lawyer of Massachusetts, its first number having been issued on the 16th of November, 1801. Mr. Coleman dying in 1826, the well-remembered William Leggett became its assistant editor, and continued such for ten years. Mr. Bryant soon after his return from Europe in 1836, upon the retirement of Mr. Leggett, assumed the sole editorial charge of the paper, conducting it, with intervals of absence, till the 29th day of May, 1878, when he sat at his desk for the last time. To the "Post," originally a Federal journal, Mr. Bryant early gave a strongly Democratic tone, taking decided ground against all class legislation, and strongly advocating freedom of trade. When his party at a later day passed under the yoke of slavery, the poet followed his principles out of the party, becoming before the Civil War a strong Republican. In its

management he was for a long time assisted by his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, and John Bigelow, late United States minister to France. Besides these able coadjutors, the "Post" has had the benefit of many eminent writers of prose and verse. To its columns Drake and Halleck contributed those sprightly and sparkling jeux d'esprit "The Croakers," which, after nearly seventy years, are still read with pleasure. At the close of the "Post's" first half century, Mr. Bryant prepared a history of the veteran journal, in which his versatile pen and well-stored mind had ample range and material, in men and incidents, to do justice to the very interesting and eventful period through which the paper had passed.

The following terse and just characterization of Mr. Bryant as a political journalist, taken from an article which appeared in the editorial column of the "Post" since his death, gives an admirable summary of the man's life and work:—

"Mr. Bryant's political life was so closely associated with his journalistic life that they must necessarily be considered together. He never sought public office; he repeatedly refused to hold it. He made no effort either to secure or to use influence in politics except through his newspaper and by his silent, individual vote at the polls. The same methods marked his political and his journalistic life. He could be a stout party man upon occasion, but only when the party promoted what he believed to be right principles. When the party with which he was accustomed to act did what according to his judgment was wrong, he would denounce and oppose it as readily and as heartily as he would the other party. . . .

"He used the newspaper conscientiously to advocate views of political and social subjects which he believed to be correct. He set before himself principles whose prevalence he regarded as beneficial to the country or to the world, and his constant purpose was to promote their prevalence. He looked upon the journal which he conducted as a conscientious statesman looks upon the official trust which has been committed to him, or the work which he has undertaken, — not with a view to do what is to be done to-day in the easiest or most brilliant way, but so to do it that it may tell upon what is to be done to-morrow, and all other days, until the worthiest object of ambition is achieved. This is the most useful journalism; and, first and last, it is the most effective and influential."

The lines with which Dr. Johnson concluded a memoir of James Thomson may with equal truth be applied to the writings of William Cullen Bryant: "The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed: it is said by Lord Lyttleton, in the Prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

"' No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Though actively and constantly connected with a daily paper, the poet found ample time to devote to verse and other literary pursuits.

In 1827 and the two following years Mr. Bryant was associated with Verplanck and Robert C. Sands in an annual publication called "The Talisman," consisting of miscellanies in prose and verse, written almost exclusively by the trio of literary partners in Sands's library at Hoboken. Verplanck had a curious habit of balancing himself on the back legs of a chair with his feet placed on two others; and occupying this novel position he dictated his portion of the three volumes to Bryant

and Sands, who alternately acted as his scribe. In 1832 the poet was again associated with Sands, in a brace of volumes entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa," to which Paulding, Leggett, and Miss Sedgwick were also contributors. In 1839 Mr. Bryant made a most admirable selection from the American poets, which was published by the Harpers in two volumes during the following year. At the same time they brought out a similar collection from the British poets, edited by Halleck.

So far back as 1827, Washington Irving writes from Spain to his friend Henry Brevoort of the growing fame of Bryant and Halleck. He says: "I have been charmed with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are vou acquainted with them? I should like to know something of them personally. Their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets. and they are masters of the magic of poetical language." Four years later, Mr. Bryant in a letter to Irving informs him of the publication in New York of a volume comprising all his poems which he thought worth printing, and expresses a desire for their republication by a respectable English house. In order to anticipate their reproduction by any other, he requested Mr. Irving's kind aid in securing their publication. They appeared, with an introduction by Irving, in London in 1832. Professor Wilson said, in a periodical distinguished for its contempt of mediocrity: "Bryant's poetry overflows with natural religion, - with what Wordsworth calls 'the religion of the gods.' The reverential awe of the irresistible pervades the verses entitled 'Thanatopsis' and 'Forest Hymn,' imparting to them a sweet solemnity, which must affect all thinking hearts." Another British periodical, very chary of its praise of anything American, remarked: "The verses of Mr. Bryant come as assuredly from the 'well of English undefiled' as the finer compositions of Wordsworth; indeed, the resemblance between the two living authors might justify a much more invidious comparison."

Irving drew the following picture of the poetry of this distinguished American whom his own country delighted to honor: "Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shore of the lovely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." Dana has expressed his opinion of Bryant's poetry in equally admiring terms, and Halleck said to the writer, after repeating the whole of one of Bryant's later poems, "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "His genius is almost the only instance of a high order of thought becoming popular; not that the people do not prize literary worth, but because they are unable to comprehend obscure poetry. Bryant's pieces seem to be

^{1 &}quot;I was most agreeably surprised, as well as flattered, the other day to receive from General Wilson, who has collected the poetical writings of Halleck, and is engaged in preparing his Life and Letters for the press, a copy in the poet's handwriting of some verses of mine entitled 'The Planting of the Apple Tree,' which he had taken the pains to transcribe, and which General Wilson had heard him repeat from memory in his own fine manner." — Bryant's address on Halleck, 1869.

The poem may be found on p. 457.

fragments of one and the same poem, and require only a common plot to constitute a unique epic."

Since the appearance of the first English edition of Bryant's poems, many others, mostly unauthorized, have been published in Great Britain, with but slight, if any, pecuniary advantage to their author. With one of these, which I bought at an English railway-stand for a shilling, and brought back with me to present to the poet in October, 1855, he appeared much amused, as it contained a villanous portrait of himself which looked, he said, "more like Jack Ketch than a respectable poet." Many American editions of his poetical writings have appeared, from which Mr. Bryant derived a considerable amount of copyright, notwithstanding the remark he once made to the writer: "I should have starved if I had been obliged to depend on my poetry for a living." Of one of these editions, known as the Redline, five thousand copies were sold in 1870, the year in which it appeared; and of another beautiful illustrated edition issued in 1877, the entire edition was exhausted in the course of a few months.

Intensely American in his feelings, — the love of home and of native land being among his most cherished sentiments, — Mr. Bryant, like all truly cultivated and liberal minds, possessed an enlarged appreciation of the poetical associations of other lands. The inspirations of the East, the romantic history of Spain, the lofty and picturesque mountains of Mexico, the balmy breezes and sunshine of the island of Cuba, — all had an enchantment and charm for his most appreciative genius. The range of his poetic gift embraced with comprehensive sympathy the progress and struggles of humanity, seeking its vindication in a universal and enlightened liberty, —the beauties and harmonies of Nature in her many forms, and the inspirations of art in its truthfulness to Nature; and all these find their legitimate expression in productions of his muse.

Between the years 1834 and 1867, Mr. Bryant made six visits to the Old World.¹ In 1872 still another long journey was undertaken by him, — a second voyage to Cuba, his tour being extended to the city of Mexico. Bryant was fond of travel, and seemed as unwilling as that ancient worthy Ulysses, whose wanderings he not long ago put in such pleasing English verse, to let his faculties rest in idleness. His letters to the "Evening Post," embracing his observations and opinions of Cuba and the Old World, were collected and published after his third visit to Europe in 1849, and were entitled "The Letters of a Traveller." A few years later, after recrossing the Atlantic for the fifth time, he put forth in book form his letters from Spain and the East. These charming volumes, "born from his travelling thigh," as Ben Johnson quaintly expressed it, are written in a style of English prose distinguished for its purity and directness. The genial love of Nature and

In a letter to the writer Mr. Bryant says: "I went six times to Europe. In 1834 with my wife and family, returning in 1836. In 1845; but I did not visit the Shetland Islands till four years later, in 1849. My fourth visit was in 1852, when I went to the Holy Land. In 1857 I made a fifth voyage to Europe with my wife and younger daughter. In 1867 I went over the sixth time. In both these last voyages I visited Spain."

the lurking tendency to humor which they everywhere betray prevent their severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give them a freshness and occasional glow in spite of their prevailing propriety and reserve. The reception which Mr. Bryant always met among literary men of distinction, especially in Great Britain, was a direct testimony to his fine qualities. The poets Wordsworth and Rogers, particularly, paid him most cordial and friendly attention.

Bryant's sympathy with painting and poetry was reciprocated by its votaries though happily not in a posthumous form — in a novel and most beautiful manner, by a tribute paid to the poet on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday. I refer to the offering of paintings and poems made to Mr. Bryant on the evening of November 5, 1864, - which was selected for the festival, - by the painters and poets of America, who cherished a love and veneration for one standing as a highpriest at the altar of Nature, singing its praises in most harmonious numbers, and encouraging art in all its glowing beauties. An appropriate place for the offering was the Century Club of New York, of which but four of the one hundred founders are now living. On the occasion of the festival. - a memorable one not only in the annals of the Society itself, but in the history of American art and letters, - Bancroft delivered the congratulatory address in most touching and eloquent words, and was followed by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and William M. Evarts, in equally felicitous addresses. Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sherwood, the elder Dana, Edward Everett, Halleck, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Willis, and others who were unable to be present, sent poems and epistles of affectionate greeting. Everett wrote: "I congratulate the Century Club on the opportunity of paying this richly-earned tribute of respect and admiration to their veteran, and him on the welldeserved honor. Happy the community that has the discernment to appreciate its gifted sons; happy the poet, the artist, the scholar, who is permitted to enjoy, in this way, a foretaste of posthumous commemoration and fame!" Halleck, from a sick-chamber, sent these words: "Though far off in body, I shall be near him in spirit, repeating the homage which with heart, voice, and pen I have, during more than forty years of his threescore and ten, delighted to pay him." Longfellow in his letter said: "I assure you, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to do honor to Bryant at all times and in all ways, both as a poet and a man. written noble verse and led a noble life, and we are all proud of him." Whittier in felicitous stanzas, written, be it remembered, in the third year of the war, exclaims : -

"I praise not here the poet's art, —
The rounded fitness of his song:
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

[&]quot;When Freedom hath her own again, Let happy lips his songs rehearse; His life is now his noblest strain, His manhood better than his verse.

"Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;
But dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
The poet seems beside the Man."

Other poetical tributes were addressed to Mr. Bryant by Boker, Buchanan Read, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Sigourney, Holmes, Street, Tuckerman, and Bayard Taylor. But the feature of the festival was the presentation to the venerable poet, in an eloquent address by the President of the National Academy, of upward of two score oil-paintings, — gifts of the artist-members of the Century Club; including Church, Darley, Durand, Gifford, Huntington, and Eastman Johnson.

Shelley, in his "Defence of Poetry," asserts that "no living poet ever arrived at the fulness of his fame: the jury which sits in judgment upon a poet, belonging as he does to all time, must be composed of his peers; it must be impanelled by Time from the selectest of the wise of many generations." Does not the continual sale of Bryant's poems, on which criticism and panegyric are alike unneeded, and on which the American world has pronounced a judgment of unanimous admiration, prove him to be an exception to the rule laid down by the dictum of the gifted Shelley?

As promised in his "Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood," to him who should enter and "view the haunts of Nature" "the calm shade shall bring a kindred calm," so did he truly seem to have a quietude of spirit, a purity and elevation of thought, a "various language" of expression, which held him at once in subtile sympathy with Nature and in ready communion with the minds of men. George William Curtis writes, "What Nature said to him was plainly spoken and clearly heard and perfectly repeated. His art was exquisite. It was absolutely unsuspected; but it served its truest purpose, for it removed every obstruction to full and complete delivery of his message."

In December, 1867, Mr. Bryant responded in a beautiful letter to an invitation of the alumni of Williams College to read a poem at their next meeting. The brief letter of declination is poetical in its sympathy, and expresses with pathos, not the decline of the powers of a mind yet vigorous, but a conscientious distrust of reaching that degree of excellence which his admirers might expect from his previous poems:

"You ask me for a few lines of verse to be read at your annual festival of the alumni of Williams College. I am ever ill at occasional verses. Such as it is, my vein is not of that sort. I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Besides, it is the December of life with me. I try to keep a few flowers in pots, —mere remembrances of a more genial season which is now with the things of the past. If I have a carnation or two for Christmas, I think myself fortunate. You write as if I had nothing to do, in fulfilling your request, but to go out and gather under the hedges and by the brooks a bouquet of flowers that spring spontaneously, and throw upon your table. If I am to try, what would you say if it proved to be only a little bundle of devil-stalks and withered leaves, which my dim sight had mistaken for fresh green sprays and blossoms? So I must excuse myself as well as I can, and content myself with wishing a very pleasant evening to the foster-children of eld 'Williams' who meet on New Year's Day, and all manner of prosperity and honor to the excellent institution of learning in which they were nurtured."

On the evening of the 17th of May, 1870, Mr. Bryant delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, — his subject being the "Life and Writings of Gulian C. Verplanck." The venerable poet spoke of his friend, as in previous years he had spoken of their contemporaries, — Thomas Cole the painter, and the authors Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and Fitz-Greene Halleck. These charming orations, together with various addresses, including those made at the unveiling of the Shakspeare, Scott, and Morse statues in the Central Park, were published in 1872 in a volume worthy of being possessed by all Bryant's admirers.

The literary life which began more than sixty years ago was crowned by his translations of Homer. He was more than threescore and ten, when he set himself to the formidable task of adding another to the many translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. The former occupied most of his leisure hours for three years, and the latter about two, — being completed when Mr. Bryant was well advanced in his seventy-seventh year. The opinion has been pronounced by competent critics, that these will hold their own with the translations of Pope, Chapman, Newman, or the late Earl Derby, — of which latter Halleck said to the writer that "it was an admirable translation of the Iliad, with the poetry omitted!"

To the breakfast-table at Roslyn I remember that Mr. Bryant one day brought some pages in manuscript, being his morning's work on Homer; for, like Scott, he was always an early riser, and by that excellent habit he gained some hours each day. That Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Longfellow should have, during the past decade, simultaneously appeared as translators of Homer, Goethe, and Dante, and that their work should compare favorably with any previous renderings into English of "Faust," the "Divina Commedia," and of the Iliad and Odyssey, is certainly a striking illustration of advancing literary culture in the New World.

In 1873 Mr. Bryant's name appeared as the editor of "Picturesque America," a handsome illustrated quarto published by the Appletons; and the latest prose work with which he was associated is a "History of the United States," now in course of publication by the Scribners, the second volume having been completed shortly before Mr. Bryant's death; the residue of the work remaining in the hands of its associate author, Sidney Howard Gay.

To the readers of this memoir a topic of especial interest will be Mr. Bryant's connection with the volume which incloses it, — "The Library of Poetry and Song." This began in 1870, with the origination of the book, in its octave form, and continued with constant interest, through the reconstruction and enlargement of the work

¹ Of Mr. Bryant's translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey the "Athenæum" remarks: "These translations are with Mr. Bryant, as with Lord Derby, the work of the ripened scholarship and honorable leisure of age; and the impulse is natural to compare the products of the two minds. Mr. Bryant's translations seem less laboriously rounded and ornate, but perhaps even more forceful and vigorous, than Lord Derby's;" while the London "Times" expresses the judgment that "his performance fell flat on the ears of an educated audience, after the efforts of Lord Derby and others in the same direction."

in its more elaborate quarto form until its completion in 1878. His own words best show how it happened that Bryant became the sponsor of this book, which in its various editions has already taken his name into more than a hundred thousand American homes. "At the request of the publishers," he says, "I undertook to write an Introduction to the present work; and in pursuance of this design I find that I have come into a somewhat closer personal relation with the book. In its progress it has passed entirely under my revision. . . . I have, as requested, exercised a free hand both in excluding and in adding matter according to my judgment of what was best adapted to the purpose of the enterprise." Every poem took its place after passing under Mr. Bryant's clear eye. Many were dropped out by him; more were suggested, found, often copied out by him for addition. little notes accompanying his frequent forwarding of matter to the publishers, he casually included many interesting points and hints of criticism or opinion: "I send also some extracts from an American poet who is one of our best, - Richard H. Dana." "I would request that more of the poems of Jones Very be inserted. I think them quite remarkable." "Do not, I pray you, forget Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' the first canto of which is one of the most magnificent things in the language, and altogether free from the faults of style which deform his blank verse." "The lines are pretty enough, though there is a bad rhyme, - toes and clothes: but I have seen a similiar one in Dryden, - clothes pronounced as closs, - and I think I have seen the same thing in Whittier."

Mr. Bryant was not a man given to humorous turns, yet he was not deficient in the sense of the comical. In forwarding some correction for an indexed name, he writes: "It is difficult always to get the names of authors right. Please read the inclosed, and see that Mrs. —— be not put into a pair of breeches."

In specifying some additional poems of Stedman for insertion, he says: "I think 'Alectryon' a very beautiful poem. It is rather long. . . . 'The Old Admiral' should go in, — under the head of 'Patriotism' I think; or, better, under that of 'Personal.' 'The Door Step' is a poem of 'Love;' but it is pretty enough for anywhere," etc. "I do not exactly like the poem.'To a Girl in her Thirteenth Year,' on account of the bad rhymes; nor am I quite pleased with Praed's 'I remember, I remember,' printed just after Hood's: it seems to me a little flippant, which is Praed's fault." The scrupulous care which Mr. Bryant exercised in keeping the compilation clean and pure was exemplified in his habitual name for it in correspondence and conversation, — "The Family Book;" "The Family Library." He writes: "I have made more suggestions for the omission of poems in the humorous department than in any other, several of them being deficient in the requisite literary merit. As to the convivial poems, the more I think of it the more I am inclined to advise their total omission."

When the book appeared in 1870 it met with an instant and remarkable popular welcome, more than twenty thousand copies having been sold during the first six months, which for a book costing five dollars in its least expensive style was certainly unusual. In 1876 it was determined to give the work a thorough

revision, although it had been from time to time benefiting by the amendments sent by Mr. Bryant or suggested by use. Mr. Bryant took a keen interest in this enlargement and reconstruction, and, as stated in the Publisher's Preface to the quarto edition, it "entailed upon him much labor, in conscientious and thorough revision of all the material, — cancelling, inserting, suggesting, even copying out with his own hand many poems not attainable save from his private library; in short, giving the work not only the sanction of his widely honored name, but also the genuine influence of his fine poetic sense, his unquestioned taste, his broad and scholarly acquaintance with literature." Both the octavo and the quarto editions now contain his much-admired Introduction, in the form of an essay on the "Poets and Poetry of the English Language." Of this, Edmund Clarence Stedman in an admirable paper on Bryant as "The Man of Letters," contributed to the "Evening Post" since the poet's death, says: "This is a model of expressive English prose, as simple as that of the 'Spectator' essayists, and far more to the purpose. Like all his productions, it ends when the writer's proper work is done. The essay, it may be added, contains in succinct language the poet's own views of the scope and method of song, a reflection of the instinct governing his entire poetical career."

Bryant's prose has always received high commendation. A little collection of extracts from his writings has been compiled for use in schools, as a model of style. The secret of it, so far as genius can communicate its secrets, may be found in a letter addressed by Mr. Bryant to one of the editors of the "Christian Intelligencer," in reply to some questions, and published in the issue of that journal, July 11, 1878:—

"ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, July 6, 1863.

"It seems to me that in style we ought first, and above all things, to aim at clearness of expression. An obscure style is, of course, a bad style. In writing we should always consider not only whether we have expressed the thought in a manner which meets our own comprehension, but whether it will be understood by readers in general.

"The quality of style next in importance is attractiveness. It should invite and agreeably detain the reader. To acquire such a style, I know of no other way than to contemplate good models and consider the observations of able critics. The Latin and Greek classics of which you speak are certainly important helps in forming a taste in respect to style; but to attain a good English style something more is necessary,—the diligent study of good English authors. I would recur for this purpose to the elder worthies of our literature,—to such writers as Jeremy Taylor and Barrow and Thomas Fuller,—whose works are perfect treasures of the riches of our language. Many modern writers have great excellencies of style, but few are without some deficiency. . . .

"I have but one more counsel to give in regard to the formation of a style in composition, and that is to read the poets,—the nobler and grander ones of our language. In this way warmth and energy are communicated to the diction and a musical flow to the sentences.

"I have here treated the subject very briefly and meagrely; but I have given you my own method and the rules by which I have been guided through many years mostly passed in literary labors and studies."

Quite recently the writer has seen a document which in these days of international copyright agritation is of some interest. It runs thus: "The British and American Copyright League is an association having for its object the passage of an International Copyright Law in America and in England, and in favor of such other countries as are willing to reciprocate, which shall secure to authors the same control over their own productions as is accorded to inventors, who, if they so elect, can patent their inventions in all the countries of Europe. This is the first organized attempt that has been made to bring about this very desirable result. As a preliminary step, it is proposed to get the approval of those immediately interested. and vour signature to the inclosed circular is therefore respectfully requested." This is signed "Wm. C. Bryant, Secretary of the British and American Copyright League." The "inclosed circular" is a brief declaration of approval of the efforts of the League to secure the passage of an international copyright law; and bears the signatures of Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Garrison, Beecher, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, Professor Dana, Howells, Aldrich, and other well-known authors. This excellent beginning was made in 1873, but for some reason was not pushed to any practical outcome. It was, however, one of the signs of the change now becoming manifest.

On Mr. Bryant's eightieth birthday he received a congratulatory letter with its thousands of signatures, sent from every State and Territory of his native land, followed soon after by the presentation, in Chickering Hall, New York, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience, of a superb silver vase, the gift of many hundred admirers in various portions of the country. This exquisite and valuable specimen of American silver-work is now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Standing before it, the spectator may fitly recall those noble lines of Keats upon a Grecian urn:—

"When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to men: to whom thou sayest,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

A few months later, the venerable poet presented to the citizens of Roslyn a new hall and public reading-room, having previously given one to his native town. It was the wish of his fellow-citizens that the handsome hall should be named in honor of Mr. Bryant; but as he proposed that it should be known simply as "The Hall," that title was bestowed upon it by popular acclamation.

The "Centennial Ode," written by Bryant for the opening of the International Exposition at Philadelphia, is worthy of the great fame of its author. Another of his later compositions, and one of his noblest, elicited from a prominent foreign journal the following mention: "The venerable American poet, who was born before Keats, and who has seen so many tides of influence sweep over the literature

of his own country and of England, presents us here with a short but very noble and characteristic poem, which carries a singular weight with it as embodying the reflection of a very old man of genius on the mutability of all things, and the hurrying tide of years that cover the past as with a flood of waters. In a vein that reminds us of 'Thanatopsis,' the grand symphonic blank verse of which was published no less than sixty-one years ago, Mr. Bryant reviews the mortal life of man as the ridge of a wave ever hurrying to oblivion the forms that appear on its surface for a moment." In this worthy companion to "Thanatopsis," written in his eighty-second year, the poet strikes the old familiar key-note that he took so successfully in his greatest poem in 1812, in "The Ages" in 1821, and again in "Among the Trees" in 1874. It is entitled "The Flood of Years," and may be found on page 750.

A gentleman who had been recently bereaved, was so struck by the unquestioning faith in immortality expressed in the concluding lines of this poem that he wrote to the poet asking if they represented his own belief. Mr. Bryant answered him in the following note, dated Cummington, August 10, 1876: "Certainly, I believe all that is said in the lines you have quoted. If I had not, I could not have written them. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be but an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here."

If the harmony of the poet's career was sustained in his writings and his love of art, it was further manifested in the taste and affection which governed him in the selection of his homes. Like the historian Prescott, Bryant had three residences, a town-house and two country homes. One of these is near the picturesque village of Roslyn, Long Island, and commands a view which in its varied aspect takes in a mingled scene of outspreading land and water. The mansion, embosomed in trees and vines, an ample dwelling-place situated at the top of the hills, was built by Richard Kirk in 1781. Mr. Bryant, who was ever mindful of the injunction given by the dying Scotch laird to his son, "Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock: it will be growing while ye are sleeping," alternated recreations of tree planting and pruning and other rural occupations with his literary labor. Not extensive, but excellent in wide and judicious selections, was his library of several thousand volumes. poet's knowledge of ancient and living languages enabled him to add with advantage to his collection of books the works of the best French, German, Italian, and Spanish authors. Among his poems may be found admirable translations from these languages as well as from the Greek and Latin.

The poet's country-seat at Roslyn, called "Cedarmere," was the resort of many men distinguished in art and literature, of travellers and statesmen, who went thither to pay their respects to the sage, philosopher, and author. They were always welcomed, and enjoyed the purity of taste and simplicity of manner which presided over the mansion. Here the venerable host continued to the last to enjoy the society of his friends; and here much of his best literary work was done after his purchase of the place in 1845. He was accustomed to spend most of the time

there from May to the end of November of each year, excepting the months of August and September, which for more than a decade were given to the old Homestead at Cummington.

Cedarmere is an extensive estate, and rich in a great variety of trees. As I was walking on a sunny October afternoon with the poet through his loved domain, he pointed out a Spanish chestnut-tree laden with fruit, and springing lithely on a fence despite his seventy-six summers, caught an open burr hanging from one of the lower branches, opened it, and jumping down with the agility of a youth, handed to his city guest the contents, consisting of two as large chestnuts as I ever saw in Spain. The Madeira and Pecan nuts were also successfully cultivated by him at Cedarmere. During another walk, Mr. Bryant gave a jump and caught the branch of a tree with his hands, and after swinging backward and forward several times with his feet raised, he swung himself over a fence without touching it.

About a quarter of a mile from the mansion he pointed out a black-walnut tree, which was planted by Adam Smith, and first made its appearance above ground in 1713. It had attained a girth of twenty-five feet and an immense breadth of branches. It was the comfortable home of a small army of squirrels, and every year strewed the ground around its gigantic stem with an abundance of "heavy fruit." The tree is alluded to in one of Mr. Bryant's poems:—

"On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered; Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee, Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree."

The taste displayed by the poet in the selection and adornment of his residence at Roslyn was more than equalled by the affection and veneration which fourteen years ago prompted him to purchase the old Bryant Homestead and estate at Cummington, which had some thirty years previous passed out of the family into other hands. The mansion is situated among the Hampshire hills, and is a spot that Nature has surrounded with scenes calculated to awaken the early dreams of the poet, and to fill his soul with purest inspiration. In the midst of such scenes the young singer received his earliest impressions, and in descriptions of them he has embodied some of his most cherished and home-endearing poetry. To a friend who requested information about the home of his boyhood, Mr. Bryant in 1872 wrote as follows:—

"I am afraid that I cannot say much that will interest you or anybody else. A hundred years since this broad highland region lying between the Housatonic and the Connecticut was principally forest, and bore the name of Pontoosuc. In a few places settlers had cleared away woodlands and cultivated the cleared spots. Bears, catamounts, and deer were not uncommon here. Wolves were sometimes seen; and the woods were dense and dark, without any natural openings or meadows. My grandfather on the mother's side came up from Plymouth County in Massachusetts, when a young man, in the year 1773, and chose a farm on a commanding site overlooking an extensive prospect, cut down the trees on a part of it, and built a house of square logs with a chimney as large as some kitchens, within which I remember to have sat on a bench in my childhood. About ten

years afterward he purchased of an original settler the contiguous farm, now called the Bryant Homestead; and having built beside a little brook, not very far from a spring from which water was to be drawn in pipes, the house which is now mine, he removed to it with his family. The soil of this region was then exceedingly fertile; all the settlers prospered, and my grandfather among the rest. My father, a physician and surgeon, married his daughter, and after a while came to live with him on the homestead. He made some enlargements of the house, in one part of which he had his office; and in this, during my boyhood, were generally two or three students of medicine, who sometimes accompanied my father in his visits to his patients, always on horseback, which was the mode of travelling at that time. To this place my father brought me in my early childhood, and I have scarce an early recollection which does not relate to it.

"On the farm beside the little brook, and at a short distance from the house, stood the district school-house, of which nothing now remains but a little hollow where was once a cellar. Here I received my earliest lessons in learning, except such as were given me by my mother; and here, when ten years old, I declaimed a copy of verses composed by me as a description of a district school. The little brook which runs by the house, on the site of the old district school-house, was in after-years made the subject of a little poem entitled 'The Rivulet.' To the south of the house is a wood of tall trees clothing a declivity, and touching with its outermost boughs the grass of a moist meadow at the foot of the hill, which suggested the poem entitled 'An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.'

"In the year 1835 the place passed out of the family; and at the end of thirty years I repurchased it, and made various repairs of the house and additions to its size. A part of the building which my father had added, and which contained his office, had in the mean time been detached from it, and moved off down a steep hill to the side of the Westfield River. I supplied its place by a new wing with the same external form, though of less size, in which is now my library.

"The site of the house is uncommonly beautiful. Before it, to the east, the ground descends, first gradually and then rapidly, to the Westfield River, flowing in a deep and narrow valley, from which is heard, after a copious rain, the roar of its swollen current, itself unseen. In the spring-time, when the frost-bound waters are loosened by a warm rain, the roar and crash are remarkably loud as the icy crust of the stream is broken, and the masses of ice are swept along by the flood over the stones with which the bed of the river is paved. Beyond the narrow valley of the Westfield the surface of the country rises again gradually, carrying the eye over a region of vast extent, interspersed with farmhouses, pasture-grounds, and wooded heights, where on a showery day you sometimes see two or three different showers, each watering its own separate district, and in winter-time two or three different snow-storms dimly moving from place to place.

"The soil of the whole of this highland region is disintegrated mica slate, for the most part. It has its peculiar growth of trees, shrubs, and wild-flowers, differing considerably from those of the eastern part of the State. In autumn, the woods are peculiarly beautiful, with their brightness and variety of hues. The higher farms of this region lie nearly two thousand feet above tide-water. The air is pure and healthful; the summer temperature is most agreeable; but the spring is coy in her approaches, and winter often comes before he is bidden. No venomous reptile inhabits any part of this region, as I think there is no tradition of a rattlesnake or copperhead having been seen here."

The serenity and dignity so manifest in Bryant's writings were notable also in his person. The poet was often depicted with pencil and pen. The phrenologists

exhausted their skill upon his noble head, and the painters and engravers their art upon his face. The former believed him to approach the ideal of Spurzheim in his phrenological developments, and the latter deemed him to possess the fine artistic features of Titian and of the Greek poet whom he translated. It is a consolation to age, when protected by a wise and orderly regulated life, that its inherent dignity supplies the want, if not the place, of youth, and that the veneration and serenity which surround it more than compensate for the passions which turbulence renders dangerous. To such an honored age as this Bryant attained; calm, circumspect, and sedate, he passed the perilous portals of Parnassus with his crown of laurel untarnished and unwithered by the baser breath that sometimes lurks like a poison within its leaves. He more resembled Dante in the calm dignity of his nature, though happily not in the violent and oppressive affliction of his life, than any other poet in history.

Having passed, by more than three winters, what the Psalmist calls "the days of our years," and escaped the "labor and sorrow" that are foreboded to the strength that attains fourscore, Bryant continued to perform his daily editorial duties, to pursue his studies, and to give the world his much-prized utterances, without exhibiting any evidences of physical or mental decay, although for a good part of half a century he was under whip and spur, with the daily press forever, as Scott expressed it, "clattering and thundering at his heels." On the evening of January 31, 1878, he walked out on the wildest night of the winter, when a blinding snow-storm kept many younger men at home, to address a meeting of the American Geographical Society, and to take part in the cordial welcome extended to the Earl of Dufferin, the accomplished Governor-General of Canada. When the president of the Society sent for a carriage and urged the aged poet, at the close of the meeting, to make use of it, he sturdily refused, saving that he preferred to walk home.

Among Mr. Bryant's latest utterances was the following noble ode, written for Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1878, for "The Sunday School Times":

"Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

"Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

"For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

"Lo, where beneath an icy shield
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field
Broadening the lordly river goes.

"The wildest storm that sweeps through space, And rends the oak with sudden force, Can raise no ripple on his face Or slacken his majestic course.

"Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame, And years succeeding years shall give Increase of bonors to his name."

Still later (May 15, 1878) Mr. Bryant wrote at Roslyn the following characteristic sentiment, contributed to a Decoration Day number of "The Recorder."

"In expressing my regard for the memory of those who fell in the late Civil War, I cannot omit to say, that for one result of what they did and endured, — namely, the extinction of slavery in this great republic, — they deserve the imperishable gratitude of mankind. Their memory will survive many thousands of the generations of spring flowers which men will gather to-day on their graves. Nay, they will not be forgotten while the world has a written history."

CHAPTER III.

OF no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long, —
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on three winters more;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

JOHN DRYDEN.

MAZZINI ADDRESS.—LAST WORDS.—ACCIDENT.—SICKNESS.—DEATH.—BURIAL AT ROSLYN.—TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

In accordance with the expressed wishes of Richard Henry Dana and many other personal friends of the patriarch of American poetry, who was so recently laid in his grave with many tears, — and also remembering that posterity likes details in regard to the latest actions and utterances of eminent men, - I have recorded, to the best of my recollection, some particulars of his conversation during the afternoon of Wednesday, May 29, -his last hours of consciousness. He was appointed to deliver an oration on the occasion of unveiling a bronze bust of Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist and statesman, in the Central Park. I met Mr. Bryant in the Park about half an hour before the commencement of the ceremonies, conversing with him during that time, and again for a similar period after those ceremonials were concluded. While I was walking with him for the last time, he quoted an aphorism from his friend Sainte-Beuve, that "To know another man well, especially if he be a noted and illustrious character, is a great thing not to be despised." It was my good fortune to have enjoyed for nearly or quite a quarter of a century the privilege and pleasure of Mr. Bryant's acquaintance; and in all that time I never met him in a more cheerful and conversational mood than on the above-mentioned afternoon, and never saw him exhibit on any other occasion an equal depth and tenderness of feeling, either in his public utterances or in his private talk.

At the proper time Mr. Bryant took his seat on the platform, — for he had been standing or seated under the welcome shade of adjoining elms, — and presently he proceeded with the delivery of the last of a long series of scholarly addresses delivered in New York during the past thirty years. As I gazed on the majestic man, with his snow-white hair and flowing beard, his small, keen, but gentle blue eye, his light but firm lithe figure, standing so erect and apparently with undiminished vigor, articulating with such distinctness, I thought of what Napoleon said of another great singer, who like our American poet reached an advanced age to which but few attain: "Behold a man!"

The delivery of the oration, which affords most interesting evidence of the enthusiasm and mental energy of its aged author, it is to be feared drew too heavily on the poet's failing powers. It was uttered with an unusual depth of feeling, and for the first time in his public addresses, so far as I am aware, he hesitated and showed some difficulty in finding his place in the printed slip which was spread before him, and in proceeding with his remarks. During the delivery of his speech he was but slightly exposed to the hot sun, an umbrella being held over his

"Good gray head, which all men knew,"

till he reached his peroration, when he stepped from under its shelter, and, looking up at the bust, delivered with power and great emphasis, while exposed to the sun, the concluding paragraph of his address:—

"Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the imperishable renown of thy original! Remain for ages yet to come where we place thee, in this resort of millions; remain till the day shall dawn—far distant though it may be—when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind!"

At the conclusion, Mr. Bryant was loudly applauded, and resuming his seat on the platform, listened with interest to the address in Italian which followed his. At the close of the ceremonies, and when the poet was left almost alone on the platform, he took my offered arm to accompany me to my home, saying that he was perfectly able to walk there, or indeed to his own house in Sixteenth Street. Before proceeding, I again proposed that we should take a carriage, when the poet said, in a determined manner, "I am not tired, and prefer to walk." As we set off, I raised my umbrella to protect him from the sun, when he said, in a most decided tone, "Don't hold that umbrella up on my account; I like the warmth of the sunshine." He was much interested in the fine flock of Southdown sheep, together with the shepherd and his intelligent Scotch collie, that he observed as we passed across the green.

Mr. Bryant alluded to the death of Lord John Russell the day before, and asked if I had ever met him or heard him speak in public, adding: "For a statesman, he devoted a good deal of time to literature, and he appears to have been a man of respectable talents. How old was he?" "Eighty-six." "Why, he was older than I am; but I expect to beat that, and to live as long as my friend Dana, who is ninety-one." "Have you any theory as to the cause of your good health?" "Oh, yes," he answered; "it is all summed up in one word - moderation. As you know, I am a moderate eater and drinker, moderate in my work, as well as in my pleasures; and I believe the best way to preserve the mental and physical faculties is to keep them employed. Don't allow them to rust." "But, surely," I added, "there is no moderation in a man of eighty-three, after walking more than two miles, mounting eight or nine pairs of stairs to his office." "Oh," he merrily replied, "I confess to the two or three miles down-town, but I do not often mount the stairs; and if I do sometimes, when the elevator is not there, I do not see that it does me any harm. I can walk and work as well as ever, and have been at the office to-day, as usual."

Some mention having been made of Lord Houghton's and Tupper's recent travels in this country, the poet asked: "Did I ever tell you of Lord Houghton's visit to Roslyn a few years ago? He was accompanied by his valet, who announced in my kitchen that his 'master was the greatest poet in England;' when one of my servants, not to be outdone, thereupon said, 'Our man is the greatest poet in America.'" The use of the words "master" and "man," I may remark, are worthy of notice, and appeared to amuse the poet when relating the incident.

Passing the Halleck statue, Mr. Bryant paused to speak of it, of other statues in similar sitting posture, and of Halleck himself and his genius, for several minutes.

Still continuing to lean on my arm, he asked my little daughter, who had accompanied us, and whose hand he had held and continued to hold during our walk, if she knew the names of the robins and sparrows that attracted his attention, and also the names of some flowering shrubs that we passed. Her correct answers pleased him, and he then inquired if she had ever heard some little verses about the bobolink. She answered yes, and that she also knew the poet who wrote them. This caused him much amusement, and he said, "I think I shall have to write them out for you. Mary, do you know the name of that tree with the pretty blue flowers?" he asked; and as she did not know, he told her that it was "called the *Paulownia imperialis*,—a hard name for a little girl to remember; it was named in honor of a princess, and was brought from Japan."

Arriving at the Morse statue at the Seventy-second Street gate, we stopped, and he said: "This recalls to my mind a curious circumstance. You remember Launt Thompson's bust of me which the Commissioners refused to admit in the Park, on the ground that I was living? Well, soon after, this statue of Morse was placed here, although he was alive, and [laughingly] I was asked to deliver the address on the occasion of its unveiling, which I did." "Do you like your bust?" "Yes, I think it is a good work of art; and the likeness is pleasing and satisfactory, I believe, to my friends." "Which do you think your best portrait?" "Unlike Irving, I prefer the portraits made of me in old age. Of the earlier pictures, I presume the best are Inman's and my friend Durand's, which you perhaps remember hangs in the parlor at Roslyn."

As we approached my house, about four o'clock, Mr. Bryant was recalling the scenes of the previous year on the occasion of President Hayes's first visit to New York, and he was still, I think, cheerfully conversing on that subject as we walked up arm in arm, and all entered the vestibule. Disengaging my arm, I took a step in advance to open the inner door; and during those few seconds, without the slightest warning of any kind, the venerable poet, while my back was turned,

¹ The most important portraits of the poet, mentioned as nearly as possible in the order in which they were painted, are by Prof. S. F. B. Morse (1825); Henry Inman (1835); Henry Peters Gray, S. W. Cheney, Charles Martin (1851); Charles L. Elliott, A. B. Durand (1854); Samuel Lawrence (1856); Paul Duggan, C. G. Thompson, A. H. Wenzler (1861); Thomas Hicks (1863); and Charles Fisher (1875). Of these I have engravings on steel now before me from Cheney's, Inman's, Martin's, Elliott's, Durand's, and Lawrence's portraits, as well as several taken from recent photographs. The portrait of Mr. Bryant which appears in this work is engraved from an admirable photograph taken by Sarony.

dropped my daughter's hand and fell suddenly backward through the open outer door. I turned just in time to see the silvered head striking the platform-stone, and springing to his side hastily raised him up. He was unconscious, and I supposed that he was dead. Ice-water was immediately applied to his head, and with the assistance of a neighbor's son and the servants he was carried into the parlor and laid unconscious at full length on the sofa. He soon moved, became restless, and in a few minutes sat up and drank the contents of a goblet filled with iced sherry, which partially restored him, and he asked with a bewildered look, "Where am I? I do not feel at all well. Oh, my head! my poor head!" accompanying the words by raising his right hand to his forehead. After a little, at his earnest request, I accompanied him to his own house, and leaving him in charge of his niece, went for his family physician, Dr. John F. Gray. The following is a portion of the statement made by Dr. Gray after the poet's death:—

"I sent for Dr. Carnochan, the surgeon. He could find no injury to the skull, and therefore thought there was a chance of recovery. Mr. Bryant during the first few days would get up and walk about the library or sit in his favorite chair. He would occasionally say something about diet and air. When his daughter arrived from Atlantic City, where she had been for her health, she thought her father recognized her. It is uncertain how far he recognized her or any of his friends. The family were hopeful and made the most out of every sign of consciousness or recognition.

"On the eighth day after the fall, hemorrhage took place in the brain, resulting in paralysis, technically called hemiplegia, and extending down the right side of the body. After this he was most of the time comatose. He ceased to recognize his friends in any way, and lay much of the time asleep. He was unable to speak, and when he attempted to swallow, his food lodged in his larynx and choked him. He was greatly troubled with phlegm, and could not clear his throat. There was only that one attack of hemorrhage of the brain, and that was due to what is called traumatic inflammation. After the fourteenth day he died.

"He was a man who made little demonstration of affection or emotion, but he had a profoundly sympathetic feeling for the life and mission of Mazzini, and on the day when he delivered the address he exhibited considerable emotion. That and the walk afterwards certainly exhausted him, and led to the swoon. He overtaxed his strength during the winter, in attending evening entertainments and in public speaking. He had few intimate acquaintances, and was so extremely modest in expressing approbation or liking that one could scarcely tell the extent of his friendly feeling. Though I had attended him for many years, and often visited him at Roslyn, and also at his old homestead in Massachusetts, I never noticed an expression of more than ordinary friendship till I was prostrated by sickness. He made an impression ordinarily of coldness, but his poems show that he had plenty of feeling, and great sympathy for mankind. Once when at Roslyn we visited the grave of his wife in the village cemetery, and we saw the place by her side reserved for him. He frequently requested that his funeral should be simple and without ostentation. He has had fulfilled his wish to die in June.

"Mr. Bryant owed his long life to an exceedingly tenacious and tough constitution and very prudent living. I always found him an early riser. Although he was slight of body and limb, he seemed to me unconscious of fatigue, and he would walk many a stronger man off his legs. He did not walk rapidly, but seemed as wiry as an Indian."

In April, 1867, Mr. Bryant expressed to the writer a wish that he might not survive the loss of his mental faculties like Southey, Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, and the Ettrick Shepherd, who all suffered from softening of the brain, and mentioned his hope that he should be permitted to complete his translation of Homer before death or mental imbecility, with a failure of physical strength, should overtake him. On another occasion he said, "If I am worthy, I would wish for sudden death, with no interregnum between I cease to exercise reason and I cease to exist." In these wishes he was happily gratified, as well as in the time of his being laid away to his final rest, as expressed in the following beautiful and characteristic lines to June:—

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break." 1

It was indeed a glorious day (June 14), and the daisies were dancing and glimmering over the fields, as the poet's family, a few old friends, and the villagers saw him laid in his last resting-place at Roslyn, after a few words fitly spoken by his pastor, and beheld his coffin covered with roses and other summer flowers by a little band of country children, who gently dropped them as they circled round the poet's grave. This act completed, we left the aged minstrel amid the melody dearest of all to him in life, —the music of the gentle June breezes murmuring through the tree-tops, from whence also came the songs of summer birds.

The following, from the pen of Paul H. Hayne, of South Carolina, is one of the many tributes to Mr. Bryant's character and genius that have appeared since the poet's death, from the pens of Curtis, Holland, Osgood, Powers, Stedman, Stoddard, Street, Symington (a Scottish singer), and many others:—

"Lo! there he lies, our Patriarch Poet, dead!
The solemn angel of eternal peace
Has waved a wand of mystery o'er his head,
Touched his strong heart, and bade his pulses cease.

"Behold, in marble quietude he lies!

Pallid and cold, divorced from earthly breath,

With tranquil brow, lax hands, and dreamless eyes, —

Yet the closed lips would seem to smile at death.

"Well may they smile; for death, to such as he, Brings purer freedom, loftier thought and aim; And, in grand truce with immortality, Lifts to song's fadeless heaven his star-like fame!"

¹ For the whole poem, see p. 425.

I cannot forbear adding to this expression of appreciative affection a few words from the funeral address uttered by his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, at the commemorative ceremony held in New York, on the 14th day of June, at All Souls' Church, of which Mr. Bryant was for the last fifteen years of his life an active and honored member. Dr. Bellows said:—

"Never, perhaps, was there an instance of such precocity in point of wisdom and maturity as that which marked 'Thanatopsis,' written at eighteen, or of such persistency in judgment, force, and melody as that exhibited in his last public ode, written at eighty-three, on occasion of Washington's last birthday. Between these two bounds lies one even path, high, finished, faultless, in which comes a succession of poems, always meditative, always steeped in the love and knowledge of Nature, always pure and melodious, always stamped with his sign-manual of faultless taste and gem-like purity. . . .

"A devoted lover of religious liberty, he was an equal lover of religion itself, — not in

any precise dogmatic form, but in its rightcousness, reverence, and charity. . . .

"It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and his consummate culture, his poetic inspiration and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of his race, his unfeigned patriotism, and his broad humanity. . . .

"The increasing sweetness and beneficence of his character, meanwhile, must have struck his familiar friends. His last years were his devoutest and most humane years. He became beneficent as he grew able to be so, and his hand was open to all just needs and to many unreasonable claimants."

No more appropriate concluding paragraph can be added to this memorial paper, which I could wish worthier of the good and gifted Bryant, - Integer vitie scelerisque purus, - than his own beautiful words, applied to his contemporary Washington "If it were becoming," said the poet, "to address our departed friend as if in his immediate presence, I would say, 'Farewell, thou who hast entered into the rest prepared from the foundation of the world for serene and gentle spirits like Farewell, happy in thy life, happy in thy death, happier in the reward to which that death is the assured passage; fortunate in attracting the admiration of the world to thy beautiful writings; still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among thy fellow-men. The brightness of that enduring fame which thou hast won on earth is but a shadowy symbol of the glory to which thou art admitted in the world beyond the grave. Thy errand on earth was an errand of peace and good-will to men, and thou art now in a region where hatred and strife never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than love."

POETS AND POETRY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[MR. BRYANT'S INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION]

So large a collection of poems as this demands of its compiler an extensive familiarity with the poetic literature of our language, both of the early and the later time, and withal so liberal a taste as not to exclude any variety of poetic merit. At the request of the Publishers I undertook to write an Introduction to the present work, and in pursuance of this design I find that I have come into a somewhat closer personal relation with the book. progress it has passed entirely under my revision, and, although not absolutely responsible for the compilation or its arrangement, I have, as requested, exercised a free hand both in excluding and in adding matter according to my iudgment of what was best adapted to the purposes of the enterprise. however, is the wide range of English verse, and such the abundance of the materials, that a compilation of this kind must be like a bouquet gathered from the fields in June, when hundreds of flowers will be left in unvisited spots as beautiful as those which have been taken. It may happen, therefore, that many who have learned to delight in some particular poem will turn these pages, as they might those of other collections, without finding their Nor should it be matter of surprise, considering the multitude of authors from whom the compilation is made, if it be found that some are overlooked, especially the more recent, of equal merit with many whose poems It may happen, also, that the compiler, in consequence appear in these pages. of some particular association, has been sensible of a beauty and a power of awakening emotions and recalling images in certain poems which other readers will fail to perceive. It should be considered, moreover, that in poetry, as in painting, different artists have different modes of presenting their conceptions, each of which may possess its peculiar merit, yet those whose taste is formed by contemplating the productions of one class take little pleasure in any other. Crabb Robinson relates that Wordsworth once admitted to him that he did not much admire contemporary poetry, not because of its want of poetic merit, but because he had been accustomed to poetry of a different sort, and added that but for this he might have read it with pleasure. I quote from memory. It is to be hoped that every reader of this collection, however he may have been trained, will find in the great variety of its contents something conformable to his taste.

I suppose it is not necessary to give a reason for adding another to the collections of this nature, already in print. They abound in every language, for the simple reason that there is a demand for them. German literature, prolific as it is in verse, has many of them, and some of them compiled by distinguished authors. The parlor table and the winter fireside require a book which, when one is in the humor for reading poetry, and knows not what author to take up, will supply exactly what he wants.

I have known persons who frankly said that they took no pleasure in reading poetry, and perhaps the number of those who make this admission would be greater were it not for the fear of appearing singular. But to the great mass of mankind poetry is really a delight and a refreshment. To many. perhaps to most, it is not requisite that it should be of the highest degree of merit. Nor, although it be true that the poems which are most famous and most highly prized are works of considerable length, can it be said that the pleasure they give is in any degree proportionate to the extent of their plan. It seems to me that it is only poems of a moderate length, or else portions of the greater works to which I refer, that produce the effect upon the mind and heart which make the charm of this kind of writing. The proper office of poetry, in filling the mind with delightful images and awakening the gentler emotions, is not accomplished on a first and rapid perusal, but requires that the words should be dwelt upon until they become in a certain sense our own, and are adopted as the utterance of our own minds. A collection such as this is intended to be furnishes for this purpose portions of the best English verse suited to any of the varying moods of its readers.

Such a work also, if sufficiently extensive, gives the reader an opportunity of comparing the poetic literature of one period with that of another; of noting the fluctuations of taste, and how the poetic forms which are in fashion during one age are laid aside in the next; of observing the changes which take place in our language, and the sentiments which at different periods challenge the public approbation. Specimens of the poetry of different centuries, presented in this way, show how the great stream of human thought in its poetic form eddies now to the right and now to the left, wearing away its banks first on one side and then on the other. Some author of more than common faculties and more than common boldness catches the public attention, and immediately he has a crowd of followers who form their taste on his and seek to divide with him the praise. Thus Cowley, with his undeniable genius, was the head of a numerous class who made poetry consist in farfetched conceits, ideas oddly brought together, and quaint turns of thought. Pope, following close upon Dryden, and learning much from him, was the

founder of a school of longer duration, which found its models in Boileau and other poets of the reign of Louis XIV. - a school in which the wit predominated over the poetry, - a school marked by striking oppositions of thought, frequent happinesses of expression, and a carefully balanced modulation. numbers pleasing at first, but in the end fatiguing. As this school degenerated, the wit almost disappeared; but there was no new infusion of poetry in its place. When Scott gave the public the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and other poems, which certainly, considered as mere narratives, are the best we have, carrying the reader forward without weariness and with an interest which the author never allows to subside, a crowd of imitators pressed after him, the greater part of whom are no longer read. Wordsworth had, and still has, his school; the stamp of his example is visible on the writings of all the noets of the present day. Even Byron showed himself, in the third canto of Childe Harold, to be one of his disciples, though he fiercely resented being The same poet did not disdain to learn of Scott in composing his narrative poems, such as the Bride of Abudos and the Giaour, though he could never tell a story in verse without occasional tediousness. In our day the style of writing adopted by eminent living poets is often seen reflected in the verses of their younger contemporaries, - sometimes with an effect like that of a face beheld in a tarnished mirror. Thus it is that poets are formed by their influence on one another; the greatest of them are more or less indebted for what they are to their predecessors and their contemporaries.

While speaking of these changes in the public taste, I am tempted to caution the reader against the mistake often made of estimating the merit of one poet by the too easy process of comparing him with another. The varieties of poetic excellence are as great as the varieties of beauty in flowers or in the female face. There is no poet, indeed no author in any department of literature, who can be taken as a standard in judging of others; the true standard is an ideal one, and even this is not the same in all men's minds. delights in grace, another in strength; one in a fiery vehemence and enthusiasm on the surface, another in majestic repose and the expression of feeling too deep to be noisy; one loves simple and obvious images strikingly employed, or familiar thoughts placed in a new light; another is satisfied only with novelties of thought and expression, with uncommon illustrations and images far sought. It is certain that each of these modes of treating a subject may have its peculiar merit, and that it is absurd to require of those whose genius inclines them to one that they should adopt its opposite, or to set one down as inferior to another because he is not of the same class. As well, in looking through an astronomer's telescope at that beautiful phenomenon, a double star, in which the twin flames are one of a roseate and the other of a golden tint, might we quarrel with either of them because it is not colored like its fellow. Some of the comparisons made by critics between one poet and another are scarcely less preposterous than would be a comparison between a river and a mountain.

The compiler of this collection has gone as far back as to the author who may properly be called the father of English poetry, and who wrote while our language was like the lion in Milton's account of the creation, when rising from the earth at the Divine command and

. . . . pawing to get free His hinder parts," -

for it was still clogged by the unassimilated portions of the French tongue, to which in part it owed its origin. These were to be thrown aside in after years. The versification had also one characteristic of French verse, which was soon after Chaucer's time laid aside, - the mute or final e had in his lines the value of a syllable by itself, especially when the next word began with a consonant. But though these peculiarities somewhat embarrass the reader, he still finds in the writings of the old poet a fund of the good old English of the Saxon fireside, which makes them worthy to be studied, were it only to strengthen our hold on our language. He delighted in describing natural objects which still retained their Saxon names, and this he did with great beauty and sweetness. In the sentiments also the critics ascribe to him a degree of delicacy which one could scarcely have looked for in the age in which he wrote, though at other times he avails himself of the license then allowed. There is no majesty, no stately march of numbers, in his poetry, still less is there of fire, rapidity, or conciseness; the French and Italian narrative poets from whom he learned his art wrote as if the people of their time had nothing to do but to attend to long stories; and Chaucer, who translated from the French the Romaunt of the Rose, though a greater poet than any of those whom he took for his models, made small improvement upon them in this respect. His Troylus and Cryseyde, with but little action and incident, is as long as either of the epics of The Canterbury Tales, Chaucer's best things, have less of this defect; but even there the narrative is over-minute, and the personages, as Taine, the French critic, remarks, although they talk well, talk too much. The taste for this prolixity in narratives and conversations had a long duration in English poetry, since we find the same tediousness, to call it by its true name, in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis and his Lucrece, written more than two hundred years later. Yet in the mean time the old popular ballads of England and Scotland had been composed, in which the incidents follow each other in quick succession, and the briefest possible speeches are uttered by the person-The scholars and court poets doubtless disdained to learn anything of these poets of the people; and the Davideis of Cowley, who lived three hundred years after Chaucer, is as remarkable for the sluggish progress of the story and the tediousness of the harangues as for any other characteristics.

Between the time of Chaucer and that of Sidney and Spenser we find little in the poetic literature of our language to detain our attention. That age produced many obscure versifiers, and metrical romances continued to be written after the fashion of the French and Italian poets, whom Chaucer acknowledged as his masters. During this period appeared Skelton, the poet and jester, whose special talent was facility in rhyming, who rhymed as if he could not help it, - as if he had only to put pen to paper, and the words leaped of their own accord into regular measure with an inevitable jingle at the endings. Meantime our language was undergoing a process which gradually separated the nobler parts from the dross, rejecting the French additions for which there was no occasion, or which could not easily be made to take upon themselves the familiar forms of our tongue. The prosody of English became also fixed in that period; the final e which so perplexes the modern reader in Chaucer's verse, was no longer permitted to figure as a distinct syllable. The poets, however, still allowed themselves the liberty of sometimes making, after the French manner, two syllables of the terminations tion and ion, so that nation became a word of three syllables and opinion a word of four. The Sonnets of Sidney, written on the Italian model, have all the grace and ingenuity of those of Petrarch. In the Faerie Queene of Spenser it seems to me that we find the English language, so far as the purposes of poetry require, in a degree of perfection beyond which it has not been since carried, and I suppose never will be. A vast assemblage of poetic endowments contributed to the composition of the poem, yet I think it would not be easy to name one of the same length, and the work of a genius equally great, in any language, which more fatigues the reader in a steady perusal from beginning to end. In it we have an invention ever awake, active, and apparently inexhaustible; an affluence of imagery grand, beautiful, or magnificent, as the subject may require; wise observations on human life steeped in a poetic coloring, and not without touches of pathos; a wonderful mastery of versification, and the aptest forms of expression. We read at first with admiration, yet to this erelong succeeds a sense of satiety, and we lay down the book, not unwilling, however, after an interval, to take it up with renewed admiration. heard an eminent poet say that he thought the second part of the Faerie Queene inferior to the first; yet I am inclined to ascribe the remark rather to a falling off in the attention of the reader than in the merit of the work. A poet, however, would be more likely to persevere to the end than any other reader, since in every stanza he would meet with some lesson in his art.

In that fortunate age of English literature arose a greater than Spenser. Let me only say of Shakespeare, that in his dramas, amid certain faults imputable to the taste of the English public, there is to be found every conceivable kind of poetic excellence. At the same time and immediately after him flourished a group of dramatic poets who drew their inspiration from nature

and wrote with manly vigor. One would naturally suppose that their example. along with the more illustrious ones of Spenser and Shakespeare, would influence and form the taste of the succeeding age; but almost before they had ceased to claim the attention of the public, and while the eminent divines, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, and others, wrote nobly in prose with a genuine eloquence and a fervor scarcely less than poetic, appeared the school of writers in verse whom Johnson, by a phrase the propriety of which has been disputed. calls the metaphysical poets.—a class of wits whose whole aim was to extort admiration by ingenious conceits, thoughts of such unexpectedness and singularity that one wondered how they could ever come into the mind of the author. For what they regarded as poetic effect they depended, not upon the sense of beauty or grandeur, not upon depth or earnestness of feeling, but simply upon surprise at quaint and strange resemblances, contrasts, and combinations of These were delivered for the most part in rugged diction, and in numbers so harsh as to be almost unmanageable by the reader. Cowley, a man of real genius, and of a more musical versification than his fellows, was the most distinguished example of this school. Milton, born a little before Cowley, and like him an eminent poet in his teens, is almost the only instance of escape from the infection of this vicious style; his genius was of too robust a mould for such petty employments, and he would have made, if he had condescended to them, as ill a figure as his own Samson on the stage of a mountebank. Dryden himself, in some of his earlier poems, appears as a pupil of this school; but he soon outgrew - in great part at least - the false taste of the time and set an example of a nobler treatment of poetic subjects.

Yet though the genius of Dryden reacted against this perversion of the art of verse, it had not the power to raise the poetry of our language to the height which it occupied in the Elizabethan age. Within a limited range he was a true poet; his imagination was far from fertile, nor had he much skill in awakening emotion, but he could treat certain subjects magnificently in verse, and often where his imagination fails him he is sustained by the vigor of his understanding and the largeness of his knowledge. He gave an example of versification in the heroic couplet, which has commanded the admiration of succeeding poets down to our time, - a versification manly, majestic, and of varied modulation, of which Pope took only a certain part as the model of his own, and, contracting its range and reducing it to more regular pauses. made it at first appear more musical to the reader, but in the end fatigued him by its monotony. Dryden drew scarcely a single image from his own observation of external nature, and Pope, though less insensible than he to natural beauty, was still merely the poet of the drawing-room. Yet he is the author of more happy lines, which have passed into the common speech and are quoted as proverbial sayings, than any author we have save Shakespeare: and, whatever may be said in his dispraise, he is likely to be quoted as long

as the English is a living language. The footprints of Pope are not those of a giant, but he has left them scattered all over the field of our literature, although the fashion of writing like him has wholly passed away.

Certain faculties of the poetic mind seem to have slumbered from the time of Milton to that of Thomson, who showed the literary world of Great Britain, to its astonishment, what a profusion of materials for poetry Nature offers to him who directly consults her instead of taking his images at second-hand. Thomson's blank verse, however, is often swollen and bladdery to a painful degree. He seems to have imagined, like many other writers of his time, that blank verse could not support itself without the aid of a stilted phraseology; for that fine poem of his, in the Spenserian stanza, the Castle of Indolence, shows that when he wrote in rhyme he did not think it necessary to depart from a natural style.

Wordsworth is generally spoken of as one who gave to our literature that impulse which brought the poets back from the capricious forms of expression in vogue before his time to a certain fearless simplicity; for it must be acknowledged that until he arose there was scarce any English poet who did not seem in some degree to labor under the apprehension of becoming too simple and natural, — to imagine that a certain pomp of words is necessary to elevate the style and make that grand and noble which in its direct expression would be homely and trivial. Yet the poetry of Wordsworth was but the consummation of a tendency already existing and active. Cowper had already felt it in writing his Task, and in his longer rhymed poems had not only attempted a freer versification than that of Pope, but had clothed his thoughts in the manly English of the better age of our poetry. Percy's Reliques had accustomed English readers to perceive the extreme beauty of the old ballads in their absolute simplicity, and shown how much superior these were to such productions as Percy's own Hermit of Warkworth and Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina, in their feeble elegance. Burns's inimitable Scottish poems - his English verses are tumid and wordy - had taught the same lesson. We may infer that the genius of Wordsworth was in a great degree influenced by these, just as he in his turn contributed to form the taste of those who wrote after him. It was long, however, before he reached the eminence which he now holds in the estimation of the literary world. Lyrical Ballads, published about the close of the last century, were at first little read, and of those who liked them there were few who were not afraid to express their admiration. Yet his fame has slowly climbed from stage to stage until now his influence is perceived in all the English poetry of the day. If this were the place to criticise his poetry, I should say, of his more stately poems in blank verse, that they often lack compression, - that the thought suffers by too great expansion. Wordsworth was unnecessarily afraid of being epigrammatic. He abhorred what is called a point as much as Dennis is said to have abhorred a pun. Yet I must own that even his most diffuse amplifications have in them a certain grandeur that fills the mind.

At a somewhat later period arose the poet Keats, who wrote in a manner which carried the reader back to the time when those charming passages of lyrical enthusiasm were produced which we occasionally find in the plays of Shakespeare, in those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Milton's Comus. The verses of Keats are occasionally disfigured, especially in his Endymion, by a flatness almost childish, but in the finer passages they clothe the thought in the richest imagery and in words each of which is a poem. Lowell has justly called Keats "over-languaged," but there is scarce a word that we should be willing to part with in his Ode to the Nightingale, and that on a Grecian Urn, and the same thing may be said of the greater part of his Hyperion. His poems were ridiculed in the Edinburgh Review, but they survived the ridicule, and now, fifty years after their first publication, the poetry of the present day, by certain resemblances of manner, testifies to the admiration with which he is still read.

The genius of Byron was of a more vigorous mould than that of Keats; but notwithstanding his great popularity and the number of his imitators at one time, he made a less permanent impression on the character of English His misanthropy and gloom, his scoffing vein, and the fierceness of his animosities, after the first glow of admiration was over, had a repellent effect upon readers, and made them turn to more cheerful strains. Moore had in his time many imitators, but all his gayety, his brilliant fancy, his somewhat feminine graces, and the elaborate music of his numbers, have not saved him from the fate of being imitated no more. Coleridge and Southey were of the same school with Wordsworth, and only added to the effect of his example upon our literature. Coleridge is the author of the two most perfect poetical translations which our language in his day could boast, those of Schiller's Piccolomini and Death of Wallenstein, in which the English verse falls in no respect short of the original German. Southey divides with Scott the honor of writing the first long narrative poems in our language which can be read without occasional weariness.

Of the later poets, educated in part by the generation of authors which produced Wordsworth and Byron and in part by each other, yet possessing their individual peculiarities, I should perhaps speak with more reserve. The number of those who are attempting to win a name in this walk of literature is great, and several of them have already gained, and through many years held, the public favor. To some of them will be assigned an enduring station among the eminent of their class.

There are two tendencies by which the seekers after poetic fame in our day are apt to be misled, through both the example of others and the applause of critics. One of these is the desire to extort admiration by striking novelties

of expression; and the other, the ambition to distinguish themselves by subtleties of thought, remote from the common apprehension.

With regard to the first of these I have only to say what has been often said before, that, however favorable may be the idea which this luxuriance of poetic imagery and of epithet at first gives us of the author's talent, our admiration soon exhausts itself. We feel that the thought moves heavily under its load of garments, some of which perhaps strike us as tawdry and others as ill-fitting, and we lay down the book to take it up no more.

The other mistake, if I may so call it deserves more attention, since we find able critics speaking with high praise of passages in the poetry of the day to which the general reader is puzzled to attach a meaning. This is often the case when the words themselves seem simple enough, and keep within the range of the Saxon or household element of our language. The obscurity lies sometimes in the phrase itself, and sometimes in the recondite or remote I will not say that certain minds are not affected by this, as others are by verses in plainer English. To the few it may be genuine poetry, although it may be a riddle to the mass of readers. I remember reading somewhere of a mathematician who was affected with a sense of sublimity by the happy solution of an algebraical or geometrical problem, and I have been assured by one who devoted himself to the science of mathematics that the phenomenon is no uncommon one. Let us beware, therefore, of assigning too narrow limits to the causes which produce the poetic exaltation of mind. The genius of those who write in this manner may be freely acknowledged, but they do not write for mankind at large.

To me it seems that one of the most important requisites for a great poet is a luminous style. The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed it. It is no disparagement either to his skill or his power that he finds them near at hand; the nearer they lie to the common track of the human intelligence, the more certain is he of the sympathy of his own generation, and of those which shall come after him. The metaphysician, the subtile thinker, the dealer in abstruse speculations, whatever his skill in versification, misapplies it when he abandons the more convenient form of prose and perplexes himself with the attempt to express his ideas in poetic numbers.

Let me say for the poets of the present day that in one important respect they have profited by the example of their immediate predecessors; they have learned to go directly to nature for their imagery, instead of taking it from what had once been regarded as the common stock of the guild of poets. I have often had occasion to verify this remark with no less delight than surprise on meeting in recent verse new images in their untarnished lustre, like coins fresh from the mint, unworn and unsoiled by passing from pocket to pocket. It is curious, also, to observe how a certain set of hackneyed phrases, which Leigh Hunt, I believe, was the first to ridicule, and which were once used for the convenience of rounding out a line or supplying a rhyme, have disappeared from our poetry, and how our blank verse in the hands of the most popular writers has dropped its stiff Latinisms and all the awkward distortions resorted to by those who thought that by putting a sentence out of its proper shape they were writing like Milton.

I have now brought this brief survey of the progress of our poetry down to the present time, and refer the reader, for samples of it in the different stages of its existence, to those which are set before him in this volume.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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POEMS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.



Ochafs trasborish low, yet still, O listless woman, weary lover! To feel once more That fresh, will timel I'el give - but who can live yout over? Mum Clarence Jerman -In angel face: _ its runny wealth of hair In radiant ripples bathad the graceful throat eAnd dinhled shoulders; round the rosy www Of the rivert mouth a rmile remed wandering ever; While in the depths of armse fine that glesmed esseneath the desoping lasher, slept a worth Of eloquent meaning, hasseonate yet pure . Dreamy - subdued - but oh, how beautiful Edgard . The wonder of all-ruling Frontence; The juye that from celestial Merry How; Epinitial beauty; perfect excellence, The fact feels - and thence his best resource To faint his feelings with outlines & force. John Reats

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified! — Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen among his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king;—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,
glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

CRADLE SONG.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

WHAT is the little one thinking about? Very wonderful things, no doubt;

Unwritten history! Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks, As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,

Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,

Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know
Where the summers go:

Where the summers go; He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks? Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way Out from the shore of the great unknown, Blind, and wailing, and alone.

Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes? What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle-roof, that flies Forward and backward through the air? What does he think of his mother's breast, Bare and beautiful, smooth and white, Seeking it ever with fresh delight,

Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds, —

Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!

I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse, Over his brow and over his lips, Out to his little finger-tips! Softly sinking, down he goes! Down he goes! down he goes! See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister; I was nigh the first that kissed her. When the nursing-woman brought her To papa, his infant daughter, How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—She will shortly be to christen; And papa has made the offer, I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her, -Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa Ann and Mary, they're too common; Joan 's too formal for a woman : Jane's a prettier name beside : But we had a Jane that died. They would say, if 't was Rebecca, That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks Better in old English books. Ellen 's left off long ago : Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet Are so good as Margaret. Emily is neat and fine; What do you think of Caroline ! How I 'm puzzled and perplexed What to choose or think of next! l am in a little fever Lest the name that I should give her Should disgrace her or defame her : --I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;

Catchings up of legs and arms; Throwings back and small alarms: Clutching fingers; straightening jerks; Twining feet whose each toe works; Kickings up and straining risings; Mother's ever new surprisings; Hands all wants and looks all wonder At all things the heavens under: Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings That have more of love than lovings: Mischiefs done with such a winning Archness that we prize such sinning ; Breakings dire of plates and glasses; Graspings small at all that passes; Pullings off of all that 's able To be caught from tray or table ; Silences. - small meditations Deep as thoughts of cares for nations: Breaking into wisest speeches In a tongue that nothing teaches; All the thoughts of whose possessing Must be wooed to light by guessing; Slumbers, - such sweet angel-seemings That we'd ever have such dreamings; Till from sleep we see thee breaking, And we'd always have thee waking: Wealth for which we know no measure : Pleasure high above all pleasure; Gladness brimming over gladness; Joy in care; delight in sadness; Loveliness beyond completeness; Sweetness distancing all sweetness; Beauty all that beauty may be ; -That's May Bennett; that's my baby. WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

A , CRADLE HYMN.

ABBREVIATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Husn! my dear, lie still, and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed! Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide; All without thy care or payment, All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended Than the Son of God could be, When from heaven he descended, And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing; Lovely Infant, how he smiled! When he wept, the mother's blessing Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him, Trust and love him all thy days; Then go dwell forever near him, See his face and sing his maise!

I could give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire; Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand, —
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's newsterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,

In April's fragrant days, How can they walk among the briery tangles, Edging the world's rough ways!

These rose-white feet, along the doubtful future,
Must bear a mother's load;
Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden.

Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden, And walks the harder road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair, —
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded Away from sight of men,

And these dear feet are left without her guiding, Who shall direct them then !

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness Of Sorrow's tearful shades? Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,

Whose sunlight never fades !

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,

The common world above !

Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,

Walk side by side with Love!

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded.

Which find but pleasant ways:

Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander

Without a hope or friend, —
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude
highway
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,

And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens Will guide the baby's feet.

ANONYMOL:

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, little baby of mine, Night and the darkness are near, But Jesus looks down Through the shadows that frown, And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes;
Dear little head, be at rest;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine, Soft on your pillow so white; Jesus is here To watch over you, dear, And nothing can harm you to-night.

O, little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?

ANONYMOUS

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear? Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue? Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin? Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear? I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high? A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose? Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss! Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly car? God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands? Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things? From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you? God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?

God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BABY.

On parents' knees, a naked, new-born child, Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled: So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep, Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

From the Sanscrit of CALIDASA, by SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SILENT BABY.

THE baby sits in her cradle,
Watching the world go round,
Enwrapt in a mystical silence,
Amid all the tumult of sound.

She must be akin to the flowers,
For no one has heard
A whispered word
From this silent baby of ours.

Wondering, she looks at the children, As they merrily laughing pass, And smiles o'er her face go rippling, Like sunshine over the grass And into the heart of the flowers; But never a word

Has yet been heard From this silent darling of ours.

Has she a wonderful wisdom,
Of unspoken knowledge a store,
Hid away from all curious eyes,
Like the mysterious lore
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers?
Is this why no word
Has ever been heard
From this silent baby of ours?

Ah, baby, from out your blue eyes
The angel of silence is smiling, —
Though silvern hereafter your speech,
Your silence is golden, — beguiling
All hearts to this darling of ours,

Who speaks not a word
Of all she has heard.

Like the birds, the bees, and the flowers.

ELLEN BARTLETT CURRIER.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the
skies.—

God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise, Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair, With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air, Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer

You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the word said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And — you 've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE BARIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes, Nae stockin' on her feet; Her supple ankles white as snaw, Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink, Her double, dimplit chin, Her puckered lips an' baumy mou', With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een, Twa gentle, liquid things; Her face is like an angel's face, We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel,
'T wad be nae blessing thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.
J. E. RANKIN,

"THE HOUSEHOLD SOVEREIGN."
FROM "THE HANGING OF THE CRANE."

SEATED I see the two again, But not alone: they entertain A little angel unaware, With face as round as is the moon; A royal guest with flaxen hair, Who, throned upon his lofty chair, Drums on the table with his spoon, Then drops it careless on the floor. To grasp at things unseen before. Are these celestial manners? these The ways that win, the arts that please? Ah, yes; consider well the guest, And whatsoe'er he does seems best; He ruleth by the right divine Of helplessness, so lately born In purple chambers of the morn, As sovereign over thee and thine. He speaketh not, and yet there lies A conversation in his eyes; The golden silence of the Greek, The gravest wisdom of the wise, Not spoken in language, but in looks . More legible than printed books,

As if he could but would not speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGERLIOW.

BABY BELL.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star.

Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,

O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.

The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely boru:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—

The land beyond the morn;

And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
{The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise), —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Dear Christ! — our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain

And now the orchards, which were white And red with blossoms when she came. Were rich in autumn's mellow prime : The clustered apples burnt like flame, The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell, The ivory chestnut burst its shell. The grapes hung purpling in the grange; And time wrought just as rich a change In little Baby Bell. Her lissome form more perfect grew, And in her features we could trace. In softened curves, her mother's face. Her angel-nature ripened too : We thought her levely when she came. But she was holy, saintly now : -Around her pale angelic brow We saw a slender ring of flame !

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her hely things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees.
We saw its shadow ere it fell, —
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears

Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,

The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,

She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow, —
White buds, the summer's drifted snow, —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BALLEY ALDRICH.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know, 'T is far too nice and clean. No toys, by careless fingers strewn, Upon the floors are seen. No finger-marks are on the panes. No scratches on the chairs : No wooden men set up in rows, Or marshalled off in pairs; No little stockings to be darned, All ragged at the toes : No pile of mending to be done, Made up of haby-clothes; No little troubles to be soothed: No little hands to fold : No grimy fingers to be washed: No stories to be told; No tender kisses to be given ; No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse No merry frolics after tea, -No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

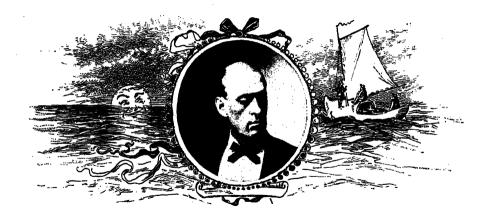
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDLE SAY?

FROM " SEA DREAMS. "

What does little birdie say In her nest at peep of day? Let me fly, says little birdie, Mother, let me fly away. Birdie, rest a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger. So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peop of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep, a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED THNNYSON.



A DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe— Sailed on a river of misty light Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herringfish

That live in this beautiful sea; Nets of silver and gold have we,"

> Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night
long

Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we"—
So cried the stars to the fishermen
three,

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod. All night long their nets they threw

For the fish in the twinkling foam,

Then down from the sky came the

wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home.
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;

And some folks thought't was a dream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen
three:

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, And Nod is a little head, And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.



THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O, fly — yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall. —
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria (Greek). Translation
of SAMUEL ROGERS.

LULLABY.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

In Ireland they have a pretty fancy, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;

Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling! O come back to me!"

And the true heart of that young mother to Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought
to me!"

WILLIAM GILMORE SI

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"O, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,—
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.

"And while they are keeping Bright watch o'er thy sleeping, O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me, —
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to
thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
see;

And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within --It was the loveliest picture ! - a sweet child Lav in its mother's arms, and drew its life, In pauses, from the fountain, - the white round Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark, Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower, Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh :-And such alone are beautiful. Its eye, A full blue gem, most exquisitely set, Looked archly on its world, - the little imp, As if it knew even then that such a wreath Were not for all; and with its playful hands It drew aside the robe that hid its realm. And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid Its head upon the shrine of such nure joys, And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears Of the sweet mother fell upon its check, -Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring The sunlight after. They were tears of joy; And the true heart of that young mother then Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously The silliest ballad-song that ever yet Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

BABY ZULMA'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A LIGHTER scarf of richer fold
The morning flushed upon our sight,
And Evening trimmed her lamps of gold
From deeper springs of purer light;
And softer drips bedewed the lea,
And whiter blossoms veiled the tree,

And bluer waves danced on the sea When baby Zulma came to be!

The day before, a bird had sung
Strange greetings on the roof and flown;
And Night's immaculate priestess flung
A diamond from her parted zone
Upon the crib beside the bed,
Whereunto, as the doctor said,
A king or queen would soon be led
By some sweet Ariel overhead.

Ere yet the sun had crossed the line
When we, at Aries' double bars,
Behold him, tempest-beaten, shine
In stormy Libra's triple stars:
What time the hillsides shake with corn
And boughs of fruitage laugh unshorn
And cheery echoes wake the morn
To gales of fragrance harvest-born.

In storied spots of vernal flame
And breezy realms of tossing shade,
The tripping elves tumultuous came
To join the fairy cavalcade:
From blushing chambers of the rose,
And bowers the lily's buds enclose,
And nooks and dells of deep repose,
Where human sandal nevor goes,

The rabble poured its motley tide:
Some upon airy chariots rode,
By cupids showered from side to side,
And some the dragon-fly bestrode;
While troops of virgins, left and right,
Like microscopic trails of light,
The sweeping pageant made as bright
As beams a rainbow in its flight!

It passed: the bloom of purple plums
Was rippled by trumpets rallying long
O'er beds of pinks; and dwarfish drums
Struck all the insect world to song:
The milkmaid caught the low refrain,
The ploughman answered to her strain,
And every warbler of the plain
The ringing chorus chirped again!

Beneath the sunset's faded arch,
It formed and filed within our porch,
With not a ray to guide its march
Except the twilight's silver torch:
And thus she came from clouds above,
With spirits of the glen and grove,
A flower of grace, a cooing dove,
A shrine of prayer and star of love!

A queen of hearts!—her mighty chains Are beads of coral round her strung, And, ribbon-diademed, she reigns,
Commanding in an unknown tongue
The kitten spies her cunning ways,
The patient cur romps in her plays,
And glimpses of her earlier days
Are seen in picture-books of fays.

To fondle all things doth she choose,
And when she gets, what some one sends,
A trifling gift of tiny shoes,
She kisses both as loving friends;
For in her eyes this orb of care,
Whose hopes are heaps of frosted hair,
Is but a garland, trim and fair,
Of cherubs twining in the air.

O, from a soul suffused with tears
Of trust thou mayst be spared the thorn
Which it has felt in other years, —
Across the morn our Lord was born,
I waft thee blessings! At thy side
May his invisible scraphs glide;
And tell thee still, whate'er betide,
For thee, for thine, for all, He died!
AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes !
Those shoes that no little feet use.
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevernore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
. A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!
WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled;
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where wingèd hopes might build!
We saw — though none like us might see —
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave — God's lap — our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing,
"Another bud of infancy
With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing Could leave a loss so large; Her little light such shadow fling From dawn to sunset's marge. In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

WILLE WINKIE

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten
o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie
a cheep:

But here 's a waukrife laddie, that winns fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue: — glow'rin' like the moon.

Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon, Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her
thrums:

Hey, Willie Winkie! - See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean, A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane, That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee:

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond, My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure, My heart received thee with a joy beyond All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure; Nor thought that any love again might be So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given;
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,
And meekly chearful; such wert thou, my
child!

Not willing to be left — still by my side,

Haunting my walks, while summer-day was

dving:

Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly
lying:

Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek, Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to
bind,

And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then thou, my merry love, — bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free, —
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Engle of a wild and improvedible might

Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth, Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;

Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,

And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth:

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,

The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;

The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,

The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!

Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its
bound.

At length Thou camest, — thou, the last and least.

Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the

Mingling with every playful infant wile A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou!

An eye of resolute and successful scheming!

Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,

Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;

And proud the lifting of thy stately head, And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim I, that all other love had been forswearing, Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;

Nor injured either by this love's comparing, Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, — But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time, —
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,

Forest chirp, and village chime, — Is there, of the sounds that float Unsighingly, a single note Half so sweet and clear and wild As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:

Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited

Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far, —
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all, — the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone,—
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,

For it answereth to his own. But, of all its witching words, Sweeter than the song of birds, Those are sweetest, bubbling wild Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—

These, erelong, the ear forgets; But in mine there is a sound Ringing on the whole year round, — Heart-deep laughter that I heard Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain, —
Ear of one whose love is surer, —
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;

Hers the deepest bliss to treasure Memories of that cry of pleasure Hers to hoard, a lifetime after. Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection Hears with a mysterious sense. -Breathings that evade detection. Whisper faint, and fine inflection.

Thrill in her with power intense. Childhood's honeved words untaught Hiveth she in loving thought. -Tones that never thence depart : For she listens - with her heart.

I AMAN BLANCHARD.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild. Piping songs of pleasant glee. On a cloud I saw a child, And he laughing said to me: -

- "Pipe a song about a lamb:" So I piped with merry cheer. "Piper, pipe that song again:" So I piped; he wept to hear.
- "Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe, Sing thy songs of happy cheer: So I sung the same again, While he wept with joy to hear.
- "Piper, sit thee down and write In a book that all may read —" So he vanished from my sight; And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen, And I stained the water clear. And I wrote my happy songs Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee; Dear little Goldenhair! tired was she, All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light, Out with the birds and butterflies bright, Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head. "What has my baby been doing," he said, "Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

- " Pitty much," answered the sweet little one : "I cannot tell so much things I have done, -Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.
- "And I have jumped with my little jump-rope, And I made out of some water and soap Bufitle worlds! mamma's castles of Hope.
- "And I have readed in my picture-book, And little Bella and I went to look For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.
- "Then I comed home and I eated my tea, And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee. I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed. Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast: Dear little Goldenhair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way. And we shall be called to account for our day. He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's play!

And O, when aweary, may we be so blest As to sink like the innocent child to our rest, And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast! F. BURGE SMITH.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled greensward dancing, Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy, -Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing, Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter, How they glimmer, how they quiver! Sparkling one another after, Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces, Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit, Make your mocks and sly grimaces At Love's self, and do not fear it. GEORGE DARLEY

UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my window, All in the Midsummer weather, Three little girls with fluttering curls Flit to and fro together :-

There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, And Maud with her mantle of silver-green, And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay
flowers,

Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled), Would throw away, and straight take up again, Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn Bound with so playful and so light a foot, That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,

And darker hours of night came on,

And deeper grew the drifting snow:

Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.

"O God!" she cried in accents wild, "If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast, .
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pule.
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

MATERNITY.

HEIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the
grasses.

And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!

Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,

Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!

Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;

Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,

That loved her brown little ones, loved them

That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain; Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house

be but narrow," —
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,

Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they

bow;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters, And haply one musing doth stand at her prow. O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daugh-

Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall —
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and
thrall!

Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,

God that is over us all !

JEAN INGELOW.

BOYHOOD

An, then how sweetly closed those crowded days! The minutes parting one by one, like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever time destroys, he cannot this;—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, —sc old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always, — they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright—ah, bright—but your light
is failing;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,

That God has hidden your face? I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven, And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,— You've powdered your legs with gold. O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow, Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper, Where two twin turtle-doves dwell! O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it, —

I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.
JEAN INGELOW.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:

She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, My sister and my brother; And, in the churchyard cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell, Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid; Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the churchyard laid, Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door, And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit, And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid; And, when the grass was dry, Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply!
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
"I was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A CHILD DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness;
Thy thanks to all that aid;
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound;
My hand-in-hand companion — No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has depurted"—
"His voice"—"his face"— is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while, —
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile;
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the Blackbird, on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he,—
"What's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."—

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks,—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

"Little Bell," said she.

And the Blackbird piped; you never heard Half so gay a song from any bird, —
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might
hear.—

"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies, —
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes, —
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one.
Hark, how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!

"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid.

Come and share with me!"

Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share,

Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care; Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind, Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind, Little Bell, for thee!"

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not
one:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall Is one of a dim old forest. That seemeth best of all: Not for its gnarled oaks olden. Dark with the mistletoe : Not for the violets golden That sprinkle the vale below: Not for the milk-white lilies That lean from the fragrant ledge. Connetting all day with the sunbeams. And stealing their golden edge : Not for the vines on the upland. Where the bright red berries rest. Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip. It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother. With eyes that were dark and deep : In the lap of that old dim forest He lieth in peace asleep: Light as the down of the thistle. Free as the winds that blow. We roved there the beautiful summers. The summers of long ago: But his feet on the hills grew weary. And, one of the autumn eves. I made for my little brother A bed of the vellow leaves. Sweetly his pale arms folded My neck in a meek embrace. As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face: And when the arrows of sunset Lodged in the tree-tops bright. He fell, in his saint-like beauty, Asleep by the gates of light. Therefore, of all the pictures That hang on Memory's wall. The one of the dim old forest Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

THE PET NAME.

"The name
Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress."
MISS MITFORD'S Dramatu Scenes.

I HAVE a name, a little name, Uncadenced for the ear, Unhonored by ancestral claim, Unsanctified by prayer and psalm The solemn font anear. It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong.
It never dedicate did move
As "Sacharissa," unto love,—
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read Upon the leaves of none, And afterward, when I am dead, Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread, Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call Perhaps your smile may win. Nay, do not smile! mine eyelids fall Over mine eyes, and feel withal The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain, —
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one Of chestnuts from the hill,— And through the word our laugh did run As part thereof. The mirth being done, He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it
What none of you can hear,—
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss, My sisters' woodland glee,— My father's praise I did not miss, When, stooping down, he cared to kiss The poet at his knee,—

And voices which, to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping, —
To some I nevermore can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind.
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought With love which softens yet. Now God be thanked for every thought Which is so tender it has caught Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,
Affections purely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And heighten it with Heaven.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old.

With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears.

That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair, —

And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;

I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;

But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.

But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext

With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;

And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to man- But I know (for God hath told me this) that he hood's years like me.

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be: And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow.

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be.

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee:

I do not think his light-blue eve is, like his brother's, keen.

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been:

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street.

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful

Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth.

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love :

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eves must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot

For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

is now at rest.

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh.

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)

Where God for ave shall wine away all tears from every eve.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease :

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be, -

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery.

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain. -

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again. IOUN MOULTRIE

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

An Inverary correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the fol-lowing narrative as to the origin of The Mitherless Baurn'; I quote his own words. 'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpm'a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellown'. "Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn!" I hobled up the stair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'."

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame By aunty, or cousin, or freeky grand-dame, Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'? T is the puir doited loonie, - the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed; Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head:

His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn, An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there, O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair; But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern, That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

You sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid:

The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn, An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth, Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth; Recording in heaven the blessings they earn Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly, — he trembles the while.

He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile; In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall

That God deals the blow, for the mitherless bairn' WILLIAM THOM.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed With me but roughly since I heard thee last. Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see, The same that off in childhood solaced me; Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, "Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize.—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!

O welcome guest, though unexpected here!

Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,

Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, — not willingly alone,

But gladly, as the precept were her own;

And, while that face renews my filial grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief, —

Shall steep me in Elysian revery,

A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead.

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, — Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss; Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss — Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — Yes. I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day; I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away; And, turning from my nursery window, drew A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu! But was it such?—It was. — Where thou art gone Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no

('hildren not thine have trod my nursery floor: And where the gardener Robin, day by day. Drew me to school along the public way, -Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapped In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap. -'T is now become a history little known That once we called the pastoral house our own. Short-lived possession! but the record fair. That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, Still outlives many a storm that has effaced A thousand other themes, less deeply traced: Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid; Thy morning bounties ere I left my home. -The biscuit, or confectionery plum : The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed, -

All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may,
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, —

The wielet, the pink, the issuemine, —

The violet, the pink, the jessamine, —
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while —
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and
smile,) —

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them

I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. But no, — what here we call our life is such, So little to be loved, and thou so much, That I should ill requite thee to constrain Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou —as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast, (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,) Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile: There sits quiescent on the floods, that show Her beauteous form reflected clear below, While airs impregnated with incense play Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, — So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed.
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass
lost:

And day by day some current's thwarting force Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he! -That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; But higher far my proud pretensions rise,— The son of parents passed into the skies. And now, farewell ! - Time, unrevoked, has run His wonted course: vet what I wished is done. By contemplation's help, not sought in vain, I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again, -To have renewed the joys that once were mine, Without the sin of violating thine; And, while the wings of fancy still are free, And I can view this mimic show of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft, -Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left. WILLIAM COWPER.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups, —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set

The laburnum on his birthday, — The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,

Light as the singing bird that rings the air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents;—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;

Fit playfellow for fairies, by mosnlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,—
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break that mirror with that skippingrope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint.

(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that ring off with another shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan,)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing, Play on, play on,

My elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick, —
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down, Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk, With many a lamb-like frisk!

(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LOST HEIR.

"O where, and O where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?"—OLD SONG.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.

She turned her East, she turned her West, Staring like Pythoness possest, With streaming hair and heaving breast,

As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man, —
Her right hand held a frying-pan,
The left a lump of beef.

At last her frenzy seemed to reach A point just capable of speech, And with a tone almost a screech,

As wild as ocean birds, Or female ranter moved to preach, She gave her "sorrow words." "O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way —

A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hav.

1 am all in a quiver — get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt-pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better off than all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.

When his father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one.

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own concerns, and don't be making a mob in the street;

O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat? Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring

at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs; Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled

saints forma! but he's praps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the priggs;

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;

And his trousers considering not very much patched, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.

His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;

But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.

He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at the brim.

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.

Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman, in want of an orphan,

- Had borrowed the child to go a-begging with,
 but I'd rather see him laid out in his
 coffin!
- Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys!

 I'll break every bone of 'em I come near,
- Go home you're spilling the porter go home
 Tommy Jones, go along home with
 your beer.
- This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,
- Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a monkey and an organ:
- O my Billy my head will turn right round if he's got kiddynapped with them Italians.
- They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.
- Billy where are you, Billy? I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
- And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.
- O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,
- If I'm to see other folks' darlin's, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley,
- And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair
- As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there!
- I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only knowed where to run,
- Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny bun, —
- The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would kill me raily,
- To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.
- For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and mileses
- And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
- And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a mother ought to speak;
- You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it has n't been washed for a week;
- As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest hair when I've time to just show it the
- I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.
- He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a little cast he's certainly got;

- And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
- He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age:
- And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.
- And then he has got such dear winning ways -but O, I never, never shall see him no
 more!
- O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door!
- Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang'em, was at twenty a penny!
- And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
- And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all, and, drat him! made a seize of our hog. —
- It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;
- The last time he was fetched to find a lost child he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
- And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.
- Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home, to your best of Mothers!
- I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
- Or maybe he's stole by some chimbly-sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not.
- And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.
- O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.
- For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
- I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and would n't I hug him and kiss him!
- Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
- Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
- But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

THOMAS HOOD

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads:

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave a lustre of midday to objects below; When what to my wondering eyes should ap-

pear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them
by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky.

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot.

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a pedler just opening his

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of

He was chubby and plump, —a right jolly old elf;

And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a ierk.

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle.

And away they all flew like the down of a this-

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night, And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight; So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest.

He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed

With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went-to the windows of those who slept, And over each pane like a fairy crept: Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things. There were flowers and
trees,

There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,

There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers, and these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
"Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FRANCES GOULD.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used, in years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
So I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With the wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother —
A serene angelic pair —
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,

And my heart's quick pulses vibrate To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you

For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A. PORTRAIT.

"One name is Elizabeth." - BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her. Ten times have the lilies blown Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly, Which a trail of golden hair Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly, Which two blue eyes undershine, Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child, —
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled, Frank, obedient, — waiting still On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things, As young birds, or early wheat, When the wind blows over it. Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure, —
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
. Which come softly, — just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best, In a bower of gentle looks,— Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly, As a silver stream may run, Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her, He would sing of her with falls Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her, He would paint her unaware With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him That same picture) would exclaim, "'T is my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her In the street even, smileth stilly, Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her Soften, sleeken every word, As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover The hard earth whereon she passes, With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"—
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He DOTH.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, When night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations, That is known as the children's hour. I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall stair, Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall, By three doors left unguarded, They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Manse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old mustache as I am Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress, And will not let you depart, But put you into the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JENNY KISSED, ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away, Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day. Was humming with its wonted noise Of threescore mingled girls and boys: Some few upon their tasks intent. But more on furtive mischief bent. The while the master's downward look Was fastened on a copy-book: When suddenly, behind his back, Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack! As 't were a battery of bliss Let off in one tremendous kiss! "What's that?" the startled master cries: "That, thir," a little imp replies, "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe. -I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!" With frown to make a statue thrill, The master thundered, "Hither, Will!" Like wretch o'ertaken in his track. With stolen chattels on his back. Will hung his head in fear and shame, And to the awful presence came. -A great, green, bashful simpleton, The butt of all good-natured fun. With smile suppressed, and birch upraised, The threatener faltered, - "I'm amazed That you, my biggest pupil, should Be guilty of an act so rude! Before the whole set school to boot-What evil genius put you to 't?" "'T was she herself, sir," sobbed the lad. "I did not mean to be so bad : But when Susannah shook her curls, And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls And dursn't kiss a baby's doll, I could n't stand it, sir, at all, But up and kissed her on the spot! I know - boo-hoo - I ought to not, But, somehow, from her looks - boo-hoo -I thought she kind o' wished me to!" WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

OLD-SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

OLD Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red.

"Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls," he said.

Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
With his head down on his breast,
Yook his penitent seat by the maiden sweet
That he loved, of all, the best.

And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,
But the rogue only made believe;
For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,
And ogled them over his sleeve.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man. Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan ! With thy turned-up pantaloons. And thy merry whistled tunes : With thy red lip, redder still Kissed by strawberries on the hill; With the sunshine on thy face. Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace; From my heart I give thee joy, -I was once a barefoot boy ! Prince thou art. - the grown-up man Only is republican. Let the million-dollared ride! Barefoot, trudging at his side. Thou hast more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eve. -Outward sunshine, inward joy: Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play. Sleep that wakes in laughing day. Health that mocks the doctor's rules. Knowledge never learned of schools, Of the wild bee's morning chase, Of the wild-flower's time and place, Flight of fowl and habitude Of the tenants of the wood: How the tortoise bears his shell. How the woodchuck digs his cell. And the ground-mole sinks his well : How the robin feeds her young. How the oriole's nest is hung ; Where the whitest lilies blow. Where the freshest berries grow, Where the ground-nut trails its vine, Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; Of the black wasp's cunning way, Mason of his walls of clay, And the architectural plans Of gray hornet artisans!-For, eschewing books and tasks, Nature answers all he asks; Hand in hand with her he walks, Face to face with her he talks, Part and parcel of her joy, -Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June, Crowding years in one brief moon, When all things I heard or saw, Me, their master, waited for. I was rich in flowers and trees, Humming-birds and honey-bees; For my sport the squirrel played, Plied the snouted mole his spade; For my taste the black berry cone Purpled over hedge and stone; Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man, Live and laugh, as boyhood can! Though the flinty slopes be hard, Stubble-speared the new-mown sward. Every morn shall lead thee through Fresh baptisms of the dew; Every evening from thy feet Shall the cool wind kiss the heat All too soon these feet must hide In the prison cells of pride, Lose the freedom of the sod. Like a colt's for work be shod. Made to tread the mills of toil. Up and down in ceaseless moil: Happy if their track be found Never on forbidden ground : Happy if they sink not in Quick and treacherous sands of sin. Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now,—
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face, — I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I 've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

George Perkins Morris

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.

When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood.

And every loved spot which my infancy knew; The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it.

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract

The cot of ray father, the dairy-house night it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the

well,—

The old caken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well; —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it.

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it.

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the

well:—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I 've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I 've bedewed it with tears, I 've embalmed it with sighs.

"I is bound by a thousand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start; Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there! And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were
gray;

And I almost worshipped her when she smiled, And turned from her Bible to bless her child. Years rolled on, but the last one sped, — My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled! I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'T is past, 't is past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brew:
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.

Say it is folly, and deem me weak, Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old-friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.
GEORGE FERKINS MORRIS

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,

How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he
ranges

Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling No magical sense conveys, And bells have forgotten their old art of telling The fortune of future days. "Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily While a boy listened alone:

Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are

And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught
discover:

You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,

Preparing her hoods of snow; She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather: O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,

Nor long summer bide so late; And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster, For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover, While dear hands are laid on my head; "The child is a woman, the book may close over, For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it, Not one, as he sits on the tree; The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring it!

Such as I wish it to be.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod All in silver, housed in azure, And the mane shall swim the wind; And the hoofs along the sod Shall flash onward and keep measure, Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay then — he shall kneel low, With the red-roan steed anear him, Which shall seem to understand — Till I answer, 'Rise and go! For the world must love and fear him Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say;
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell'
I will utter, and dissemble;
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page Swim the stream and climb the mountain And kneel down beside my feet;— 'Lo, my master sends this gage, Lady, for thy pity's counting! What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send A white rosebud for a guerdon, — And the second time, a glove; But the third time, I may bend From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon, If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run, —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master, —
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.

If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree Sewing as long as her eyes could see; Then smoothed her work and folded it right, And said, "Dearwork, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head, Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed, She said, as she watched their curious flight, "Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the
road;

All seeming to say, with a quiet delight, "Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head; The violets court-sied, and went to bed; And good little Lucy tied up her hair, And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is
begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.
(LORD HOUGHTON.)

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done,—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREAD AND SONG.

SWEETER and sweeter.

Soft and low,
Neat little nymph,
Thy numbers flow,
Urging thy thimble,
Thrift's tidy symbol,
Busy and nimble,
To and fro;
Prettily plying
Thread and song,
Keeping them flying
Late and long,
Through the stitch linger,
Kissing thy finger,
Ouick.—as it skips along.

Many an echo,
Soft and low,
Follows thy flying
Fancy so,
Melodies thrilling,
Tenderly filling
Thee with their trilling,

Thee with their trilling
Come and go;
Memory's finger,
Quick as thine,
Loving to linger
On the line,

Writes of another,

Dearer than brother:

Would that the name were mine!

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun, — Golden tresses wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet! Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers! Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares! Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered Birds and blossoms many-numbered; — Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows, When the young heart overflows, To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal Into wounds that cannot heal, Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye! Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be; But she is in her grave, and O, The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen That frowns o'er infant Avonmore, When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men, We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries, And rattles on the raised latch-pin; "God save you kindly," quick replies A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes;
Her fluttering courtesy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone,
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgius feel,
C'ould make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter, — it gilds all my rhyme!

And, while we ate the grateful food (With weary limbs on bench reclined), Considerate and discreet, she stood Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought, — we stood and pledged
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOOH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary, — bless those budding charms!—
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms!"

She turned and gazed, unused to hear Such language in that homely glen; But, Mary, you have naught to fear, Though smiled on by two stranger-men.

Not for a crown would I alarm Your virgin pride by word or sign, Nor need a painful blush disarm My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile;
She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel, —
'T is all in vain, — she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face, — I see it yet, —
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light;
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight.

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,
The rosy cheek that won't be still:

O, who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill?

For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower ! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head; And these gray rocks, this household lawn. These trees, -a veil just half withdrawn, -This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake. This little bay, a quiet road That holds in shelter thy abode: In truth together ye do seem Like something fashioned in a dream, Such forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep! But O fair Creature! in the light Of common day so heavenly bright, I bless thee, Vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart: God shield thee to thy latest years! I neither know thee nor thy peers; And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away;

For never saw I mien or face In which more plainly I could trace Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence. Here scattered like a random seed, Remote from men, thou dost not need The embarrassed look of shy distress. And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear The freedom of a mountaineer ; A face with gladness overspread, Soft smiles, by human kindness bred; And seemliness complete, that sways Thy courtesies, about thee plays; With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English speech, -A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife That gives thy gestures grace and life ! So have I, not unmoved in mind, Seen birds of tempest-loving kind, Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull For thee who art so beautiful? O happy pleasure! here to dwell Beside thee in some heathy dell; Adopt your homely ways and dress, A shepherd, thou a shepherdess! But I could frame a wish for thee More like a grave reality: Thou art to me but as a wave Of the wild sea; and I would have Some claim upon thee, if I could, Though but of common neighborhood. What joy to hear thee, and to see! Thy elder brother I would be, Thy father, — anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place; Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes: Then why should I be loath to stir? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old As fair before me shall behold As I do now, the cabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And thee, the spirit of them all! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. SWEET STREAM, THAT WINDS.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade, Apt emblem of a virtuous maid, —
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

витн.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn, Clasped by the golden light of morn, Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush Deeply ripened; — such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, — Which were blackest none could tell; But long lashes veiled a light That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim;— Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean Where I reap thou shouldst but glean; Lay thy sheaf adown and come, Share my harvest and my home.

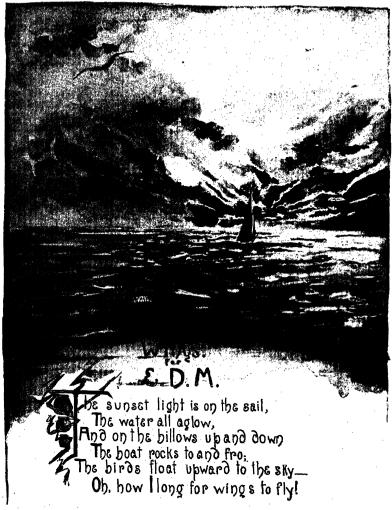
NARCISSA.

"YOUNG, gay, and fortunate!" Each yields a theme.

And, first, thy youth: what says it to gray hairs? Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now;—
Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.



The boat has wings-the birds have wings.

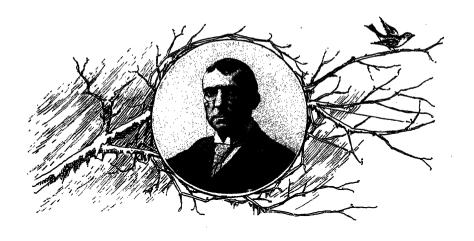
But none remain for me
Save wings of kind and loving thought

And wings of memory.

On these I come, and still repeat.

I love, I love you, sweet!

Mary L Ritter



THE FIRST BLUE-BIRD.

JEST rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up — when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first blue-bird of Spring! —
Mother she 'd raised the winder some; —
And in acrost the orchard come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet for any thing!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
The sun bust forth in glee,—
And when that blue-bird sung, my hart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

We are stronger, and are better, Under manhood's sterner reign; Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth, with flying feet, And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

FRAGMENTS

THE BARY.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

Of Education.

M. F. TUPPER.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

Epistic II. POPE.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley.

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

Winter's Tale, Act ii. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O, 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the mother's from the top to toe.

Richard III., Act. iii. Sc. 1. Shakespeare.

EARLY DEATH.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.

RVROX.

Don Juan, Cant. iv. Stan. 12.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,

Death came with friendly care;

The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,

And bade it blossom there.

Epitaph on an Infant.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

King John, Act H. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPEARI.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep: If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

New England Primer.

PROPHECIES.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

All for Love, Act iv. So. 1. DRYDEN.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.

Paradise Reguned, Book iv. MILLON.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.

The Schoolmustress. Shens fone.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief unto as large a volume.

King John, Acii. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Epstle to Dr. Arbuthuot POPE.

BOYISH AMBITION.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.

Motte of No. III. Connoisseur. COWPER.

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.

Lovés Cure, Act H. Sc. 2. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand, Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.

The Grave. R. BLAIR.

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

Manfred.

Byron.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Lines written for a School Declamation.
D. EVERETT.

I pray ye, flog them upon all occasions.

It mends their morals, never mind the pain.

Don Yuan, Cant. H. BYRON.

Love is a boy by poets styled; Then spare the rod and spoil the child. Hudsbras, Part II. Cant. i.

BUTLER.

Whipping, that's virtue's governess, Tutoress of arts and sciences; That mends the gross mistakes of nature, And puts new life into dull matter; That lays foundation for renown, And all the honors of the gown.

Hudibras. Part II Can! 1.

BUILER.

WORK AND PLAY.

If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work.

K. Henry, Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour, And gather honey all the day, From every opening flower!

For Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do.

WATTS.

Though this may be play to you, 'T is death to us.

Fables: The Boys and the Frogs.

L'ESTRANGE.

QUARRELLING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too.

But, children, you should never let Your angry passions rise; Your little hands were never made To tear each other's eyes. Song XVI.

WATTS.

CARELESS CHILDHOOD.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.

Paradise Regained, Book IV. MILTON.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.

Troilus and Creseide, Book iv. CHAUCER.

Children blessings seem, but torments are; When young, our folly, and when old, our fear.

Don Carlos.

OTWAY.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by, —
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.

Remember, I Remember.

PRARD.

When they are young, they Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise And giddiness.

Wat without Money.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

GRAY.

CHILDISH DAYS.

Sweet childish days, that were as long As twenty days are now.

To a Butterfly.

WORDSWORTH.

MERRY YOUTH.

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, We frisk away.

Like school-boys at th' expected warning, To joy and play.

livistle to Fames Smith.

BURNS.

Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

Youth and Age. S. T COLERIDGE.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

Alarmien, Introduc. to Cant. ii.

SCOTT.

Naught cared this body for wind or weather When youth and I lived in 't together.

Youth and Age. S. T. COLERIDGE

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water! Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!

Manfred.

BYRON.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows, While proudly riding o'er the azure realm In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm; Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening

prey. The Bard, II. 2.

GRAY.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate, Since sorrow never comes too late, And happiness too swiftly flies?

Thought would destroy their paradise. No more; — where ignorance is bliss, 'T is folly to be wise.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

GRAY.



POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.



Which, such through the world, is notes met with elsewhere! Be it ever so humble, iteres no place like home! a charm from the sky seems to hallow us there Form, home, - sweet, sweet home ! Mid plasures and palaces shough we may worm Those Sweet Home!

Though no place like honor I though no place the home John Howard Layne.

Our ship the lue to egg with mill; The Slove is lived with auching stipp And but his august one with this [HELEN HUNT JACKBON.]

POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

FRIENDSHIP

BENEDICITE.

GoD's love and peace be with thee, where Soe'er this soft autumnal air Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms, Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face, Imparting, in its glad embrace, Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read, The old wood-paths that knew our tread, The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen By gleams along its deep ravine, — All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray, Thy thought goes with me on my way, And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene, The weary waste which lies between Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor The half-unconscious power to draw All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee The gracious heavens will heed from me, What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed, — What can I more than meekly plead The greatness of our common need? God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, — The Paraelete white-shining through His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JUHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature, —
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall
last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 2.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O my dear lord --

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,— A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled, That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger To sound what stop she please: Give me that

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood The surging sea outweighs: The world uncertain comes and goes, The lover rooted stavs. I fancied he was fled, -And, after many a year. Glowed unexhausted kindliness. Like daily sunrise there. My careful heart was free again; O friend, my bosom said. Through thee alone the sky is arched. Through thee the rose is red; All things through thee take nobler form, And look beyond the earth; The mill-round of our fate appears A sun-path in thy worth. Me too thy nobleness has taught To master my despair; The fountains of my hidden life Are through thy friendship fair. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts, — whate'er we knowledge call, —

There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by, —
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew, —
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may fiaunt a titled trail, Proud as a cockerel's rainhow tail; And mine as brief appendix wear As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare; To-day, old friend, remember still That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize, And grand you look in people's eyes, With HON. and LL.D. In big brave letters, fair to see,— Your fist, old fellow! off they go! How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe; You've taught your name to half the globe; You've sung mankind a deathless strain; You've made the dead past live again: The world may call you what it will, But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say, "See those old buffers, bent and gray; They talk like fellows in their teens!

Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride, While Joe sits smiling at his side; How Joe, in spite of time's disguise, Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, — Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill,
"T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres. The names that pleased our mortal ears, — In some sweet lull of harp and song, For earth-born spirits none too long, — Just whispering of the world below, Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good And perfect flower of womanhood! Thou royal rose of June! Why didst thou droop before thy time? Why wither in the first sweet prime? Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'T were better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head!—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way,—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From heaven's unclouded day!

O friend so true, O friend so good!—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms,—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That, through this lonesome world till now,
We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted;
Had life been always fair,
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see Are shadows of the things to be; That what we plan we build; That every hope that hath been crossed, And every dream we thought was lost, In heaven shall be fulfilled:

That even the children of the brain Have not been born and died in vain, Though here unclothed and dumb; But on some brighter, better shore They live, embodied evermore, And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

PHGEE CARY-

THE DEAD FRIEND.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began To slant the fifth autumnal slope, As we descended, following Hope, There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

I know that this was Life, — the track Whereon with equal feet we fared; And then, as now, the day prepared The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move As light as carrier-birds in air; I loved the weight I had to bear Because it needed help of Love: Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost. O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I, How much of act at human hands The sense of human will demands, By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline, I felt and feel, though left alone, His being working in mine own, The footsteps of his life in mine.

My pulses therefore beat again

For other friends that once I met;

Nor can it suit me to forget

The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered Time;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is Eternal, separate from fears: The all-assuming months and years Can take no part away from this.

O days and hours, your work is this, To hold me from my proper place, A little while from his embrace, For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For the my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PARTED FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MARTIAL PRIENDSHIP.

FROM "CORIOLANUS," ACT IV. SC. 5.

[Aufidius the Volscian to Caius Marcius Coriolanus.]

AUF. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yond' cloud speak divine things, and sav.

"'Ti strue," I'd not believe them more than thee, All-noble Marcius. — Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scared the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee.

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Thou hast beat me out ! Or lose mine arm for 't. Twelve several times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me. We have been down together in my sleen. Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat. And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy

Marcius. Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banished, we would muster all From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome. Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come ! go in. And take our friendly senators by the hands: Who now are here, taking their leaves of me. Who am prepared against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

A thousand welcomes !

And more a friend than e'er an enemy : Yet. Marcius, that was much. SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT.

CONNET VVV

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste : Then can I drown an eve, unused to flow, For precious friends hid in death's dateless night, And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe, And moan the expense of many a vanished sight. Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan, Which I new pay, as if not paid before:

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend, All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier, The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer, Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust; And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say, Ordained that no man living from that day Should dare to speak his name on pain of death. All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show How far for love a grateful soul could go, And facing death for very scorn and grief For his great heart wanted a great relief),

Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square Where once had stood a happy house, and there Harangued the tremblers at the seymitar On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried : the man Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he:

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me; From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears:

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears; Restored me, loved me, put me on a par With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss, Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate Might smile upon another half as great. He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will: The caliph's judgment shall be master still. Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem, The richest in the Tartar's diadem. And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!" "Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and hold-

High toward the heavens, as though to meet his

Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!" LEIGH HUNT-

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short mo ments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other." — WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea, When calms had stilled the tide; A few bright days of summer glee There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave Rose mingling thence in mirth; And sweetly floated o'er the wave The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main Cloudless and lovely slept; While dancing step and festive strain Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes With kindly meaning shone; O, brief and passing sympathies, Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way The parting vessels bore; In calm or storm, by rock or bay, To meet — O. nevermore!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters

O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, — O, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,

Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.

And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,

When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best:

Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered.
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent then
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Shall a light word part us now?
CARCLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

THE OUARREL OF FRIENDS.

FROM "CHRISTABEL."

ALAS! they had been friends in youth: But whispering tongues can poison truth; And constancy lives in realms above; And life is thorny; and youth is vain; And to be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness in the brain. And thus it chanced, as I divine, With Roland and Sir Leoline! Each spoke words of high disdain And insult to his heart's best brother: They parted, - ne'er to meet again ! But never either found another To free the hollow heart from paining. They stood aloof, the scars remaining, Like cliffs which had been rent asunder: A dreary sea now flows between, But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder Shall wholly do away, I ween, The marks of that which once hath been. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I m slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk:
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my han, And choose my newest garment from the shelf. When thou art bidden, I would clothe my hear! With holiest purpose, as for God himself. For them I while the hours with tale or song, Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme; But how to find a fitting lay for thee, Who hast the harmonies of every time?

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb, —
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with
thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me, From high emprise and noble toil to rest, My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine:

But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

Julia Ward Howe.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed, —forgive the crime! Unheeded flew the hours: How noiseless falls the foot of Time That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?
WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree.

An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha', "Come, gi'e me your hand, —we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight, When to 'gree would make ae body cosie an' right, When man meets wi' man, 't is the best way ava, To say, "Gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine, And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;

But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:

Sae gi'e me your hand, - we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride; Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;

Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw:

Then gi'e me your hand, - we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man; I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can; We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a': Come, gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be
twa:

Sae gi'e me your hand, - we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair; Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there! Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw:

Come, gi'e me your hand, - we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith.

An' creeping alang at his back will be death; Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa': Come, gi'e me your hand, — we are brethren a'. ROBERT NICOLL

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here; Winds whistle shrill, Icy and chill, Little care we; Little we fear Weather without, Sheltered about The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs Birds of rare plume Sang, in its bloom; Night-birds are we; Here we carouse, Singing, like them, Perched round the stem Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport, Boys, as we sit,— Laughter and wit Flashing so free. Life is but short, — When we are gone, Let them sing on, Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun, Lurks at the gate: Let the dog wait; Happy we'll be! Drink, every one; Pile up the coals; Fill the red bowls, Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. — Friend, art afraid? Spirits are laid In the Red Sea. Mantle it up; Empty it yet; Let us forget, Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

OLD wine to drink!—
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!—
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug'neath the fern;
The knotted oak

The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;

While the oozing sap Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!-Ay, bring those nodes of wit, The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ. Time-honored tomes! The same my sire scanned before. The same my grandsire thumbed o'er, The same his sire from college bore. The well-earned meed Of Oxford's domes: Old Homer blind. Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by Old Tully, Plantus, Terence lie: Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie. Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, av ! And Gervase Markham's venerie. -Nor leave behind

The Holye Book by which we live and di.

Old friends to talk!—
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring WALTER good:
With soulful Fred; and learned WILL,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still

For every mood).

ROBERT HINCHLEY MESSENGE

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne. We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

For andd, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp, And surely I'll be mine; And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

for auld, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid.

For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;

Besides, we had our higher loves, — fair science ruled my heart.

And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live

Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give:

We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man;

I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash, — vows, kisses, tears, and sighs:

High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;

We liked each other, that was all, quite all there was to sav.

So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,

With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition reared;

We dreamed together of the days, the dreambright days to come,

We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills.

I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined mills

And rustic bridges, and the like, that picturemakers prize

To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease.

We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,

And talked, in long gradation from the poets to the weather,

While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no telltale glance or sigh.

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy.

We talked of love as coolly as we talked of nebulæ,

And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go.

My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did not know.

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;

For although we were but *friends*, 't is hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,

And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."

The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob, inst behind.

Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine, — great liquid eyes of blue,

Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew:

One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before —

Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the kiss meant more.

WILLIAM B TERRETT.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, en-

"'I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."

So the temple was built, and she now only wanted

An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her

An image, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful
adorer

Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining

An image whose looks are so joyless and dim; But you little god upon roses reclining,

We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,

She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you 're not the
first maiden

Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love!"

THOMAS MOORE.

FRAGMENTS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!

Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!

The Grave.

R. BLAIR.

Friendship is the cement of two minds, As of one man the soul and body is; Of which one cannot sever but the other Suffers a needful separation.

Revenge.

GEO. CHAPMAN.

Friendship's the image of Eternity, in which there's nothing Movable, nothing mischievous.

Engymuon.

LILLY.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree; O the Joys, that came down shower-like, Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty, Ere I was old!

Fire I was old!

Vouth and Age S. T. COLERIDGE.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene:

Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.

Night Thoughts.

Young.

T is sweet, as year by year we lose Friends out of sight, in faith to muse How grows in Paradise our store.

Burial of the Dead.

KERLE.

I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd, How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude! But grant me still a friend in my retreat, Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

CHOICE FRIENDS.

True happiness

Consists not in the multitude of friends, But in the worth and choice.

Cunthia's Renels.

BEN JONSON.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows, Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

Homer, Popes Trans.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear; Who broke no promise, served no private end, Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

Epsile to Mr. Addison.

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun, Grow pure by being purely shone upon. Latta Rooth: The Valid Prospet of Khorassau. T. MOORE.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide, Or gave his father grief but when he died. Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt. POPE.

Though last, not least, in love!

SHAKESPEARE.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart; And faith in friendship is the noblest part. Henry V. EARL OF ORRERY.

Be kind to my remains; and O, defend, Against your judgment, your departed friend! Epistle to Congresse DRYDEN

SUMMER FRIENDS.

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.

The Mand of Honor.

MASSINGER.

* La Bruyère, says Bartlett.

Like summer friends Flies of estate and sunneshine.

The Answer.

GRORGE HERREDT

What the declined is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies. Show not their mealy wings but to the summer Troilus and Cressida, Act iii, Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS TO BE SHUNNED.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack. And proves, by thumping on your back. His sense of your great merit, Is such a friend, that one had need Be very much his friend indeed To pardon, or to bear it.

On Friendship.

COWPER.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe, Bold I can meet, - perhaps may turn his blow ; But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send.

Save, save, oh ! save me from the Candid Friend! New Marality. GEORGE CANNING.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love. Much Ada about Nothing, Act ii. Sc. 1.

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name, Thou think'st I speak too coldly: If I mention Love's devoted flame, Thou say'st I speak too boldly. How Shall I Woo? T. MOORE.

Friendship, like love, is but a name, Unless to one you stint the flame.

'T is thus in friendship; who depend On many rarely find a friend.

The Hare and Many Friends.

GAY.

QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. The Beggar's Opera, Act il. Sc. 2. GAY. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. Julius Casar, Act iv. St. 3. SHALESPLADE

HOSPITALITY.

I've often wished that I had clear. For life, six hundred pounds a year, A handsome house to lodge a friend. A river at my garden's end. Imitation of Horace, Book ii Sat. 6.

SWIFT

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. Odyssey, Book xv Translation of POPE.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round. Where'er his stages may have been. May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an inn. Written on a Window of an Inn. SHENSTONE

And do as adversaries do in law. Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. Taming of the Shrew, Act i, Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE

Sir, you are very welcome to our house : It must appear in other ways than words, Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. SHAKESPEARL. The Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. s.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be. For loan oft loses both itself and friend. , SHAKESPEARE Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar: The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried. Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel. SHAKESPEARE. Hamlet, Act i, Sc 3.

Turn him, and see his threads: look if he be Friend to himself, that would be friend to thee: For that is first required, a man be his own; But he that's too much that is friend to none. BEN JONSON. Underwood.

Lay this into your breast: Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best. JOHN WEBSTER. Duchess of Maify.

COMPLIMENT AND ADMIRATION.

WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE OF WASTED

SONNET CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time I see descriptions of the fairest wights, And beauty making beautiful old rhyme, In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights; Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, I see their antique pen would have expressed Even such a beauty as you master now. So all their praises are but prophecies Of this our time, all you prefiguring; And, for they looked but with divining eyes, They had not skill enough your worth to sing;

For we, which now behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

SHAKESPEARE.

O MISTRESS MINE.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, —
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE.

PORTIA'S PICTURE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," ACT III. SC. 2.

FAIR Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her
hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men, Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,— How could he see to do them? having made one, Methinks it should have power to steal both his, And leave itself unfurnished.

SUAVECDEADE

OLIVIA.

BROM "TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT I. SC. 5.

VIOLA. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret, As midsummer flower. Gentle as falcon, Or hawk of the tower: With solace and gladness, Much mirth and no madness, All good and no badness; So joyously, So maidenly, So womanly Her demeaning. In everything Far, far passing That I can indite. Or suffice to write, Of merry Margaret, As midsummer flower. Gentle as falcon Or hawk of the tower: As patient and as still, And as full of good-will, As fair Isiphil, Coliander. Sweet Pomander, Good Cassander; Stedfast of thought, Well made, well wrought; Far may be sought Ere you can find So courteous, so kind, As merry Margaret, This midsummer flower, Gentle as falcon. Or hawk of the tower.

IOHN SKELTON.

THE FORWARD VIOLET THUS DID

SONNET YOU

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,

If not from my love's breath? the purple pride Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells, In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed. The lily I condemned for thy hand, And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair: The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, One blushing shame, another white despair; A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both, And to this robbery had annexed thy breath; But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth A veneful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see, But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

FROM "AN HOURE'S RECREATION IN MUSICKE," 1606.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,

Her brows like bended bows do stand,

Threatening with piercing frowns to kill

All that approach with eye or hand

These sacred cherries to come nigh,

Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALLISON.

MY SWEET SWEETING.

FROM A MS. TEMP. HENRY VIII.

AH, my sweet sweeting;
My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will I love wherever I go;
She is so proper and pure,
Full, steadfast, stable, and demure,
There is none such, you may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my e'e,
That I am glad so oft to see,
As my sweet sweeting.
When I behold my sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion fret,
They seem to me there is none so mete,
As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I, And love my pretty pygsnye, For none I find so womanly As my sweet sweeting.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

IF this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.
ANONYMOUS.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw,—
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe were lame
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law:
A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed book without a blot!
All beauty!—and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before

That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more

The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing scaled were:

And virtues hath she many mo' Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said. I know it ave.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light, —
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, — what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind:
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,—
Tell me, if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?
SIR HERRY WOTTON

CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it. I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings, Ere he shall discover In the whole wide world again Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

On a hill there grows a flower, Fair befall the dainty sweet! By that flower there is a bower Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair, Fringed all about with gold, Where doth sit the fairest fair That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,

She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not that face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire?
Though he thought to see no more.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy love-sick swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

NICHOLAS BRETON

PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

PHILLIS is my only joy
Faithless as the wind or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.

If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find Nothing can her fancy fix; Yet the moment she is kind I forgive her all her tricks; Which though I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

What need lovers wish for more?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined Shall now my joyful temples bind; No monarch but would give his crown, His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, The pale which held that lovely deer: My joy, my grief, my hope, my love, Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun gees round!

EDMINE WALLER.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

FROM "THE FOREST."

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

PHILOSTRATUS (Greek). Translation of BEN JONSON.

LOVE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." ACT III. SC. 2.

TELL me where is fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head ! How begot, how nourished ! Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.
Shakespeare

TO A LADY ADMIRING HERSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

FAIR lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye no gens so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.

Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace
(Sweet, be not angry), 't is your face.
Hence, then, O, learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.

Now you have what to love, you'll say, What then is left for me, I pray? My face, sweet heart, if it please thee; That which you can, I cannot see: So either love shall gain his due, Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

WELCOME, WELCOME, DO I SING.

Welcome, welcome, do I sing, Far more welcome than the spring; He that parteth from you never Shall enjoy a spring forever.

Love, that to the voice is near,
Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

Love, that still looks on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odors of the fields
Never, never shall be missing.
WILLIAM BROWNE.

WHENAS IN SILKS MY JULIA GOES.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes, Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flowes That liquefaction of her clothes. Next, when I cast mine eyes and see That brave vibration each way free, O how that glittering taketh me!

A VIOLET IN HER HAIR.

A VIOLET in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair!
But O, her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose,
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beneath her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command;
But still her tongue
Far richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light,
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene, and sweet;
And sheds a graceful influence round,
That hallows e'en the very ground
Beneath her feet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

COVENTRY PATMORE

THE TRIBUTE. No splendor 'neath the sky's proud dome

But serves her for familiar wear;
The far-fetched diamond finds its home
Flashing and smouldering in her hair;
For her the seas their pearls reveal;
Art and strange lands her pomp supply
With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
Ochre, and lapis lazuli;
The worm its golden woof presents;
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,
All doff for her their ornaments,
Which suit her better than themselves;
And all, by this their power to give
Proving her right to take, proclaim
Her beauty's clear prerogative
To profit so by Eden's blame.

THE COMPLIMENT.

I Do not love thee for that fair Rich fan of thy most curious hair; Though the wires thereof be drawn Finer than the threads of lawn, And are softer than the leaves On which the subtle spider weaves. I do not love thee for those flowers Growing on thy cheeks, — love's bowers; Though such cunning them hath spread, None can paint them white and red: Love's golden arrows thence are shot, Yet for them I love thee not

I do not love thee for those soft Red coral lips I've kissed so oft; Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard To speech whence music still is heard, Though from those lips a kiss being taken Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest, For that richest, for that rarest Silver pillar, which stands under Thy sound head, that globe of wonder; Though that neck be whiter far Than towers of polished ivory are.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE PORTRAIT.

GIVE place, ye ladies, and begone, Boast not yourselves at all: For here at hand approacheth one Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone:
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes Smileth a naked boy: It would you all in heart suffice To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould Where she her shape did take; Or else I doubt if Nature could So fair a creature make.

In life she is Diana chaste, In truth Penelope; In word and eke in deed steadfast: What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far, Who could find such a wight? Her beauty twinkleth like a star Within the frosty night.

Her rosial color comes and goes With such a comely grace, More ruddier too than in the rose, Within her lovely face. At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet, Nor at no wanton play, Nor gazing in an open street, Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use Is mixt with shamefastness; All vice she doth wholly refuse, And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see How virtue can repair And deck in her such honesty, Whom Nature made so fair!

How might I do to get a graffe
Of this unspotted tree !
For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere Where all imperial glory shines:
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink:
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurore's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes;
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red. With marble white, with sapphire blue, Her body every way is fed. Yet soft in touch and sweet in view : Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline! Nature herself her shape admires : The gods are wounded in her sight: And Love forsakes his heavenly fires And at her eves his brand doth light : Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan The absence of fair Rosaline. Since for a fair there's fairer none. Nor for her virtues so divine Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline! Heigh-ho, my heart! would God that she were min

THOMAS LODGE.

BELINDA.

FROM THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore, Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore. Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose, Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those : Favors to none, to all she smiles extends: Oft she rejects, but never once offends. Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike, And, like the sun, they shine on all alike. Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride. Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide: If to her share some female errors fall. Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. ALEXANDER POPE.

TO A LADY, WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the fair: to you these flowers I bring, And strive to greet you with an earlier spring. Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you; Emblems of innocence, and beauty too. With flowers the Graces bind their vellow hair. And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear. Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew, In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew. To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned : The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind. The tougher yew repels invading foes, And the tall pine for future navies grows: But this soft family to cares unknown, Were born for pleasure and delight alone. Gay without toil, and lovely without art. They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart. Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these; Your best, your sweetest empire is - to please. ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon my sight; A lovely apparition, sent To be a moment's ornament : Her eyes as stars of twilight fair : Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair : But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful dawn ; A dancing shape, an image gav. To haunt, to startle, and wavlay.

I saw her upon nearer view. A spirit, vet a woman too! Her household motions light and free. And steps of virgin-liberty : A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet: A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food. For transient sorrows, simple wiles. Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles,

And now I see with eve serene The very pulse of the machine; A being breathing thoughtful breath. A traveller between life and death : The reason firm, the temperate will. Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill; A perfect woman, nobly planned To warn, to comfort, and command ; And yet a spirit still, and bright With something of an angel-light. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Lo, when the Lord made north and south. And sun and moon ordained, he, Forth bringing each by word of mouth In order of its dignity, Did man from the crude clay express By sequence, and, all else decreed. He formed the woman; nor might less Than Sabbath such a work succeed.

And still with favor singled out, Marred less than man by mortal fall, Her disposition is devout, Her countenance angelical. No faithless thought her instinct shrouds. But fancy checkers settled sense, Like alteration of the clouds On noonday's azure permanence.

Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride.

Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet!
How artless in her very art!
How candid in discourse! how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart!

How (not to call true instinct's bent And woman's very nature harm), How amiable and innocent Her pleasure in her power to charm! How humbly careful to attract, Though crowned with all the soul desires, Connubial aptitude exact, Diversity that never tires!

COVENTRY PAIMORE.

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair:
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

À damask cheek, an ivory arm, Shall ne'er my wishes win: Give me an animated form, That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame;
Without whose vital aid
Unfinished all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite, How perfect is the view, With every image of delight, With graces ever new:

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage centure,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

MARK AKENSIDE.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
O, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and gold;
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are!
HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace A picture on the brain, And of her voice in echoing hearts A sound must long remain; But memory, such as mine of her. So very much endears. When death is nigh my latest sigh Will not be life's, but hers,

I fill this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone. A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon. Her health! and would on earth there stood Some more of such a frame. That life might be all poetry. And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

"HERRRY MELODIES."

SHE walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies. And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her eves. Thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less. Had half impaired the nameless grace Which waves in every raven tress Or softly lightens o'er her face, Where thoughts serenely sweet express How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days in goodness spent, -A mind at peace with all below, A heart whose love is innocent.

BYRON.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SLEEP on ! and dream of Heaven awhile! Though shut so close thy laughing eyes, Thy rosy lips still wear a smile, And move, and breathe delicious sighs.

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks And mantle o'er her neck of snow: Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks, What most I wish, and fear, to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps! Her fair hands folded on her breast; -- And now, how like a saint she sleeps! A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above control. Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee : And may the secret of thy soul Remain within its sanctuary! SAMUEL ROCERS

O. FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS!

O. FAIREST of the rural maids ! Thy birth was in the forest shades: Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky, Were all that met thine infant eve.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child, Were ever in the sylvan wild, And all the beauty of the place Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks Is in the light shade of thy locks: Thy step is as the wind, that weaves Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene And silent waters heaven is seen : Their lashes are the herbs that look On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed, Are not more sinless than thy breast : The holy peace, that fills the air Of those calm solitudes, is there.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HER LIKENESS.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him;

Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise, Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze, A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon, And very far from angel yet, I trow. Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human; Yet she's more lovable as simple woman Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I wish that she may safely keep This womanhede, and change not, only grow; From maid to matron, youth to age, may creen. And in perennial blessedness, still reap On every hand of that which she doth sow.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE MAIDEN.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em!
Dear Fanny!

The black eye may say,

"Come and worship my ray;

By adoring, perhaps you may move me!"

But the blue eye, half hid,

Says, from under its lid,

"I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

Dear Fanny!

Then tell me, O why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny!

THOMAS MOORE.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass.

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim, Young or ancient, I care not a feather; So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim, So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim, And let us e'en toast them together. Let the toast pass, etc.

et the toast pass, etc. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

MY LITTLE SAINT.

I CARE not, though it be
By the preciser sort thought popery:
We poets can a license show
For everything we do.
Hear, then, my little saint! I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,

Amidst its various joys, can leisure find

To attend to anything so low

As what I say or do,

Regard, and be what thou wast ever, — kind.

Let not the blest above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove:
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee;
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah! what delight 't would be,
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with
me!

How should I thy sweet commune prize, And other joys despise! Come, then! I ne'er was yet denied by thes

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below:
Before thou'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love,
As well as other qualities, improve:
Come, then! and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light;
Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if Fate's so severe

As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere;
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy, and be mindfal of me there.

JOHN NORRIS.

A GOLDEN GIRL.

Lvoy is a golden girl;
But a man, a mun, should woo her!
They who seek her shrink aback,
When they should, like storms, pursue her.

All her smiles are hid in light;
All her hair is lost in splendor;
But she hath the eyes of Night
And a heart that's over-tender.

Yet the foolish suitors fly
(Is 't excess of dread or duty ')
From the starlight of her eye,
Leaving to neglect her beauty!

Men by fifty seasons taught
Leave her to a young beginner,
Who, without a second thought,
Whispers, wooes, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl!

Toast her in a goblet brimming!

May the man that wins her wear

On his heart the Rose of Women!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

THE MILKING-MAID.

The year stood at its equinox,
And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
Green hardy things were growing;
I met a maid with shining locks
Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck, Her bare arm showed its dimple, Her apron spread without a speck, Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
And sang a country ditty, —
An innocent fond lovers' tale,
That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
Or squeezed it with her fingers;
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight, Stood silent for a minute, To eye the pail, and creamy white The frothing milk within it,— To eye the comely milking-maid, Herself so fresh and creamy.

"Good day to you!" at last I said; She turned her head to see me.

"Good day!" she said, with lifted head; Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
The grave cow heavy-laden:
I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
But not a sweeter maiden;

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I Count with a sober sorrow; Seven springs have come and passed me by, And spring sets in to-morrow.

I 've half a mind to shake myself Free, just for once, from London, To set my work upon the shelf, And leave it done or undone;

To run down by the early train,
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff north blow again,
And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
Its green and tender bristle;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,

Crisp primrose-leaves and others,

And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,

And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan
My serious thoughts demur to:
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
Seven years have passed for her too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
Not rosy, or too rosy;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
Some husband keeps her cosy,
Where I should show a face unknown, —
Good-by, my wayside posy!
CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETT.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes, —she's here, she's past!
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes, Which starlike sparkle in their skies; Nor be you proud that you can see All hearts your captives, yours yet free. Be you not proud of that rich hair, Which wantons with the lovesick air; Whenas that ruby which you wear, Sunk from the tip of your soft ear, Will last to be a precious stone When all your world of beauty's gone.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
O, it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there!
T. MOORE.

FRAGMENTS

COMPLIMENTS.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.
Solveguy on a Beauty in the Country. LORD LYTTLETON.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act in. Sc. I. SHAKESPEARE.

WOMAN.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

The Hare and Many Friends.

J. GAY.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee To temper man; we had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair, to look like you: There's in you all that we believe of heaven; Amazing brightness, purity, and truth, Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Vertice Preserved, Act. Sc. 1. T. OTWAY.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Love's Labor Lost, dct iv. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

PERSONAL CHARMS.

Such was Zuleika! such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul.

Bride of Abride, Cant. i. BYRON.

Is she not passing fair?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Activ. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And she is fair, and fairer than that word.

Merchant of Venice, Act I. St. I. SHAKESPEARE.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple: If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

The Tempera Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, Act i. Sc. 3. Shakespeare

Here's metal more attractive.

Hamkel, Act iii Sc. 2.

SHALPSPFARE

She is pretty to walk with. And witty to talk with. And pleasant, too, to think on,

Brennoralt. Act u.

SIR I. SUCKLING.

But from the hoop's bewitching round, Her very shoe has power to wound.

Fables: The Spider and the Bee.

F. MOORE.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way. An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

T. PARNELL.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. As You Like It. Act in Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Angels listen when she speaks: She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder; But my jealous heart would break. Should we live one day asunder. Song. EARL OF ROCHESTER.

IMPARTIAL AFFECTION.

How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away. Beggar's Opera, Act ii. Sc. 2.

I. GAY.

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one. Childe Harold's Pulgrimage, Cant. L. BYRON.

COMPLIMENTS FROM NATURE.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air. Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. Faustus. MARLOWE

R. HERRICK.

When he shall die. Take him and cut him out in little stars. And he will make the face of heaven so fine. That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun. Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee. The shooting-stars attend thee; And the elves also. Whose little eyes glow Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee. The Night Piece to Tulia.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid. To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers. T. TICKELL.

When you do dance, I wish you A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that.

Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. A.

SHAKESPEARE.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew. And nothing I did say. But with my finger pointed to The lips of Julia. The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls. R HERRICK

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones, - Come and buy ; If so be you ask me where They do grow. I answer, there. Where my Julia's lips do smile. There's the land, or cherry-isle. Cherry Ripe. R. HERRICK.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night, There is no music in the nightingale. Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act in. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade. Sonnet XVIII. SHAKESPEARE.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! The evening beam that smiles the clouds away. And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! The Bride of Abydos, Cant. ii.

THE POET'S ADMIRATION.

That eagle's fate and mine are one, Which, on the shaft that made him die, Espied a feather of his own, Wherewith he wont to soar so high. To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

Is she not more than painting can express. Or youthful poets fancy when they love? The Fair Pentent, Act lii. Sc. 1. N. ROWE.

'T is sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside. - Jessy ! BURNS.

FLATTERY.

Banish all compliments but single truth. Faithful Shepherdess. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

LOVE.

IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS | Forgive me if I cannot turn away THING. | From those sweet eyes that an

IF it be true that any beauteous thing Raises the pure and just desire of man From earth to God, the eternal fount of all. Such I believe my love: for as in her So fair, in whom I all besides forget, I view the gentle work of her Creator. I have no care for any other thing. Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous. Since the effect is not of my own power, If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth, Enamored through the eves. Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth, And through them riseth to the Primal Love, As to its end, and honors in admiring; For who adores the Maker needs must love his work

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian). Translation of I. E. TAYLOR.

SONNET.

Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie,
And lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
Yon, that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory;
And let my love the honored subject be
Of love and honor's complete history!
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
That dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly
heaven,
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the noward way:

To tempt my footsteps to the upward way; And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight, I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian). Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY PLAIN.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble
swain

Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain, And you, my Love, as humble and as low As are the deepest bottoms of the main, Wheresoe'er you were, with you my Love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies, My love should shine on you like to the sun, And look upon you with ten thousand eyes Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you, Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,

The day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies

With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.
FRANCIS W. BOURD'LLON-

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;

More we enjoy it, more it dies; If not enjoyed, it sighing cries Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May, In a morn by break of day, With a troop of damsels playing Forth I rode, forsooth, a-maying, When anon by a woodside, Where as May was in his pride, I espièd, all alone, Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not:
She said, "Never man was true:"
He says, "None was false to you."
He said he had loved her long:
She says, "Love should have no wrong."

Corydon he would kiss her then. She says, "Maids must kiss no men Till they do for good and all." Then she made the shepherd call All the heavens to witness, truth Never loved a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth, —
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse, —
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

LOVE SCORNS DEGREES.

FROM "THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS."

LOVE scorns degrees; the low he lifteth high,
The high he draweth down to that fair plain
Whereon, in his divine equality,
Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain;
'Gainst such sweet levelling Custom cries amain,
But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh,
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious
still.

For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

PAUL H. HANNE.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING.

AH! what is love? It is a pretty thing, As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,

And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown:
Ah then, ah then.

If country loves such sweet desires gain, What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night As merry as a king in his delight,

And merrier too; For kings bethink them what the state require, Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then, If country loves such sweet desires gain, What lady would not love a shepherd swain 2

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat His cream and curd as doth the king his meat, And blither too;

For kings have often fears when they sup, Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup: Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain, What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound As doth the king upon his beds of down,

More sounder too;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shopherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah-then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain, What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe As doth the king at every tide or syth,

And blither too;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand, When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land; Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
ROBERT GREENE.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

When Delia on the plain appears, Awed by a thousand tender fears, I would approach, but dare not move;— Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear No other voice than hers can hear; No other wit but hers approve; — Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend, Though I was once his fondest friend, His instant enemy I prove;— Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more Delight in all that pleased before, The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;— Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
GEORGE LORD LYTELION.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one to the other given: I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss, There never was a better bargain driven: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SINNEY.

I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,

Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,

Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray .
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

- "Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at you holy shrine
 My true-love thou didst see."
- "And how should I know your true-love From many another one?"
 "O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
- "But chiefly by his face and mien, That were so fair to view; His flaxen locks that sweetly curled, And eyes of lovely blue."

And by his sandal shoon.

- "O lady, he is dead and gone!

 Lady, he's dead and gone!

 And at his head a green grass turf,

 And at his heels a stone.
- "Within these holy cloisters long He languished, and he died, Lamenting of a lady's love, And 'plaining of her pride.
- "Here bore him barefaced on his bier Six proper youths and tall, And many a tear bedewed his grave Within yon kirkyard wall."
- "And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
 And art thou dead and gone?
 And didst thou die for love of me?
 Break, cruel heart of stone!"

- "O, weep not, lady, weep not so; Some ghostly comfort seek; Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, Nor tears bedew thy cheek."
- "O, do not, do not, holy frim,
 My sorrow now reprove;
 For I have lost the sweetest youth
 'That e'er won lady's love.
- "And now, alas! for thy sad loss
 I'll evermore weep and sigh;
 For thee I only wished to live,
 For thee I wish to die."
- "Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain;
 For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
 Will ne'er make grow again.
- "Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
 Why then should sorrow last?
 Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
 Grieve not for what is past."
- "O, say not so, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee, say not so;
 For since my true-love died for me,
 'T is meet my tears should flow.
- "And will he never come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 Forever to remain.
- "His cheek was redder than the rose; The comeliest youth was he! But he is dead and laid in his grave: Alas, and woe is me!"
- "Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever: One foot on sea and one on land, To one thing constant never.
- "Hadst thou been fond, he had been false, And left thee sad and heavy; For young men ever were fickle found, Since summer trees were leafy."
- "Now say not so, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee say not so;
 My love he had the truest heart,
 O, he was ever true!
- "And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth, And didst thou die for me? Then farewell home; for evermore A pilgrim I will be.

- "But first upon my true-love's grave My weary limbs I'll lay, And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf That wraps his breathless clay."
- "Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
 Beneath this cloister wall;
 The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
 And drizzly rain doth fall."
- "O, stay me not, thou holy friar,
 O, stay me not, I pray;
 No drizzly rain that falls on me
 Can wash my fault away."
- "Yet stay, fair lady, turn again, And dry those pearly tears; For see, beneath this gown of gray Thy own true-love appears.
- "Here forced by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought;
 And here, amid these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.
- "But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet passed away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay."
- "Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We nevermore will part."

 Adapted from old ballads by THOMAS PERCY.

THE HERMIT.

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

- "Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale, And guide my lonely way To where yon taper cheers the vale With hospitable ray.
- "For here forlorn and lost I tread, With fainting steps and slow; Where wilds, immeasurably spread, Seem lengthening as I go."
- "Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.
- "Here to the houseless child of want My door is open still; And though my portion is but scant, I give it with good will.

- "Then turn to-night, and freely share Whate'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.
- "No flocks that range the valley free To slaughter I condemn;
 Tanght by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them:
- "But from the mountain's grassy side A guiltless feast I bring; A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied, And water from the spring.
- "Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
 All earth-born cares are wrong:
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
- Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell:
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
- Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighboring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
- No stores beneath its humble thatch Required a master's care: The wicket, opening with a latch, Received the harmless pair.
- And now, when busy crowds retire To take their evening rest, The Hermit trimmed his little fire, And cheered his pensive guest;
- And spread his vegetable store, And gayly pressed and smiled; And, skilled in legendary lore, The lingering hours beguiled.
- Around, in sympathetic mirth, Its tricks the kitten tries; The cricket chirrups on the hearth; The crackling fagot flies.
- But nothing could a charm impart To soothe the stranger's woe; For grief was heavy at his heart, And tears began to flow.
- His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care opprest:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?

- "From better labitations spurned, Reluctant dost thou rove' Or grieve for friendship unreturned, Or unregarded love!
- "Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things
 More trifling still than they.
- "And what is friendship but a name, A charm that hulls to sleep; A shade that follows wealth or fame, And leaves the wretch to weep!
- "And love is still an emptier sound, The modern fair one's jest; On earth unseen, or only found To warm the turtle's nest.
- "For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush, And spurn the sex," he said; But while he spoke, a rising blush His lovelorn guest betrayed.
- Surprised, he sees new beauties rise, Swift mantling to the view; Like colors o'er the morning skies, As bright, as transient too.
- The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.
- "And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;
 "Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.
- "But let a maid thy pity share, Whom love has taught to stray; Who seeks for rest, but finds despair Companion of her way.
- "My father lived beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
 And all his wealth was marked as mine,—
 He had but only me.
- "To win me from his tender arms, Unnumbered suitors came; Who praised me for imputed charms, And felt, or feigned, a flame.
- "Each hour a mercenary crowd With richest proffers strove: Among the rest young Edwin bowed, But never talked of love.

- "In humble, simplest habit clad, No wealth or power had he; Wisdom and worth were all he had, But these were all to me.
- "And when beside me in the dale
 He carolled lays of love,
 His breath lent fragrance to the gale
 And music to the grove.
- "The blossom opening to the day, The dews of heaven refined, Could naught of purity display To emulate his mind.
- "The dew, the blossoms of the tree, With charms inconstant shine; Their charms were his, but, woe to me! Their constancy was mine.
- "For still I tried each fickle art, Importunate and vain; And while his passion touched my heart, I triumphed in his pain:
- "Till, quite dejected with my scorn, He left me to my pride; And sought a solitude forlorn, In secret, where he died.
- "But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay;
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lav.
- "And there forlorn, despairing, hid, I'll lay me down and die; "T was so for me that Edwin did, And so for him will I."
- "Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried, And clasped her to his breast: The wondering fair one turned to chide,— 'T was Edwin's self that pressed.
- "Turn, Angelina, ever dear, My charmer, turn to see Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here, Restored to love and thee.
- "Thus let me hold thee to my heart, And every care resign: And shall we never, never part, My life, — my all that's mine?
- "No, never from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true:
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ON LOVE.

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below, Which by experience doth not folly prove : But among all the follies that I know, The sweetest folly in the world is love: But not that passion which, with fools' consent. Above the reason bears imperious sway. Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent. As if a man were born to fast and pray. No. that is not the humor I approve. As either yielding pleasure or promotion : I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love. Although I do not like it in devotion : For it has no coherence with my creed. To think that lovers die as they pretend : If all that say they dy had dy'd indeed. Sure, long ere now the world had had an end. Besides, we need not love but if we please, No destiny can force men's disposition : And how can any die of that disease Whereof himself may be his own physician? But some seem so distracted of their wits. That I would think it but a venial sin To take some of those innocents that sits In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in. Yet some men, rather than incur the slander Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove, But I am neither Iphis nor Leander, I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love. Methinks a wise man's actions should be such As always yield to reason's best advice; Now, for to love too little or too much Are both extreams, and all extreams are vice. Yet have I been a lover by report. Yea I have dy'd for love, as others do; But, praised be God, it was in such a sort, That I revived within an hour or two. Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till now, And find no reason to repent me yet; And whosoever otherways will do, His courage is as little as his wit. SIR ROBERT AYTON

MY CHOICE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 't is she or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.



PERFUME.

WHAT gift for passionate lovers shall we find? Not flowers nor books of verse suffice for me, Nor splinters of the odorous cedar-tree, And tufts of pine-buds, oozy in the wind; Give me young shoots of aromatic rind, Or samphire, redolent of sand and sea, For all such fragrances I deem to be Fit with my sharp desire to be combined. My heart is like a poet, whose one room, Scented with Latakia faint and fine, Dried rose-leaves, and spilt attar, and old wine, From curtained windows gathers its warm gloom Round all but one sweet picture, where incline His thoughts and fancies mingled with perfume.

· EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.



AFFAIRE D'AMOUR.

FOR E. W. W.

One pale November day
Flying Summer paused,
They say:
And growing bolder,
O'er rosy shoulder
Threw her lover such a glance
That Autumn's heart began to
dance.
(O happy lover!)

A leafless peach-tree bold
Thought for him she smiled,
I'm told;
And, stirred by love,
His sleeping sap did move,
Decking each naked branch with
green
To show her that her look was seen!
(Alas, poor lover!)

But Summer, laughing, fled,
Nor knew he loved her!
'T is said
The peach-tree sighed,
And soon he gladly died:
And Autumn, weary of the chase,
Came on at Winter's sober pace
(O careless lover!)

MARGARET DELAND.

So much good so truly tried, Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ORIGINALLY PRINTED IN 1560.

Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song:
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold, —
Not too backward, nor too bold;
Love that lasteth till 't is old

Fadeth not in haste. Love me little, love me long! Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
'T will not prove as true a touch;
Love me little more than such, —
For I fear the end.
I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steatfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth:
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that with true endeavor,
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers, — that for me,—
For the land or for the sea:
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain:
So to thee — farewell!

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, 2 white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed,—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers;—

These are but gauds: nay, what are lips 'Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood '
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust, A tender heart, a loyal mind, Which with temptation I would trust, Yet never linked with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit wonned above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

ANONYMOUS.

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND.

FROM "THE CONTRIVANCES."

GENTEEL in personage, Conduct, and equipage, Noble by heritage, Generous and free: Brave, not romantic; Learned, not pedantic; Frolic, not frantic; This must he be. Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE students were travelling over the Rhine; They stopped when they came to the landlady's sign;

"Good landlady, have you good beer and wine? And where is that dear little daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear; My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier!" And when to the chamber they made their way, There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently raised, And on her pale face he mournfully gazed: "Ah! wert thou but living yet," he said, "I'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid!"

The second he slowly put back the shroud, And turned him away and wept aloud: "Ah! that thou liest in the cold death-bier! Alas! I have loved thee for many a year!"

The third he once more uplifted the veil,
And kissed her upon her mouth so pale:
"Thee loved I always; I love still but thee;
And thee will I love through eternity!"

From the German of UHLAND. Translation
of J. S. DWIGHT.

THREE LOVES.

THERE were three maidens who loved a king;
They sat together beside the sea;
One cried, "I love him, and I would die
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die To gladden his life, or make him great." The third one spoke not, but gazed afar With dreamy eyes that were sad as Fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,
The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.
LUCY H. HOOPER.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still: if thou caust feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit, change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone, —
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake, —
Not thou, — had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not, — I dare not hear;
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember, I would risk it all!
ADELANDS ANNE PROCTER.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

I will not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims besides your own

I love, — what do I not love! Earth and air Find space within my heart, and myriad thing You would not deign to heed are cherished there, And vibrate on its very immost strings.

I love the summer, with her elicated flow Of light and warmth and music, that have nursed

Her tender buds to blassoms . . . and you know It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the water dearly too, . . . but then I own it so much; on a winter's day, Bleza, cold, and stormy, you returned again, When you had been those weary months away.

I love the stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears... those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I longed in vain to see.

I love the flowers; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast:
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden Past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise Seems like a crown upon my life, — to make It better worth the giving, and to raise Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls; — I heard One speak of you but lately, and for days, Only to think of it, my soul was stirred In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you, all who owe Comfort to you; and I can find regret Even for those poorer hearts who once could know, And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow, — I, who spare
Love for all these? Do I not even hold
My favorite books in special tender care,
And prize them as a miser does his gold?

The poets that you used to read to me
While summer twilights faded in the sky;
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Because—hecause—do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things?—Still you the best:—
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
O, more a thousand times, than all the rest!

O, more a thousand times, than all the rest:

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best, Lamps above, and laughs below, Love me sounded like a jest, Fit for ves or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free,
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both; Time to dance is not to woo; Wooing light makes fickle troth, Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies, Guard her, by your truthful words, Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true, Ever true, as wives of yore; And her yes, once said to you, SHALL be Yes forevermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted, Still our days are distnited; Now the lamp of hope is lighted, Now half quenched appears, Damped and wavering and benighted Midst my sighs and tears. Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOVE'S SILENCE.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to everie one,
Nor do not use set colors for to weare,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane,—
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,
"What! he?" say they of me. "Now I
dare sweare

He cannot love: No, no! let him alone."

And think so still, — if Stella know my minde.

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;

But you, faire maids, at length this true shall

finde. —

That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.

Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers

prove:

They love indeed who quake to say they love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

GIVE ME MORE LOVE OR MORE DISDAIN.

GIVE me more love or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; If it be love,
Like Danaë in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released;
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

THOMAS CAREW.

LOVE DISSEMBLED.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT III. SC. 5.

THINK not I love him, though I ask for him; 'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;— But what care I for words?—yet words do well, When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.



The "Jansen" Shakespeare.

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red

A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 't was just the
difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask. There be some women, Silvius, had they marked

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black:
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me:
I marvel, why I answered not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

SHALESPEARE.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

FROM "OTHELLO," ACT I. SC. 3.

OTHELLO. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very heaα and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech.

And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace; For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used Their dearest action in the tented field; And little of this great world can I speak, More than pertains to feats of broil and battle; And therefore little shall I grace my cause In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious

patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjunation, and what mighty magic, —
For such proceeding I am charged withal, —
I won his daughter.

I 'll present How I did thrive in this fair lady's love, And she in mine.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;

Still questioned me the story of my life, From year to year;—the battles, sieges, fortunes, That I have passed.

Tran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach:

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven.

It was my hint to speak, - such was the process; And of the Cannibals that each other eat, The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear, Would Desdemona seriously incline: But still the house affairs would draw her thence : Which ever as she could with haste despatch. She'd come again, and with a greedy ear Devour up my discourse. Which I observing. Took once a pliant hour; and found good means To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart. That I would all my pilgrimage dilate, Whereof by parcels she had something heard, But not intentively: I did consent; And often did beguile her of her tears. When I did speak of some distressful stroke, That my youth suffered. My story being done. She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: She swore, - in faith 't was strange, 't was passing strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man: she
thanked me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her, I should teach him how to tell my story, And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had passed, And I loved her that she did pity them. This only is the witchcraft I have used: Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Shakespeare.

AH, HOW SWEET.

FROM "TYRANNIC LOVE," ACT IV SC. 1.

An, how sweet it is to love!

Ah, how gay is young desire!

And what pleasing pains we prove

When we first approach love's fire!

Pains of love be sweeter far

Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use, Treat them like a parting friend; Nor the golden gifts refuse Which in youth sincere they send: For each year their price is more, And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high, Swells in every youthful vein; But each tide does less supply, Till they quite shrink in again. If a flow in age appear, 'T is but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

WHY, LOVELY CHARMER?

FROM "THE HIVE."

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why, So very kind, and yet so shy? Why does that cold, forbidding air Give damps of sorrow and despair? Or why that smile my soul subdue, And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art, By turns to fire and freeze my heart; When I behold a face so fair, So sweet a look, so soft an air, My ravished soul is charmed all o'er, I cannot love thee less or more.

ANONYMOUS.

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart, Since I cannot have thine; For if from yours you will not part, Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie, And yet not lodge together? O Love! where is thy sympathy If thus our breasts thou sever? But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I 'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.
I 'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart,
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O, tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.
GRAHMORE

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined,
With shriller throat shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are laboring in my breast,
I beg not you would favor me;
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigors are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

WILLIAM WALSH.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay, Like metals in the mine; Age from no face took more away, Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew, And Cupid at my heart, Still as his mother favored you, Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art;
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love Uncertain of my fate, If your fair self my chains approve, I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.
SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

Here's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since:
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss
Ilinders the hinges, and makes them wince.
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box:
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,—
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.

What a name! was it love or praise?

Speech half asleep, or song half awake?

I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell, —
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now, for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground;
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not,—Stay as you are, and be loved forever!
Bud, if I kiss you, 't is that you blow not, —Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:
Is not the dear mark still to be seen!

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud! show me the least of her traces;
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces,—
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

WHY?

Why came the rose? Because the sun, in shining,
Found in the mould some atoms rare and fine:
And, stooping, drew and warmed them into growing,
ing,—

Dust, with the spirit's mystic countersign.

What made the perfume? All his wondrous kisses
Fell on the sweet red mouth, till, lost to sight,
The love became too exquisite, and vanished
Into a viewless rapture of the night.

Why did the rose die? Ah, why ask the question?
There is a time to love, a time to give;
She perished gladly, folding close the secret
Wherein is garnered what it is to live.

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,

Blown fields or flowerful closes, Green pleasure or gray grief; If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond, And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene, While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom,

And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green; Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom, Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,—
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening! —

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen; Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning, Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!

The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie

Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o'

Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be!
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase only faut is loving thee? If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown; A thought ungentle canna be The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS

O, SAW YE THE LASS?

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een? Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen; Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween; She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green. The home of my love is below in the valley, Where wild-flowers welcome the wandering bee; But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is

Is the maid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the gleu, She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again; And when the moon shines on the valley so green, I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een. As the dove that has wandered away from his

Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best, I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene, To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

RICHARD RYAN.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,

A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;.
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his own! O, may her choice be fixed on me! Mine's fixed on her alone.

JAMES UPTON

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow, —
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, — The night came on alone, — The little stars sat, one by one, Each on his golden throne; The evening wind passed by my cheek, The leaves above were stirred, — But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer,—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world, of THEE,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne:
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

IAMES GRAHAN, MARQUESS

LOVE AND TIME.

OF MONTROSE.

Two pilgrims from the distant plain
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.
One is a boy, with locks of gold
Thick curling round his face so fair;
The other pilgrim, stern and old,
Has snowy beard and silver hair.

The youth with many a merry trick
Goes singing on his careless way;
His old companion walks as quick,
But speaks no word by night or day.
Where'er the old man treads, the grass
Fast fadeth with a certain doom;
But where the beauteous boy doth pass
Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.

And thus before the sage, the boy
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,
And proudly bears a pretty toy, —
A crystal glass with diamond sands.
A smile o'er any brow would pass
To see him frolic in the sun, —
To see him shake the crystal glass,
And make the sands more quickly run.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,
A silver thread so white and thin,
And now they reach the open door,
And now they lightly enter in:
"God save all here," — that kind wish flies
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet;
"God save you kindly," Norah cries,
"Sit down, my child, and rest and eat."

"Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good, We'll rest awhile our weary feet; But though this old man needeth food,
There's nothing here that he can eat.
His taste is strange, he eats alone,
Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,
Or on some tottering turret's stone,
While I can only live on — Hope!

"A week ago, ere you were wed, —
It was the very night before, —
Upon so many sweets I fed
While passing by your mother's door, —
It was that dear, delicious hour
When Owen here the nosegay brought,
And found you in the woodbine bower, —
Since then, indeed, I 've needed naught."

A blush steals over Norah's face,
A smile comes over Owen's brow,
A tranquil joy illumes the place,
As if the moon were shining now;
The boy beholds the pleasing pain,
The sweet confusion he has done,
And shakes the crystal glass again,
And makes the sands more quickly run.

"Dear Norsh, we are pilgrims, bound
Upon an endless path sublime;
We pace the green earth round and round,
And mortals call us Love and Time;
He seeks the many, I the few;
I dwell with peasants, he with kings.
We seldom meet; but when we do,
I take his glass, and he my wings.

"And thus together on we go,
Where'er I chance or wish to lead;
And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,
Now sweeps along with lightning speed.
Now on our bright predestined way
We must to other regions pass;
But take this gift, and night and day
Look well upon its truthful glass.

"How quick or slow the bright sands fall
Is hid from lovers' eyes alone,
If you can see them move at all,
Be sure your heart has colder grown.
"T is coldness makes the glass grow dry,
The icy hand, the freezing brow;
But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,
And then they'll pass you know not how."

She took the glass where Love's warm hands
A bright impervious vapor cast,
She looks, but cannot see the sands,
Although she feels they 're falling fast.
But cold hours came, and then, alas!
She saw them falling frozen through,
Till Love's warm light suffused the glass,
And hid the loosening sands from view!

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME.

"FLY to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee:
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love or thrones without!

- "Our rocks are rough, but smiling there The acacia waves her yellow hair, Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less For flowering in a wilderness.
- "Our sands are bare, but down their slope The silvery-footed antelope As gracefully and gayly springs As o'er the marble courts of kings.
- "Then come, —thy Arab maid will be The loved and lone acacia-tree, The antelope, whose feet shall bless With their light sound thy loneliness.
- "Oh! there are looks and tones that durt An instant sunshine through the heart, As if the soul that minute caught Some treasure it through life had sought;
- "As if the very lips and eyes Predestined to have all our sighs, And never be forgot again, Sparkled and spoke before as then!
- "So came thy every glance and tone, When first on me they breathed and shone; New, as if brought from other spheres, Yet welcome as if loved for years!
- "Then fly with me, if thou hast known No other flame, nor falsely thrown A gem away, that thou hadst sworn Should ever in thy heart be worn.
- "Come, if the love thou hast for me Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, — Fresh as the fountain underground, When first 't is by the lapwing found.
- "But if for me thou dost forsake Some other maid, and rudely break Her worshipped image from its base, To give to me the ruined place;
- "Then, fare thee well!—I'd rather make My bower upon some icy lake When thawing suns begin to shine, Than trust to love so false as thine!"

There was a pathos in this lay,
That even without enchantment's art
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;

But breathing, as it did, a tone To earthly lutes and lips unknown; With every chord fresh from the touch Of music's spirit, 't was too much ! Starting, he dashed away the cup. -

Which, all the time of this sweet air. His hand had held, untasted, up,

As if 't were fixed by magic there. And naming her, so long unnamed, So long unseen, wildly exclaimed, "O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!

Hadst thou but sung this witching strain, I could forget - forgive thee all, And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off. - the charm is wrought, -And Selim to his heart has caught, In blushes, more than ever bright, His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light! And well do vanished frowns enhance The charm of every brightened glance; And dearer seems each dawning smile For having lost its light awhile; And, happier now for all her sighs, As on his arm her head reposes,

She whispers him, with laughing eyes, "Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

THOMAS MOORE.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning : Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you. And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;

Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than

And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom:

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire

O, your step's like the rain to the summervexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;

I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me.

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;

We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy:

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the

Till you ask of your darling what gift you can

give her. O, she'll whisper you, "Love, as unchangeably beaming.

And trust, when in secret, most tunefully

streaming; Till the starlight of heaven above us shall

quiver. As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning: Come when you're looked for, or come without warning:

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you. And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;

Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than

And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown! Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone; And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad.

And the musk of the roses blown. For a breeze of morning moves,

And the planet of Love is on high, Beginning to faint in the light that she loves. On a bed of daffodil sky, — To faint in the light of the sun that she loves, To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard The flute, violin, bassoon; All night has the casement jessamine stirred To the dancers dancing in tune, -Till a silence fell with the waking bird. And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay. When will the dancers leave her alone? She is weary of dance and play."

Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day;

Low on the sand and loud on the stone The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the
wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, Come hither! the dances are done; In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one; Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;

My dust would hear her and beat, Had I lain for a century dead; Would start and tremble under her feet, And blossom in purple and red.

ALEKLU TERMISUA.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them where the heather grows, Ua' them where the burnie rowes, My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; Then a-faulding let us gang, My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side, Thro' the hazels spreading wide, O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers, Where at moonshine midnight hours, O'er the dewy bending flowers, Fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear:
Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die — but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie.

ROBERT BURNS

CHARLIE MACHREE.

Come over, come over The river to me, If ye are my laddie, Bold Charlie machree.

Here's Mary McPherson And Susy O'Linn, Who say ye're faint-hearted, And darena plunge in.

But the dark rolling water, Though deep as the sea, I know willna scare ye, Nor keep ye frae me; For stout is yer back, And strong is yer arm, And the heart in yer bosom Is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over The river to me, If ye are my laddie, Bold Charlie machree!

I see him, I see him! He's plunged in the tide, His strong arms are dashing The big waves aside.

O, the dark rolling water Shoots swift as the sea, But blithe is the glance Of his bonny blue e'e.

And his cheeks are like roses, Twa buds on a bough; Who says ye're faint-hearted, My brave Charlie, now?

Ho, ho, foaming river, Ye may roar as ye go, But ye canna bear Charlie To the dark loch below!

Come over, come over The river to me, My true-hearted laddie, My Charlie machree!

He's sinking, he's sinking, O, what shall I do! Strike out, Charlie, boldly, Ten strokes and ye're thro'!

He's sinking, O Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear; I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, As soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him, — Five strokes, Charlie, mair, — He's shaking the wet From his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, He gains on the sea, — Ho, where is the swimmer Like Charlie machree?

Come over the river, But once come to me, And I 'll love ye forever, Dear Charlie machree! He's sinking, he's gone,—
O God! it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—
Help, help!—he must die!

Help, help!—ah, he rises,— Strike out and ye're free! Ho, bravely done, Charlie, Once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, Now gie us yer hand, — Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, Ye're safe on the land!

Come rest in my bosom, If there ye can sleep; I canna speak to ye, I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river, Ye've risked all for me, And I'll part frae ye never, Dear Charlie machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near,—
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear;
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth,
O, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair:
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there:
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O, it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me, Robin Adair; But now I never see Robin Adair; Yet him I loved so well Still in my heart shall dwell; O, I can ne'er forget Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again, Robin Adair! Welcome once more again, Robin Adair! I feel thy trembling hand; Tears in thy eyelids stand, To greet thy native land, Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love, Robin Adair; Still I prayed for thee, love, Robin Adair; When thou wert far at sea, Many made love to me, But still I thought on thee, Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair;
Never to part again,
Robin Adair;
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

THE SILLER CROUN.

"And ye sall walk in silk attire, And siller hae to spare, Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think o' Donald mair."

O, wha wad buy a silken goun Wi' a puir broken heart? Or what's to me a siller croun Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
Far dearest is to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down an' dee.

For I hae vowed a virgin's vow My lover's fate to share, An' he has gi'en to me his heart, And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners won my heart:
He gratefu' took the gift;
And did I wish to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.

The largest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down an' dee.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

ANNIE LAURIE.*

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true;
And never forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

- DOUGLASS

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,— Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

* A daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, whom a Mr. Douglass courted in vain, but whose name he immortalized, says Chambers.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest Your truth and valor wearing: The bravest are the tenderest, — The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
C'an silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
BISHOP THOMAS PERCY.

SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by, I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away, and sigh, —
Smile, and never heed me!
If our love, indeed, be such
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much? —
Smile, and never heed me!

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide, —
Smile, and never heed me!
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet, —
Then—thou then—mayst heed me!

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me, And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee: Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see, And come as ye were na comin' to me. And come, etc.

O whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie; But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e, Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me. Yet look, etc.

O whistle, etc.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me, And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be, For fear that she wile your fancy frae me. For fear, etc.

O whistle, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood, While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,— "You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?

I wish that that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? — tell me," she said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful

"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid

Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours Without any magic," the fair maiden cried:

"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm

Would work so, that not even Modesty's check Would be able to keep from my neck your fine

She smiled, — and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine

Would bring me the third time an exquisite

You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine.

And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, —
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle
you'd make!

For only consider, how silly 't would be
To sit there and whistle for — what you might
take!"

ROBERT STORY.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.
It wouldna give me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But gudesake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk!

Consider, lad, how folks will crack, And what a great affair they'll mak'

O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—

Nor gi'e the tongue o' old and young Occasion to come o'er folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
I'll ne'er submit again to it;
So mind you that—before folk!

Ye tell me that my face is fair:

It may be sae — I dinna care —

But ne'er again gar't blush so sair

As ye hae done before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,—

Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,

But ave be douce before folk!

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet:
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;—
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,—
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk!

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
—
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten — before folk'

ALEXANDER RODGER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove, That hills and valleys, dales and fields, And all the craggy mountains yield. There will we sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed their flocks By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals, And will I make thee beds of roses, With a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flowers and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle; A gown made of the finest wool Which from our pretty lambs we pull; Slippers lined choicely for the cold, With buckles of the purest gold; A belt of straw, and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning; And if these pleasures may thee move, Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold, When rivers rage and rocks grow cold; And Philomel becometh dumb, The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields To wayward winter reckoning yields; A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,.
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed, Had joys no date, nor age no need, Then these delights my mind might move To live with thee and be thy love.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee The mock-bird echoed from his tree. But, when she glanced to the far-off town, White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own, For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up, And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the having, and wondered whether The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown, And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

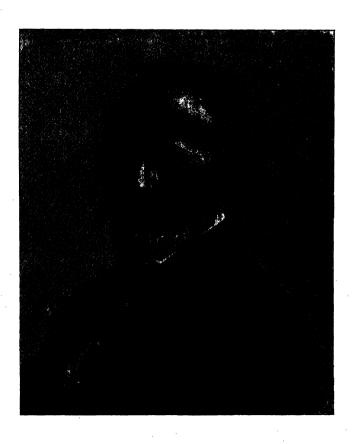
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me! That I the Judge's bride might be!

- "He would dress me up in silks so fine, And praise and toast me at his wine.
- "My father should wear a broadcloth coat, My brother should sail a painted boat.
- "I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, And the baby should have a new toy each day.
- "And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor.

 And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, No'er hath it been my lot to meet.



Oome Glohellen

"Pardon me!" she grandly uttered;
Bowing low, I gladly muttered,
"Surely, madam!" and, relieved, I turned to
scan the daughter's face:
Ha! what pent-up mirth outflashes
From beneath those pencilled lashes!
How the drill of Quaker custom yields to Nature's brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain

From the side of Delphi's mountain

When the stone that weighed upon its buoyant
life is thrust aside;

So the long-enforced stagnation

Of the maiden's conversation

Now imparted five-fold brilliance to its evervarying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing, Witty, winning, from beginning Unto end I listened, merely flinging in a casual word;

Eloquent, and yet how simple!

Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,

Tongue and lip together made a music seen as

well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ringing,
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know a
serpent nigh:
So upon the door a rattle
Stopped our animated tattle,
And the stately mother found us prim enough to

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

suit her eye.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight; Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand; The double Castles guard the wings; The Bishop, bent on distant things, Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle 's done:
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played;
What is it we have won?
This. this at least. — if this alone:

That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together.

ROBERT BULWER, LORD LYTON

(Owen Meredith.)

SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'T were madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.
JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long, We walked together in the wood: Our heart was light, our step was strong; weet flutterings were there in our blood, In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long, On dainty chicken, snow-white bread, We feasted, with no grace but song; We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red, In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not, — For loving seemed like breathing then; We found a heaven in every spot; Saw angels, too, in all good men; And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long, Alone I wander, muse alone.

I see her not; but that old song Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood:
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old.

My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

FORGET THEE?

"Forget thee?" — If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,

If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay,

If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,

If winged thoughts that flit to thee — a thousand in an hour,

If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot, —

If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?" — Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest tune;

"Forget thee?" — Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;

Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;

Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue;"

Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot; --

When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free.

For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;

Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O, bid not mine to rove.

But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love:

If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not.

Forget me then; — but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

DINNA ASK ME.

O, DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye: Troth, I daurna tell! Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye, — Ask it o' yoursel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me, For weel ye ken me true; O, gin ye look sae sair at me, I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to you braw braw town, And bonnier lassies see, O, dinna, Jamie, look at them, Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure my heart wad brak,
Gin ye'd prove fause to me!
JOHN DUNLOF.

SONG.

AT setting day and rising morn, With soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of Heaven thy afe return, With all that can improve thee. I'll visit aft the birken bush, Where first thou kindly told me Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush, Whilst round thou didst infold me. To all our baunts I will repair, By greenwood shaw or fountain; Or where the summer day I'd share With thee upon you mountain; There will I tell the trees and flowers, From thoughts unfeigned and tender, By vows you're mine, by love is yours A heart which cannot wander. ALLAN RAMSAY.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights, Whatever stirs this mortal frame, All are but ministers of Love, And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene Had blended with the lights of eve; And she was there, my hope, my joy, My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man, The statue of the armed knight; She stood and listened to my lay, Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air, I sang an old and moving story, — An old rude song, that suited well That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore Upon I is shield a burning brand; And that for ten long years he wooed The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den, And sometimes from the darksome shade, And sometimes starting up at once In green and sunny glade, There came and looked him in the face An angel beautiful and bright; And that he knew it was a Fiend, This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees:
And how she tended him in vain;
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain:

And that she nursed him in a cave, And how his madness went away, When on the yellow forest-leaves A dving man he lay:

— His dying words — but when I reached That tenderest strain of all the ditty, My faltering voice and pausing harp Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, — she stepped aside, As conscious of my look she stept, — Then suddenly, with timorous eye She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear, And partly 't was a bashful art That I might rather feel than see The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'T is to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame,

'T is not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'T is not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great,—
'T is beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loes to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
Aud he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Doops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downs gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.

When the little wee bit heart Rises high in the breast, An' the little wee bit starn Rises red in the east, O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, etc.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
O, wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

LADY BARBARA.

EARL GAWAIN wooed the Lady Barbara, High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold! 'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer shaw.

In soft green light his passion he has told.
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
The Earl to take her fair reluctant ear
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold;
Silent she sat his amorous breath to hear,
With calm and steady eyes; her heart was otherwhere.

He sighed for her through all the summer weeks;
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
Bore glorious apples with smooth, shining cheeks,
Earl Gawain came and whispered, "Lady, rouse!
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows;
Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."
Her father's blood leapt up into her brows,—
He who, exulting on the trumpet's breath,
Came charging like a star across the lists of
death.

Trembled, and passed before her high rebuke:
And then she sat, her hands clasped round her
knee:
Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,

Like one far-thoughted was the lady s look,
For in a morning cold as misery
She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea;
Before the north 't was driven like a cloud,
High on the poop a man sat mournfully:
The wind was whistling through mast and
shroud.

And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud:—

"Didst look last night upon my native vales,
Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast
clomb?

Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,
Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
Wander forever on the barren foam?
O, happy are ye, resting mariners!
O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me

A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,

And onward I must float through slow, moonmeasured years.

"Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on, Frothing the waters, and along our way, Nor cape nor headland through red mornings

One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
One howled, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'
On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight:
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
As we went driving on through the cold starry
night.

"Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry, —
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep;
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
And dragged me forth, and round did dance and
leap;

They mouthed on me in dream, and tore me from sweet sleep.

"Strange constellations burned above my head, Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew, Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,

As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,

Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."
The lady sighed, "Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you!
The wind blows shrill between my love and me."
Fond heart! the space between was but the appletree.

There was a cry of joy; with seeking hands
She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
Like washing water on the figured sands,
His being came and went in sweet unrest,
As from the mighty shelter of his breast
The Lady Barbara her head uprears
With a wan smile, "Methinks I'm but half blest:
Now when I've found thee, after weary years,
I cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

ATALANTA'S RACE.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE"

ATALANTA VICTORIOUS.

And there two runners did the sign abide Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair, Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried In places where no man his strength may spare; Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair A golden circlet of renown he wore, And in his hand an olive garland lore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend? A maid stood by him like Diana clad When in the woods she lists her bow to bend, Too fair for one to look on and be glad, Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had, If he must still behold her from afar; Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget; Of all tormenting lines her face was clear, Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near; But her foe trembled as a man in fear, Nor from her loveliness one moment turned His anxious face with fierce desire that bunned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran, When half-way to the starting-point they were, A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near Unto the very end of all his fear; And searce his straining feet the ground could feel, And bliss unhoped for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard His flushed and eager face he turned around, And even then he felt her past him bound Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep, For no victorious joy her red lips smiled, Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep; No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep, Though some divine thought softened all her face As once more rang the trumpet through the place. But her late foe stopped short amidst his course, One moment gazed upon her piteously, Then with a groan his lingering feet did force To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see; And, changed like one who knows his time must be But short and bitter, without any word He knelt before the bearer of the sword:

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade, Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place Was silence now, and midst of it the maid Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace, And he to hers upturned his sad white face; Nor did his eyes behold another sight Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

ATALANTA CONQUERED.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by, Again are all folk round the running place, Nor other seems the dismal pageantry Than heretofore, but that another face Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race; For now, beheld of all, Milanion Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the

Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this He cast on her? why were his lips so red? Why was his face so flushed with happiness? So looks not one who deems himself but dead, E'en if to death he bows a willing head; So rather looks a god well pleased to find Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze, And even as she casts adown her eyes Redden to note his eager glance of praise, And wish that she were clad in other guise? Why must the memory to her heart arise Of things unnoticed when they first were heard, Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,

And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and
more?

Why does she tremble as the time grows near, And weak defeat and woful victory fear? But while she seemed to hear her beating heart, Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out, And forth they sprang; and she must play her part:

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt, Though slackening once, she turned her head about.

But then she cried aloud and faster fled Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had
given

That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran, And in her odorous bosom laid the gold. But when she turned again, the great-limbed man

Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden
fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize, And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries She sprang to head the strong Milanion, Who now the turning-post had wellnigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit.
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid;
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no
stay
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around, Now far ahead the Argive could she see, And in her garment's hem one hand she wound To keep the double prize, and strenuously Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she To win the day, though now but scanty space Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet, Quickly she gained upon him till at last He turned about her eager eyes to meet, And from his hand the third fair apple cast. She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast After the prize that should her bliss fulfil. That in her hand it lav ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win Once more, an unblest, woful victory-And yet - and yet - why does her breath begin To fail her, and her feet drag heavily? Why fails she now to see if far or nigh The goal is? Why do her gray eyes grow dim? Why do these tremors run through every limb !

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this, A strong man's arms about her body twined. Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss, So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss: Made happy that the foe the prize hath won, She weeps glad tears for all her glory done. WILLIAM MORRIS.

FATIMA AND RADUAN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Diamante falso y fingido, Engastado en pedernal," etc.

"FALSE diamond set in flint! hard heart in haughty breast!

By a softer, warmer bosom the tiger's couch is

Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as the wind,

And the restless ever-mounting flame is not more hard to bind.

If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few would be

To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown to me.

Oh! I could chide thee sharply, - but every maiden knows

That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes.

"Thou hast called me oft the flower of all Grenada's maids.

Thou hast said that by the side of me the first and fairest fades;

And they thought thy heart was mine, and it seemed to every one

That what thou didst to win my love, for love of me was done.

Alas! if they but knew thee, as mine it is to

They well might see another mark to which thine arrows go;

But thou giv'st little heed, - for I speak to one who knows

That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes.

"It wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep and bear

What fills the heart with triumph, and fills my own with care.

Thou art leagued with those that hate me, and ah! thou know'st I feel

That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades of steel.

'T was the doubt that thou wert false that wrung my heart with pain :

But now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well

I would proclaim thee as thou art, - but every maiden knows

That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes."

Thus Fatima complained to the valiant Raduan, Where underneath the myrtles Alhambra's fountains ran :

The Moor was inly moved, and, blameless as he

He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded thus his cause:

"O lady, dry those star-like eyes, - their dimness does me wrong;

If my heart be made of flint, at least 't will keep thy image long:

Thou hast uttered cruel words, - but I grieve the less for those.

Since she who chides her lover forgives him ere he goes."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FIRST LOVE.

FROM "DON IUAN," CANTO I.

'T is sweet to hear.

At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep, The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,

By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sween : 'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;

'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creen From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark Our coming, and look brighter when we come; T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,

Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of hirds,

The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth, Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes From civic revelry to rural mirth; Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps; Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth; Sweet is revenge, — especially to women, Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our
quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend; Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels; Dear is the helpless creature we defend Against the world; and dear the school-boy spot We no'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all, Is first and passionate love, — it stands alone, Like Adam's recollection of his fall;

The tree of knowledge has been plucked, — all's known. —

And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from
heaven.

BYRON.

A MAIDEN WITH A MILKING-PAIL.

I

What change has made the pastures sweet, And reached the daisies at my feet, And cloud that wears a golden hem? This lovely world, the hills, the sward,— They all look fresh, as if our Lord But yesterday had finished them.

And here's the field with light aglow:
How fresh its boundary lime-trees show!
And how its wet leaves trembling shine!
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea,
Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool, more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste, One hand upon her slender waist, The other lifted to her pail,— She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod:
I leaned upon the gate to see.
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
I saw my picture in her eyes,—
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes!
Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows
Among white-headed majesties!

I said, "A tale was made of old That I would fain to thee unfold. Ah! let me, — let me tell the tale." But high she held her comely head: "I cannot heed it now," she said, "For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado? I held the gate, and she came through, And took her homeward path anon. From the clear pool her face had fied; It rested on my heart instead, Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content, So sweet and stately, on she went, Right careless of the untold tale. Each step she took I loved her more, And followed to her dairy door The maiden with the milking-pail.

--

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail, —
Good; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke, —
Her name is Mary Martindale.

I 'm glad that echo was not heard Aright by other men. A bird Knows doubtless what his own notes tell; And I know not, — but I can say I felt as shamefaced all that day As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went — I could not choose but go —
To that same dairy on the hill;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southernwood.
I spoke,—her answer seemed to fail.
I smelt the pinks,—I could not see.
The dusk came down and sheltered me.
And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell?
I begged a kiss, — I pleaded well:
The rosebud lips did long decline;
But yet, I think — I think 't is true —
That, leaned at last into the dew,
One little instant they were mine!

O life! how dear thou hast become!
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb!
But evening counsels best prevail.
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she treads,
The maiden with the milking-pail!

JEAN INCELOW.

SONG OF THE MILKMAID.

FROM "QUEEN MARY."

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,

Kissed me well I vow;

Cuff him could I? with my hands

Milking the cow?

Swallows fly again,

Cuckoos cry again,

And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I ? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

TURN, turn, for my cheeks they burn, Turn by the dale, my Harry! Fill pail, fill pail, He has turned by the dale, And there by the stile waits Harry. Fill, fill,
Fill, pail, fill,
For there by the stile waits Harry!
The world may go round, the world may stand
still,
But I can milk and marry,
Fill pail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! O. if we two Stood down there now by the water, I know who 'd carry me over the ford As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord, Though I don't live over the water. Wheugh, wheugh! he's whistling through. He 's whistling "The Farmer's Daughter." Give down, give down, My crumpled brown! He shall not take the road to the town, For I'll meet him beyond the water. Give down, give down, My crumpled brown! And send me to my Harry. The folk o' towns May have silken gowns. But I can milk and marry. Fill pail, I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, whough ! he has whistled through He has whistled through the water. Fill, fill, with a will, a will, For he's whistled through the water. And he's whistling down The way to the town, And it's not "The Farmer's Daughter!" Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer, The sun sets over the water, Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer. I 'm 'too late for my Harry! And, O, if he goes a-soldiering, The cows they may low, the bells they may ring But I'll neither milk nor marry, Fill pail. Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fill pail,
Give down, good wench, give down!
I know the primrose bank, Fill pail,
Between him and the town.
Give down, good wench, give down, Fill pail,
And he shall not reach the town!
Strain, strain! he's whistling again,
He's nearer by half a mile.
More, more! O, never before
Were you such a weary while!
Fill, fill! he's crossed the hill,

I can see him down by the stile,
He's passed the hay, he's coming this way,
He's coming to me, my Harry!
Give silken gowns to the folk o' towns,
He's coming to me, my Harry!
There's not so grand a dame in the land,
That she walks to-night with Harry!
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,
O, I can milk and marry,
Fill pail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! he has whistled through, My Harry! my lad! my lover! Set the sun and fall the dew. Heigh-ho, merry world, what's to do That you're smiling over and over? Up on the hill and down in the dale. And along the tree-tops over the vale Shining over and over, Low in the grass and high on the bough, Shining over and over. O world, have you ever a lover? You were so dull and cold just now, O world, have you ever a lover? I could not see a leaf on the tree. And now I could count them, one, two, three, Count them over and over. Leaf from leaf like lips apart, Like lips apart for a lover. And the hillside beats with my beating heart, And the apple-tree blushes all over. And the May bough touched me and made me start. And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull! and the pail is full, And milking 's done and over. Who would not sit here under the tree? What a fair fair thing's a green field to see! Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me! I have set my pail on the daisies! It seems so light, - can the sun be set? The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet, I could cry to have hurt the daisies! Harry is near, Harry is near, My heart 's as sick as if he were here, My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet, He has n't uttered a word as yet, But the air's astir with his praises. My Harry! The air's astir with your praises.

He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone, He's among the kingcups, —he picks me one, I love the grass that I tread upon When I go to my Harry!

He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knowe. There's never a faster foot I know. But still he seems to tarry. O Harry ! O Harry ! my love, my pride. My heart is leaping, my arms are wide! Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside. Roll up, and bring my Harry ! They may talk of glory over the sea, But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me. My love, my lad, my Harry ! Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow. What cares Dolly, whether or no. While I can milk and marry? Right or wrong, and wrong or right. Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight. But I'll bring my pail home every night To love, and home, and Harry! We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake, There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the The world may sleep, the world may wake, But I shall milk and marry. And marry, I shall milk and marry.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

EARLY on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet.

Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds of lightly tripping feet.

"T was a lowly cottage maiden going, — why, let young hearts tell, —

With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet lane.

And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.

O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,

With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain

Sought to press their brightening image on her ever-busy brain.

Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream;

And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright,

Singing, soft, its hallelujah to the gracious morning light.

Fern-leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where its silvery droplets fell,

And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted foxglove bell.

Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide, —

Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazèd side.

But before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair,

By her side a youth was standing! — Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze,

Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath the ancient trees.

But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not to tell:

Life had met another meaning, fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burden-pitcher bore;

She, with dewy eyes down looking, grew more beauteous than before!

When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light;

Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavelets bright:

Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of him she'd bear,

Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there.

Then, still waving benedictions, further, further off he drew,

While his shadow seemed a glory that across the pathway grew.

Now about her household duties silently the maiden went.

And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was blent.

Little knew the aged matron as her feet like music fell.

What abundant treasure found she fetching water from the well!

ANONYMOUS.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!*

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last, Half hid in lilacs down the lane; She pushed it wide, and, as she past, A wistful look she backward cast, And said, "Auf wiederschen!"

• Till we meet again!

With hand on latch, a vision white Lingered reluctant, and again Half doubting if she did aright, Soft as the dews that fell that night, She said, "Auf wiedersehen!"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair; I linger in delicious pain; Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air To breathe in thought I scarcely dare, Thinks she, "Auf wiedersehen!"

'T is thirteen years: once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah yes,
I hear, "Auf wiederschen!"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!

The English words had seemed too fain,
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, "Auf wiederschen!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MEETING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land; And the yellow half-moon large and low; And the startled little waves, that leap In fiery ringlets from their sleep, As I gain the cove with pushing prow, And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach:
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears:
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured, before I asked,
That she'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaimed graces basked
At leisure, till the time should serve,—
With just enough of dread to thrill
The hope, and make it trebly dear:
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning late,
Her laughing sisters lagged behind;
And ere we reached her father's gate,
We paused with one presentient mind;

And, in the dim and perfumed mist
Their coming stayed, who, blithe and free,
And very women, loved to assist
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling word;
To faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I stood;
The warmth of her confided arm;
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood;
Her pleasure in her power to charm;

Her look, her love, her form, her touch!

The least seemed most by blissful turn,—
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.

It was as if a harp with wires

Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And O, sweet meeting of desires!
She, answering, owned that she loved too.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,

And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."
'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter,—

"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,

And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set.

That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget.

That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,

· But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,

O, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen, Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear.

Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere:

That changeful mind unchanging gems are not belitting well. --

Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas! I

"He'll think when I to market went I loitered by the way:

He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say:

He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,

From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,

My pearls fell in, -and what to say, alas! I cannot tell

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;

He 'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame --

But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken.

And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O, luckless, luckless well!

For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe.

That I have thought of him at morn, and thought of him at eve;

That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,

His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;

And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South, Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves, And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each, That bright and fierce and fickle is the South, And dark and true and tender is the North. O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light

Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill, And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in, And lay me on her bosom, and her heart Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,

Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown: Say to her, I do but wanton in the South, But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life, but love is long, And brief the sun of summer in the North, And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods, Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine.

And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

ATHULF AND ETHILDA.

Appeared ATRULE. The princess with that merry child Prince Guy: He loves me well, and made her stop and sit, And sat upon her knee, and it so chanced That in his various chatter he denied That I could hold his hand within my own So closely as to hide it: this being tried Was proved against him: he insisted then I could not by his royal sister's hand Do likewise. Starting at the random word, And dumb with trepidation, there I stood Some seconds as bewitched; then I looked up. And in her face beheld an orient flush Of half-bewildered pleasure: from which trance She with an instant ease resumed herself, And frankly, with a pleasant laugh, held out Her arrowy hand.

I thought it trembled as it lay in mine, But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free, And said that she felt nothing.

SIDROC. And what felt'st thou?
ATHULF. A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,

As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom. I said I was ashamed. — Sidroc, you smile; If at my folly, well! But if you smile, Suspicious of a taint upon my heart, Wide is your error, and you never loved.

HENRY TAYLOR.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.

LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one
lover —

Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait

Till I listen and hear If a step draweth near, For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree, The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer: To what art thou listening, and what dost thou

> Let the star-clusters glow, Let the sweet waters flow, And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep; You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover

To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste, For the time runs to waste, And my love lieth deep, —

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover.

I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee tonight."

By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover:

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;

But I'll love him more, more Than e'er wife loved before, Be the days dark or bright.

JEAN INGELOW.

A SPINSTER'S STINT.

Six skeins and three, six skeins and three! Good mother, so you stinted me,
And here they be, — ay, six and three!

Stop, busy wheel! stop, noisy wheel! Long shadows down my chamber steal, And warn me to make haste and ree!

LOVE.

'T is done, — the spinning work complete, O heart of mine, what makes you beat So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet?

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick My hat from brim to ribbon, thick, — Slow hands of mine, be quick, be quick!

One, two, three stars along the skies Begin to wink their golden eyes, — I'll leave my thread all knots and ties.

O moon, so red! O moon, so red! Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed; Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands,—
Stop trembling, little foolish hands,
And stop the bands, and stop the bands!

ALICE CARY.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning; Close by the window young Eileen is spinning; Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting, Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.—

"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass

flapping."

"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"

"'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on, >

And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"

There's a form at the casement, — the form of her true-love, —

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,

We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly.", Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring, Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring:

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing, Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers.

Steals up from her seat, — longs to go, and yet

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round; Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound; Noiseless and light to the lattice above her The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her

lover.

Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel

swings;
Lower — and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and
moving.

Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY 's courting somebody, Somewhere or other to-night: Somebody 's whispering to somebody, Somebody 's listening to somebody, Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow, Running so still and slow, Talking so soft and low, She sits with Somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore, Edged by the foaming roar, Words never used before Sound sweet to Somebody.

Under the maple-tree Deep though the shadow be, Plain enough they can see, Bright eyes has Somelody.

No one sits up to wait, Though she is out so late, All know she's at the gate, Talking with Somebody. Tiptoe to parlor door;
Two shadows on the floor!
Moonlight, reveal no more, —
Susy and Somebody.

Two, sitting side by side
Float with the ebbing tide,
"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says Somebody.

Somewhere, Somebody Makes love to Somebody, To-night.

ANONYMOUS.

DANCE LIGHT.

"AH! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel, —

Your neat little foot will be weary with spinning!

Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree:

Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley:

While all the air rings with the soft, loving things

Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while, Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;

'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to go off to the
dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen,—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his
choosing;

And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil. —

Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee, And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion:

With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground;

The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's, Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing: Search the world all around, from the sky to the

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue.

Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly.

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?

Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart, Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love:

The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,

Dance light, for my heart it lies under your
feet, love!

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEAR-ING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day.

Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,

That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No. the heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close,

As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!
THOMAS MOORE.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

YEAR after year unto her feet, She lying on her couch alone, Across the purple coverlet, The maiden's jet-black hair has grown; On either side her trancèd form Forth streaming from a braid of pearl; The slumberous light is rich and warm, And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid Unto her limbs itself doth mould, Languidly ever; and amid Her full black ringlets, downward rolled, Glows forth each softly shadowed arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard In palace chambers far apart.

The fragrant tresses are not stirred That lie upon her charmèd heart.

She sleeps; on either hand upswells The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE REVIVAL.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.

There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,
The maid and page renewed their strife,
The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

At last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke,
"By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
"T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy," returned the king, "but still My joints are something stiff or so. My lord, and shall we pass the bill I mentioned half an hour ago?" The chancellor, sedate and vain, In courteous words returned reply: But dallied with his golden chain, And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.

Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;"
"O wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love, 't was such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOCHINVAR.

FROM "MARMION, CANTO V.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west, Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:

And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the young Lochinvar

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,

He swam the Eske River where ford there was none:

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late; For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinyar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),

"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied: --

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine, I olead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up.

He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup. She looked down to blush, and she looked up to

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar.—

"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear, When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near:

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprung; "She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush,

and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-

invar?

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

St. Agnes' Eve, — ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer
he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knges,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead on each side seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no, — already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft:
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise
on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry, With plume, tiara, and all rich array, Numerous as shadows haunting fairily The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs

Of old romance. These let us wish away;
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times
declare.

LOVE.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve, Young virgins might have visions of delight, And soft adorings from their loves receive Upon the honeyed middle of the night, If ceremonies due they did aright; As, supperless to bed they must retire, And couch supine their beauties, lily white; Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they

desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by, — she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired, not cooled by high disdain.
But she saw not; her heart was otherwhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes, Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short: The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort Of whisperers in anger, or in sport; Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn, Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn, And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and im-

All saints to give him sight of Madeline;
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss,—in sooth
such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame, Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond The sound of merriment and chorus bland. He startled her; but soon she knew his face, And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand, Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;

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They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:

He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! fiit!
Flit like a ghost away!" "Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how —" "Good saints! not here,
not here:

Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy

He followed through a lowly archèd way, Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume; And as she muttered, "Well-a — well-a-day!" He found him in a little moonlight room, Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb. "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he, "O, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom Which none but secret sisterhood may see, When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve, —
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, While Porphyro upon her face doth look, Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book, As spectacled she sits in chimney nook. Sut soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold, And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose, Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart Made purple riot; then doth he propose A stratagem, that makes the beldame start: "A cruel man and impious thou art! Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream Alone with her good angels, far apart

From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou
didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
Quoth Porphyro; "O, may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged
than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro; So woful, and of such deep sorrowing, That Angela gives promise she will do Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy, Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour
frame

Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in
prayer

The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed, Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed:
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and
chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove
frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her
dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of
queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is
fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet
crept,

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—
how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight soft he set A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:— O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!

The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion, The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet, Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:— The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the ereamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiedd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream By the dusk curtains;—'t was a midnight charm Impossible to melt as iced stream:

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam:
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans merci;"
Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased; she panted quick, — and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And mean forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear, Made tunable with every sweetest vow; And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear; How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro, Those looks immortal, those complainings dear! O, leave me not in this eternal woe, For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes: St. Agnes' moon
hath set.

'T is dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'T is dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream? alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;
Adove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned wing,"

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest After so many hours of toil and quest, A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle. Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest, Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 't is an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise, arise! the morning is at hand;
—
The bloated wassailers will never heed:
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,
—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake, arise, my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for
thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears, For there were sleeping dragons all around, At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears; Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found, In all the house was heard no human sound. A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door; The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound, Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar; And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall! Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide, Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl, With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The keyturus, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago
These lovers fied away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a woc,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,

Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day.

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair. —

He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,

Struggling to keep back the murmur, —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,

With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,

At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;

Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white

As she breathed the husky whisper: —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, — every word pierced her young heart

Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart, —

"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,

Now I'm old I will not falter, — Curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow.

As within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn

She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh:

"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;

In an undertone she murmured: -

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

With quick step she bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,

Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow

Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro

As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,

Up and up, —her white lips saying : —
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon hangs the great, dark bell :

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the path. In his brave, strong arms he classed her, kissed way down to hell.

Lo. the ponderous tongue is swinging. - 't is the hour of Curfew now.

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eves with sudden light,

As she springs, and grasps it firmly, -"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung - far out; the city seemed a speck of light below.

There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro.

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf. heard not the bell,

Sadly thought. "That twilight ('urfew rang

voung Basil's funeral knell." Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with

Said to hush her heart's wild throbbing : -"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

trembling lips so white.

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder where for hundred years before

Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done

Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun

Crimson all the sky with beauty; aged sires, with heads of white,

Tell the eager, listening children, "Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,

Lately white with fear and anguish, has no anxious traces now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn:

And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light:

"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Wide they flung the massive portal; led the prisoner forth to die, ---

All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky

Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light sweet;

at his feet.

the face upturned and white.

Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me. -Curfew will not ring to-night!"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

THE LITTLE MILLINER.

My girl hath violet eves and vellow hair. A soft hand, like a lady's, small and fair. A sweet face pouting in a white straw bonnet. A tiny foot, and little boot upon it : And all her finery to charm beholders Is the grav shawldrawn tight around her shoulders. The plain stuff-gown and collar white as snow. And sweet red petticoat that peeps below. But gladly in the busy town goes she. Summer and winter, fearing nobodie; She pats the pavement with her fairy feet. With fearless eyes she charms the crowded street: And in her pocket lie, in lieu of gold, A lucky sixpence and a thimble old.

We lodged in the same house a year ago: She on the topmost floor. I just below. -She, a poor milliner, content and wise, I, a poor city clerk, with hopes to rise; And, long ere we were friends. I learnt to love The little angel on the floor above. For, every morn, ere from my bed I stirred, Her chamber door would open, and I heard, -And listened, blushing, to her coming down, And palpitated with her rustling gown. And tingled while her foot went downward slow, Creaked like a cricket, passed, and died below; Then peeping from the window, pleased and sly, I saw the pretty shining face go by, Healthy and rosy, fresh from slumber sweet, -A sunbeam in the quiet morning street.

And every night, when in from work she tript. Red to the ears I from my chamber slipt, That I might hear upon the narrow stair Her low "Good evening," as she passed me there. And when her door was closed, below sat I; And hearkened stilly as she stirred on high, — Watched the red firelight shadows in the room. Fashioned her face before me in the gloom, And heard her close the window, lock the door, Moving about more lightly than before, And thought, "She is undressing now!" and, oh! My cheeks were hot, my heart was in a glow! And I made pictures of her, — standing bright Before the looking-glass in bed-gown white

Unbinding in a knot her yellow hair,
Then kneeling timidly to say a prayer;
Till, last, the floor creaked softly overhead,
'Neath bare feet tripping to the little bed, —
And all was hushed. Yet still I hearkened on,
Till the faint sounds about the streets were gone;
And saw her slumbering with lips apart,
One little hand upon her little heart,
The other pillowing a face that smiled
In slumber like the slumber of a child,
The bright hair shining round the small white ear,
The soft breath stealing visible and clear,
And mixing with the moon's, whose frosty glean
Made round her rest a vaporous light of dream.

How free she wandered in the wicked place, Protected only by her gentle face! She saw bad things — how could she choose but

She heard of wantonness and misery; The city closed around her night and day, But lightly, happily, she went her way. Nothing of evil that she saw or heard Could touch a heart so innocently stirred. -By simple hopes that cheered it through the storm, And little flutterings that kent it warm. No power had she to reason out her needs, To give the whence and wherefore of her deeds; But she was good and pure amid the strife, By virtue of the joy that was her life. Here, where a thousand spirits daily fall, Where heart and soul and senses turn to gall, She floated, pure as innocent could be. Like a small sea-bird on a stormy sea, Which breasts the billows, wafted to and fro, Fearless, uninjured, while the strong winds blow, While the clouds gather, and the waters roar, And mighty ships are broken on the shore. All winter long, witless who peeped the while, She sweetened the chill mornings with her smile; When the soft snow was falling dimly white, Shining among it with a child's delight, Bright as a rose, though nipping winds might

And leaving fairy footprints in the snow!

'T was when the spring was coming, when the snow

Had melted, and fresh winds began to blow,
And girls were selling violets in the town,
That suddenly a fever struck me down.
The world was changed, the sense of life was
pained,

And nothing but a shadow-land remained;
Death came in a dark mist and looked at me,
I felt his breathing, though I could not see,
But heavily I lay and did not stir,
And had strange images and dreams of her.

Then came a vacancy: with feeble breath, I shivered under the cold touch of Death, And swooned among strange visions of the dead, When a voice called from heaven, and he fled: And suddenly I wakened, as it seemed, From a deep sleep wherein I had not dreamed.

And it was night, and I could see and hear, And I was in the room I held so dear, And unaware, stretched out upon my bed, I hearkened for a footstep overhead.

But all was hushed. I looked around the

And slowly made out shapes amid the gloom. The wall was reddened by a rosy light, A faint fire flickered, and I knew 't was night, Because below there was a sound of feet Dving away along the quiet street, -When, turning my pale face and sighing low, . I saw a vision in the quiet glow: A little figure, in a cotton gown, Looking upon the fire and stooping down, Her side to me, her face illumed, she eved Two chestnuts burning slowly, side by side, -Her lips apart, her clear eyes strained to see, Her little hands clasped tight around her knee, The firelight gleaming on her golden head, And tinting her white neck to rosy red, Her features bright, and beautiful, and pure, With childish fear and yearning half demure.

O sweet, sweet dream! I thought, and strained mine eyes, Fearing to break the spell with words and sighs.

Softly she stooped, her dear face sweetly fair, And sweeter since a light like love was there, Brightening, watching, more and more clate, As the nuts glowed together in the grate, Crackling with little jets of fiery light, Till side by side they turned to ashes white, — Then up she leapt, her face cast off its fear For rapture that itself was radiance clear, And would have clapped her little hands in glee,

But, pausing, bit her lips and peeped at me,
And met the face that yearned on her so whitely,
And gave a cry and trembled, blushing brightly,
While, raised on elbow, as she turned to flee,
"Polly!" I cried,—and grew as red as she!

It was no dream! for soon my thoughts were clear,

And she could tell me all, and I could hear: How in my sickness friendless I had lain, How the hard people pitied not my pain; How, in despite of what bad people said, She left her labors, stopped beside my bed. LOVE

And nursed me, thinking sadly I would die;
How, in the end, the danger passed me by;
How she had sought to steal away before
The sickness passed, and I was strong once
more.

By fits she told the story in mine ear,
And troubled all the telling with a fear
Lest by my cold man's heart she should be chid,
Lest I should think her bold in what she did;
But, lying on my bed, I dared to say,
How I had watched and loved her many a day,
How dear she was to me, and dearer still
For that strange kindness done while I was ill,
And how I could but think that Heaven above
Had done it all to bind our lives in love.
And Polly cried, turning her face away,
And seemed afraid, and answered "yea" nor
"nay;"

Then stealing close, with little pants and sighs, Looked on my pale thin face and earnest eyes, And seemed in act to fling her arms about My neck; then, blushing, paused, in fluttering doubt;

Last, sprang upon my heart, sighing and sobbing, —

That I might feel how gladly hers was throbbing

Ah! ne'er shall I forget until I die, How happily the dreamy days went by, While I grew well, and lay with soft heart-beats, Hearkening the pleasant murmur from the

And Polly by me like a sunny beam,
And life all changed, and love a drowsy dream!

'T was happiness enough to lie and see
The little golden head bent droopingly
Over its sewing, while the still time flew,
And my fond eyes were dim with happy dew!
And then, when I was nearly well and strong,
And she went back to labor all day long,
How sweet to lie alone with half-shut eyes,
And hear the distant murmurs and the cries,
And think how pure she was from pain and
sin,—

And how the summer days were coming in!
Then, as the sunset faded from the room,
To listen for her footstep in the gloom,
To pant as it came stealing up the stair,
To feel my whole life brighten unaware
When the soft tap came to the door, and when
The door was opened for her smile again!
Best, the long evenings! — when, till late at
night,

She sat beside me in the quiet light,
And happy things were said and kisses won,
And serious gladness found its vent in fun.
Sometimes I would draw close her shining head,
And pour her bright hair out upon the bed,

And she would laugh, and blush, and try to scold,
While "Here" I cried "I count my weelth in

While "Here," I cried, "I count my wealth in gold!"

Once, like a little sinner for transgression, She blushed upon my breast, and made confession:

How, when that night I woke and looked around, I found her busy with a charm profound, —
One chestnut was herself, my girl confessed,
The other was the person she loved best,
And if they burned together side by side,
He loved her, and she would become his bride;
And burn indeed they did, to her delight, —
And had the pretty charm not proven right!
Thus much, and more, with timorous joy, she
said.

While her confessor, too, grew rosy red, — And close together pressed two blissful faces, As I absolved the sinner, with embraces.

And here is winter come again, winds blow,
The houses and the streets are white with snow;
And in the long and pleasant eventide,
Why, what is Polly making at my side?
What but a silk gown, beautiful and grand,
We bought together lately in the Strand!
What but a dress to go to church in soon,
And wear right queenly 'neath a honeymoon!
And who shall match her with her new straw bonnet.

Her tiny foot and little boot upon it; Embroidered petticoat and silk gown new, And shawl she wears as few fine ladies do? And she will keep, to charm away all ill, The lucky sixpence in her pocket still; And we will turn, come fair or cloudy weather, To ashes, like the chestnuts, close together!

SONG.

FROM "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace, And all day long to fall and rise Upon her balmy bosom. With her laughter or her sighs :

And I would lie so light, so light, I scarce should be unclasped at night. ALERED TEAMYSON.

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he, The youth who fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest, And raised such tumults in my breast : For while I gazed, in transport tost, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed : the subtle flame Ran quick through all my vital frame; O'er my dim eves a darkness hung : My ears with hollow murmurs rung :

In dewy damps nev limbs were chilled: My blood with gentle horrors thrilled: My feeble pulse forgot to play -I fainted, sunk, and died away.

> From the Greek of SAPPHO. by AMBRONE PHILLIPS.

O. DO NOT WANTON WITH THOSE

O, no not wanton with those eyes, Lest I be sick with seeing ; Nor cast them down, but let them rise. Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires, For then their threats will kill me; Nor look too kind on my desires, For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steep them in thy tears, For so will sorrow slay me; Nor spread them as distract with fears: Mine own enough betray me.

BEN JONSON.

THE SUN-DIAL.

T is an old dial, dark with many a stain : In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom.

Tricked in the autumn with the yellow min, And white in winter like a marble tomb.

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow Lean letters speak. - a worn and shattered

F am a Shade: a Shadome too art thou: I marke the Cime: save, Gossip, bost thou soe?

Here would the ring-doves linger, head to head : And here the snail a silver course would run, Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon : Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept, That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune. -

Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed; About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone : And round her train the tiger-lilies swaved. Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while, Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone. Scribbled a something with a frolic smile. Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the smail: There came a second lady to the place. Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale. --

An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love, Straying among the alleys with a book, -Herrick or Herbert, - watched the circling dove. And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found Of some dread secret half-accounted true. -Who knew what hearts and hands the letter bound.

And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two. -

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone; The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head:

And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom: Then came a soldier gallant in her stead. Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume, A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head.

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow, Scar-seamed a little, as the women love : So kindly fronted that you marvelled how The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove :

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun; Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge; And standing somewhat widely, like to one More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,

Took out the note; — held it as one who feared

The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;

Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast; Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way, Arranged the broidered baldrick on his crest, And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot, — the record of a tear.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE GOLDEN FISH.

LOVE is a little golden fish,
Wondrous shy...ah, wondrous shy...
You may eatch him if you wish;
He might make a dainty dish...
But I...
Ah, I've other fish to fry!

For when I try to snare this prize,
Earnestly and patiently,
All my skill the rogue defies,
Lurking safe in Aimée's eyes...
So, you see,
I am caught and Love goes free!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

FROM " IRISH MELODIES."

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer, Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast, And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss, And thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this, Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,

And shield thee, and save thee, —or perish there too!

THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

"When your beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the skies,
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my
fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eyes!

"But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every
vein,

When it darts from your eyes, when it pants at your heart,

Then I know that you're woman again."

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex," she replied;
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do, —
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you."

THOMAS PARNELL.

THE FIRST KISS.

How delicious is the winning Of a kiss at love's beginning, When two mutual hearts are sighing For the knot there's no untying.

Yet remember, midst your wooing, Love has bliss, but love has ruing; Other smiles may make you fickle, Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries, Just as fate or fancy carries,— Longest stays when sorest chidden, Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly, Bind its odor to the lily, Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,— Then bind Love to last forever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,—
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging, Or the ring-dove's neck from changing? No! nor fettered Love from dying In the knot there's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire:
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe; And free access unto that sweet lip lies, From whence I long the rosy breath to draw. Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal From those two melting rubies one poor kiss; None sees the theft that would the theft reveal, Nor rob I her of aught what she can miss:

Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
O, she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.
GROGGE WITHER.

SLY THOUGHTS.

"I saw him kiss your cheek!"—"T is true."
"O Modesty!"—"T was strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

KISSES.

My love and I for kisses played:
She would keep stakes—I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
"Pray, since I see," quoth she, "your wrangling vein,

Take your own kisses; give me mine again."
WILLIAM STRODE.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, — Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows, —
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin, —
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

THE KISS.

- 1. Among thy fancies tell me this: What is the thing we call a kiss?
- 2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips all cherry red,
By love and warm desires fed;
Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullables;
Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, — now here, now then
'T is now far off, and then 't is near;
Chor. And here, and there, and everywhere.

Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.

 How speaks it, say? — 2. Do you but this:

Part your joined lips, — then speaks your kiss;

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

 Has it a body? — 2. Ay, and wings, With thousand rare encolorings; And as it flies it gently sings;
 Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE PLAIDIE.

Upon ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lassies —
And the sweetest I maintain
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed For the kiss that I had ta'en; I wadna hae thought the lassie Wad sae of a kiss complain: "Now, laddie!

I winna stay under your plaidie, If I gang hame in the rain!"

But, on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This selfsame winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"
CHARLES SIBLEY.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it

tumbled.

And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now - 'twas looking at you now!

Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'T was the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her, That such a misfortune should give her such pain.

A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her, She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

I was hay-making season — I can't tell the rea-

Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain; For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster 'The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

KISSING'S NO SIN.

Some say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu'
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

A RONVMOUS

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassic has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Among the train there is a swrin
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whour his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the town, Gin a body greet a body, Need a body frown? Every lassie has her laddie, —
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whave his hame, or what his na

But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Adapted from BURNS.

KISSING HER HAIR ..

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet:
Wove and unwove it, — wound, and found it
sweet:

Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eves.

Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies; With her own tresses bound, and found her

Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me, —
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would Love not relish

Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me there,—

Kissing her hair.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MAKE BELIEVE.

Kiss me, though you make believe;
Kiss me, though I almost know
You are kissing to deceive:
Let the tide one moment flow
Backward ere it rise and break,
Only for poor pity's sake!

Give me of your flowers one leaf,
Give me of your smiles one smile,
Backward roll this tide of grief
Just a moment, though, the while,
I should feel and almost know
You are trifling with my woe.

Whisper to me sweet and low;
Tell me how you sit and weave
Dreams about me, though I know
It is only make believe!
Just a moment, though 't is plain
You are jesting with my pain.
ALICE CARY.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:
Why not I with thine?

See! the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE MOTH'S KISS, FIRST!

FROM "IN A GONDOLA."

THE Moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dared not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

SEDENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream, —
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon het heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
O, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore Alone upon the threshold of my door Of individual life, I shall command The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand Serenely in the sunshine as before, Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . . Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine With pulses that beat double. What I do And what I dream include thee, as the wine Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue God for myself, he hears that name of thine, And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

INDEED this very love which is my boast,
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost, . . .
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were
crossed,

And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own.
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and
weak.

And placed it by thee on a golden throne, — And that I love (O soul, we must be meek!) Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

Ir thou must love me, let it be for naught Except for love's sake only. Do not say "I love her for her smile... her look... her way Of speaking gently, — for a trick of thought That falls in well with mine, and certes brought A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."

For these things in themselves, heloved, may Be changed, or change for thee, — and love so wrought.

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, — A creature might forget to weep, who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby. But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee.
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the tuneralshears

Would take this first, but Love is justified, —
Take it thou, . . . finding pure, from all those
years,

The kiss my mother left here when she died.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated

Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat

Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry: "Speak once more — thou lovest!" Who
can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll, —

Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me, — toll The silver iterance! — only minding, dear, To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

My letters ! all dead paper, . . . nute and white ! —
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the
string

And let them drop down on my knee to-night. This said,... he wished to have me in his sight Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring To come and touch my hand... a simple thing,

Yet I wept for it! this,... the paper's light... Said, Dear, I love thee; and I sank and quailed As if God's future thundered on my past. This said, I am thine,— and so its ink has paled With lying at my heart that beat too fast. And this... O Love, thy words have ill availed, If what this said, I dared repeat at last!

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath
To love me, I looked forward to the moon
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly
loathe:

And, looking on myself, I seemed not one
For such man's love!—more like an out of tune
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in
haste.

Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
A wrong on thee. For perfect strains may float
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,—
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own
crown.

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WAITING FOR THE GRAPES.

THAT I love thee, charming maid, I a thousand times have said,

And a thousand times more I have sworn it, But 't is easy to be seen in the coldness of your

That you doubt my affection — or scorn it.

Ah me

Not a single grain of sense is in the whole of these pretences

For rejecting your lover's petitions;

Had I windows in my bosom, O, how gladly I'd expose 'em,

To undo your fantastic suspicions!

Ah me!

You repeat I've known you long, and you hint I do you wrong,

In beginning so late to pursue ye;

But 't is folly to look glum because people did not come

Up the stairs of your nursery to woo ye.

Ah me!

In a grapery one walks without looking at the stalks.

While the bunches are green that they're bearing:

All the pretty little leaves that are dangling at the eaves

Scarce attract e'en a moment of staring.

Ah me!

But when time has swelled the grapes to a richer style of shapes.

And the sun has lent warmth to their blushes, Then to cheer us and to gladden, to enchant us and to madden,

Is the ripe ruddy glory that rushes.

Ah me!

O, 't is then that mortals pant while they gaze on Bacchus' plant, —

O, 't is then, — will my simile serve ye? Should a damsel fair repine, though neglected like a vine?

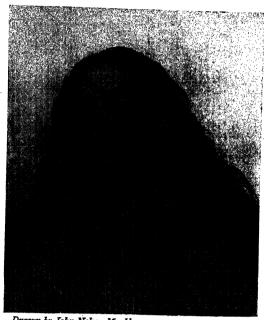
Both erclong shall turn heads topsy-turvy.

Ah me!

Ah me! William Maginn.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin, She tied her raven ringlets in. But not alone in the silken snare Did she catch her lovely floating hair, For, tying her bonnet under her chiu, She tied a young man's heart within.



Drawn by John Nelson Marble.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face, And these the boundaries I trace: Northward her forehead fair; Beyond a wilderness of auburn hair; A rosy cheek to east and west; Her little mouth The sunny south. It is the south that I love best.

Her eyes two crystal lakes, Rippling with light, Caught from the sun by day, The stars by night. The dimples in

Her cheeks and chin Are snares which Love hath set, And I have fallen in!



Photo. by Moreno.

A KNOT OF BLUE. FOR THE BOYS OF YALE.

SHE hath no gems of lustre bright To sparkle in her hair; No need hath she of borrowed light To make her beauty fair. Upon her shining locks affoat Are daisies wet with dew, And peeping from her lissome throat A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue, A ribbon blithe of hue. It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,— 'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,— That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane, Beneath the apple-tree, The balmy blossoms fell like rain Upon my love and me: And what I said or what I did That morn I never knew, But to my breast there came and hid A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue, A love-knot strong and true, That little knot of blue.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face.
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume, All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl That ever imprisoned a romping curl, Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin, Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill, Madder, merrier, chiller still, The western wind blew down, and played The wildest tricks with the little maid, As, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair To play such tricks with her floating hair? To gladly, gleefully, do your best To blow her against the young man's breast, Where he has gladly folded her in, And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought, An hour ago, when you besought This country lass to walk with you, After the snn had dried the dew, What terrible danger you'd be in, As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O!

Green grow the rashes O, Green grow the rashes O; The sweetest hours that e'er I spend Are spent amang the lasses O!

There's naught but care on ev'ry han', In every hour that passes O; What signifies the life o' man, An't were na for the lasses O?

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O!

Gie me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie O, An' warly cares an' warly men May all gae tapsalteerie O! For you sae douce, ye sneer at this, Ye're naught but senseless asses O; The wisest man the warl' e'er saw He dearly lo'ed the lasses O!

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses O!
ROBERT BURNS.

THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose, And did rigorous laws impose; A mighty tyrant she! Long, alas! should I have been Under that iron-sceptred queen, Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'T was then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fied;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour Judith held the sovereign power:

Wondrous beautiful her face!

But so weak and small her wit, That she to govern was unfit, And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid, To whom ensued a vacancy: Thousand worse passions then possessed The interregnum of my breast; Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long et catera.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
· Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO CHLOE.

AN APOLOGY FOR GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

Chloe, we must not always be in heaven,
Forever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
The joys for which I thousands would have given,
Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of
doves:

Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the loves;
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature, Much like economy in worldly matter; We should be prudent, never live too fast; Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts, —'t is a shame, — Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame, Till penury stares them in the face; And when they find an empty purse,

Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse, And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!

Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung.

Sunk to an humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose — Smell twenty times — and then, my dear, thy

Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
The twentieth drank less flavor than the first.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows; Yet often should the little god retire. Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows, That keeps alive the sacred fire.

DR. WOLCOTT (Peter Pindar).

THE EXCHANGE.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I, —
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, O, I trembled like an aspen!

Her father's love-she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man, — in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERINGS.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER she be, That not impossible she, That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie, Locked up from mortal eye, In shady leaves of destiny,

Till that ripe birth Of studied fate stand forth, And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine Idea take a shrine Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes, Bespeak her to my blisses, And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty, That owes not all its duty To gaudy tire, or glistering shoe-tie, Something more than Taffata or tissue can, Or rampant feather, or rich fan:

More than the spoil Of shop, or silkworm's toil, Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face, that 's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest.

A face, made up Out of no other shop, Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Days, that need borrow No part of their good morrow, From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite Of darkness, by the light Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they.

Made short by lovers' play,

Yet long by the absence of the day.

Life that dares send A challenge to his end, And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Sydneian showers Of sweet discourse, whose powers Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours, Open suns, shady bowers; 'Bove all — nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight Can make day's forehead bright, Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame, Have Nature all the name, Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery, Picture and poesy, Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store Of worth may leave her poor Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows That her, whose radiant brows Weave them a garland of my vows; Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be What these lines wish to see: I seek no further, it is She.

'T is She, and here, Lo, I unclothe and clear My Wish's cloudy character!

May she enjoy it, Whose merit dare apply it, But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is Shall fix my flying wishes, And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but — her story.

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Shall my foolish heart be pined 'Cause I see a woman kind? Or a well-disposed nature Joined with a lovely feature? Be she nieser, kinder than The turtle-dove or pelican, — If she be not so to me, What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, Shall I play the fool and die? Those that bear a noble mind Where they want of riches find, Think what with them they would do That without them dare to woo. And unless that mind I see, What care I how great she be!

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,—
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;—
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:
Whist! wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut my eyes to keep you m,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me!

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god;
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me;
Spare not, but play thee!

THOMAS LODGE.

COUNTY GUY.

FROM "QUENTIN DURWARD."

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know,
But where is County Guy?
SIR WALTER SCOTT

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove;
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can,
You can be no more, you know.
ROBERT BURNS.

UNSATISFACTORY.

- "HAVE other lovers say, my love Loved thus before to-day?"
- "They may have, yes, they may, my love; Not long ago they may."
- "But, though they worshipped thee, my love, Thy maiden heart was free?"
- "Don't ask too much of me, my love; Don't ask too much of me."
- "Yet, now't is you and I, my love, Love's wings no more will fly?" "If love could never die, my love,

Our love should never die."

- "For shame! and is this so, my love, And Love and I must go?" "Indeed, I do not know, my love, My life. I do not know."
- "You will, you must be true, my love, —
 Not look and love anew!"

"I'll see what I can do, my love,
I'll see what I can do."

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE-LETTERS MADE IN FLOWERS.

ON A PRINT OF ONE OF THEM IN A BOOK.

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,—
This art of writing billet-doux
In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies;
Uttering, as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit too for the lady's bosom!
The place where billet-doux repose 'em.

What delight in some sweet spot
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers!
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs, and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering every day one's pathos!

A letter comes, just gathered. We Dote on its tender brilliancy,
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea, and its confessions
Made with as sweet a Maiden's Blush
As ever morn bedewed on bush:
('T is in reply to one of ours,
Made of the most convincing flowers.)

Then, after we have kissed its wit And heart, in water putting it (To keep its remarks fresh), go round Our little eloquent plot of ground, And with enchanted hands compose Our answer, — all of lily and rose, Of tuberose and of violet, And Little Darling (mignonette); Of Look-at-me and Call-me-to-you (Words that, while they greet, go through you); Of Thoughts, of Flames, Forget-me-not, Bridewort, — in short, the whole blest lot Of vouchers for a lifelong kiss, — And literally, breathing bliss!

LEIGH HUNT.

MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU.

My eyes! how I love you, You sweet little dove you! There's no one above you, Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is, Like a sylph's or a fairy's; And your neck, I declare, is Exquisitely pretty!

Quite Grecian your nose is, And your cheeks are like roses, So delicious — O Moses! Surpassingly sweet!

Not the beauty of tulips,
Nor the taste of mint-juleps,
Can compare with your two lips,
Most beautiful Kate!

Not the black eyes of Juno, Nor Minerva's of blue, no, Nor Venus's, you know, Can equal your own!

O, how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When its radiant glances
Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,
It's not very pretty,
Indeed it's a pity,
To keep me in sorrow!

So, if you'll but chime in,
We'll have done with our rhymin',
Swap Cupid for Hymen,
And be married to-morrow.

IOHN GODFREY SAXE.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T OTHER day, as I was twining Roses for a crown to dine in; What, of all things, midst the heap, Should I light on, fast asleep,

But the little desperate elf. The tiny traitor. - Love himself! By the wings I pinched him up Like a bee, and in a cup Of my wine I plunged and sank him; And what d' ye think I did? - I drank him! Faith. I thought him dead. Not he! There he lives with tenfold glee: And now this moment, with his wings I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO WOO

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! On blythe Yule night when we were fou -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Maggie coost her head fu' high, Looked asklent and unco skeigh, Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh -Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched and Duncan prayed -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Duncan sighed baith out and in. Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'. Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn -Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Slighted love is sair to bide — Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Shall I, like a fool, quoth he. For a haughty hizzie dee? She may gae to - France, for me! Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Meg grew sick as he grew heal -Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Something in her bosom wrings, --For relief a sigh she brings; And O, her een they speak sic things! Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace ---Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Maggie's was a piteous case — Ha, ha! the wooing o't! Duncan could na be her death: Swelling pity smoored his wrath. Now they're crouse and canty baith, Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine : My ribbins'll never be reet : Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine, For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet : He met me i' th' lone t' other day (Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well), An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' Mav. Bi th' mass, if he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his, Good Lord, heaw they trembled between ! An' aw durst n't look up in his face. Becose on him seein' my e'en. My cheek went as red as a rose: There's never a mortal con tell Heaw happy aw felt, - for, thae knows. One could n't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung : To let it cawt would n't be reet. For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung : So aw towd him aw'd tell him to-neet. But, Mally, thae knows very weel, Though it is n't a thing one should own. Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel'. Aw'd oather ha Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've towd that my mind; What would to do iv it wur thee? "Aw 'd tak him just while he'se inclined. An' a farrantly bargain he'll be; For Jamie's as greadly a lad As ever stept eawt into th' sun. Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed ; An' mak th' best o' th' job when it 's done !"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon: Aw should n't like Jamie to wait : Aw connut for shame be too soon, An' aw would n't for th' wuld be too late. Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel: Dost think 'at my bonnet'll do? "Be off, lass, - thae looks very weel; He wants noan o' th' bonnet, that foo!" EDWIN WAUGH.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, ALL FOR GOOD LUCK.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn, — He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn; He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Now, Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, —
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what
I'm about;

Faith! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day; And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be

For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,

For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound —"

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you
so!"

"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,

For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear. So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die, And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;

Sure I 've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste, —

So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste." Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck.

So soft and so white, without freekle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming
with light,

And he kissed her sweet lips, — don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, — you'll hug me no more. —

That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
"T was on a market day:
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car,

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,—
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar;
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,—
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Or all the girls that are so smart
There 's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work, I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk, And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
For she 's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money!
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey;
I would it were ten thousand pound!
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all Make game of me and Sally, And, but for her, I'd better be A slave, and row a galley; But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally!
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley!
HENRY CAREY.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the

If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.

Be what it may the time of day, the place he where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock.

How clear they are! how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower.

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine, —

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before;

No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she was gay!

She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete

The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;

The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,

But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I 'm whistling or lilting what you sung.

Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;

on both your hands. And for myself there's not a thumb or little

finger stands.

O, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town:

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast

If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright.

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in a lofty palace hall. Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!

O, might we live together in a cottage mean and

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my dis-

It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low :

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire, Dressed just as I came from the dance, In a robe even you would admire, -It cost a cool thousand in France; I 'm bediamonded out of all reason, My hair is done up in a cue: In short, sir, "the belle of the season" Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I 've broken ; I left in the midst of a set; Likewise a proposal, half spoken, That waits - on the stairs - for me yet. They say he'll be rich, - when he grows up, -And then he adores me indeed. And you, sir, are turning your nose up, Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?" "And what do I think of New York?" "And new, in my higher ambition, With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?" "And is n't it nice to have riches And diamonds and silks and all that?" "And are n't it a change to the ditches And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count | Well, yes, - if you saw us out driving Each day in the park, four-in-hand; If you saw poor dear mamma contriving To look supernaturally grand. -If you saw papa's picture, as taken By Brady, and tinted at that, You 'd never suspect he sold bacon And flour at Poverty Flat.

> And yet, just this moment, when sitting In the glare of the grand chandelier. In the bustle and glitter belitting The "finest soirée of the year." In the mists of a gaze de chamberu And the hum of the smallest of talk. -Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The Ferry." And the dance that we had on "The Fork :

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster Of flags festooned over the wall; Of the candles that shed their soft lustre And tallow on head-dress and shawl: Of the steps that we took to one fiddle : Of the dress of my queer vis-à-ris; And how I once went down the middle With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping On the hill, when the time came to go; Of the few baby peaks that were peeping From under their bedclothes of snow: Of that ride, — that to me was the rarest; Of - the something you said at the gate : Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny To think, as I stood in the glare Of fashion and beauty and money, That I should be thinking, right there, Of some one who breasted high water, And swam the North Fork, and all that, Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter, The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing! (Mamma says my taste still is low,) Instead of my triumphs reciting, I'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho! And I'm to be "finished" by travel, Whatever 's the meaning of that, -O, why did papa strike pay gravel In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night, - here 's the end of my paper; Good night, - if the longitude please, -For maybe, while wasting my taper, Your sun's climbing over the trees.

But know, if you have n't got riches, And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that, That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches, And you've struck it, — on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown,—
Och hone! widow machree;
Faith. it ruins your looks, that same dirty black

gown, —
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear, —
'T is destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl, —
Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, now the summer is come, — Och hone! widow machree; When everything smiles, should a beauty look

Och hone! widow machree!
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares;
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish,—
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, and when winter comes in, —
Och hone! widow machree, —
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld, --

Och hone! widow machree, —
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the

Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying "Och hone! widow mechane!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree, —
Och hone! widow machree!—
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take

Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart,—
Och hone! widow machree!

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great, His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state; He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell, At his table-head he thought she 'd look well; M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee, A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and guid as when new:

His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,— And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie, — And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee; "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben: She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;

"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he boued fu' low, Aud what was his errand he soon let her know. Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na, And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e; He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie, And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen, "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Without thinking to see
ome ghost or some sprite,
nat would wake you each night,
Crying "Och hone! widow machree!"

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"O, for ane I 'll get better, it 's waur I 'll get ten;
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the lady were seen, They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green:

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen, But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I 'D been away from her three years, — about that,

And I returned to find my Mary true; And though I'd question her, I did not doubt that

It was unnecessary so to do.

'T was by the chimney-corner we were sitting:
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,

"I don't think I 've unfaithful been to you: But for the three years past I 'll tell you what I 've done; then say if I 've been true or not.

"When first you left my grief was uncontrollable;
Alone I mourned my miserable lot;
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable

And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershott.
To flirt with him amused me while 't was new:
I don't count that unfaithfulness — do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps;

I met him at my uncle's, Christmas-tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss—" And here she
sighed.

"We stayed six weeks at uncle's — how time flow!

I don't count that unfaithfulness - do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmore — only twenty-one — Lent me his horse. O, how we rode and raced! We scoured the downs — we rode to hounds such fun!

And often was his arm about my waist, —
That was to lift me up and down. But who
Would call just that unfaithfulness? Would
you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met, —'t was at a picnic. O, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, — we two!
I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him; d'ye see
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "O Mary! can it be
That you—" Quoth she, "that I am Mrs. Vere.
I don't call that unfaithfulness—do you?"
"No," I replied, "for I am married too."

ANONYMOUS.

COOKING AND COURTING.

FROM TOM TO NED.

DEAR Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter.
I've railed against the marriage state;
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I've met a lovely girl out here;
Her manner is — well — very winning:
We're soon to be — well, Ned, my dear,
I'll tell you all, from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride
Last Wednesday — it was perfect weather.
She said she could n't possibly:
The servants had gone off together
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousins' funerals to be looking);
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"O, let me help you," then I cried:
"I'll be a cooker too—how jolly!"
She laughed, and answered, with a smile,
"All right! but you'll repent your folly:
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grappl

And good hard work you'll have to grapple; So sit down there, and don't you stir, But take this knife, and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm, —
That lovely arm, so plump and rounded;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses:
I passed the most delightful hour
Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle:
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted;
But locks would break it, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy;
O, it did take the longest time!—
Her arm, Ned, was so round and snowy.

She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy; Somehow that made me all the bolder; Her arch lips looked so red that I — Well — found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month; Come and attend the wedding revels. I really think that bachelors Are the most miserable devils! You'd better go for some girl's hand; And if you are uncertain whether You dare to make a due demand, Why, just try cooking pies together.

ANONYMOUS.

POSSESSION.

A Poet loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shin'st so brightly?
O Beauty wooed and unpossest!
O, might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"
That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human;
And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward, and became a
Woman.
"Thou who hast wooed and hast possest,

My lover, answer: Which was best,
The Star's beam or the Woman's breast?"
"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

ROBERT BULWER, LORD LYTTON.
(Owen Meredith.)

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin,
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,—
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass; Grizzling hair the brain doth clear; Then you know a boy is an ass, Then you know the worth of a lass,— Once you have come to forty year. Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray, —
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier, —
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPIACE THACKERAY.

THE FIRE OF LOVE.

FROM THE "EXAMEN MISCELLANEUM," 1708.

THE fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
But for a moment burns;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise;
It crackles, and to vapor turns,
And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins
It slowly burns, and then long remains,
And with a silent heat,
Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

LOVE

FROM THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, ' CANTO HE

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed; In war, he mounts the warrior's steed; In halls, in gay attire is seen; In hamlets, dances on the green. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, And men below, and saints above; For love is heaven, and heaven is love-

True love's the gift which God has given To man alone beneath the heaven;

It is not fantasy's hot fire,

Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire.

With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FRAGMENTS.

POWER OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Love, like death, Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook Beside the sceptre.

Lady of Lyons.

E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love, Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow, As seek to quench the fire of love with words. Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act il. Sc. 7. SHAKESPEARLE.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move, I bow before thine altar, Love! Roderick Random, Ch. xl.

T. SMOLLETT.

Alas! the love of women! it is known To be a lovely and a fearful thing. Don Juan, Cant. ii.

BYRON.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway '
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's

breast.

WORDSWORTH.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,

When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they
die!

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss; And O, if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this.

Laua Rookh: Light of the Harem. MOORE.

Those curious locks so aptly twined Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

Think not cause men flattering say.

T. CAREW.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.

MILTON.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

POPE.

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Shakespeare.

Still harping on my daughter.

SHAKESPEARE.

This is the very ecstasy of love.

SHAKESPEARE.

The light that lies In woman's eyes. The time I've lost.

MOORE.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye. .

Love's Labor Lost, Activ. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

With a smile that glowed Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. Paradise Losi, Book viii. Milton.

Hung over her enamored, and beheld Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep, Shot forth peculiar graces.

Paradise Lost, Book v.

MILTON.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. Musummer Night's Dream, Act. So. 1. Shakespeare.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.

Blind Beggar of Alexandria. GEO. CHAPMAN.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Here and Leander.

C. MARLOWE.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

*Merchant of Venics, Act il. Sc. 6. Shakespeare.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Rape of the Lock, Cant. v. POPE.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

Mariage à la Modé, Act ii. So. z. DRYDEN.

LOVE'S PAINS.

A mighty pain to love it is, And 't is a pain that pain to miss; But of all pains, the greatest pain It is to love, but love in vain.

Gold

A. COWLEY.

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love; The taint of earth, the odor of the skies Is in it.

Festus.

P. I. BAILEY.

('hords that vibrate sweetest pleasure Thrill the deepest notes of woe. On Sensibility.

RITUME

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway,
And those are punished most who most obey.

Solomon.

M. PRICE.

To be in love where scorn is bought with groans; Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labor won.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Love is like a landscape which doth stand Smooth at a distance, rough at hand. On Love. R. HEGGE

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,

That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.

Alexander the Great, Act i. Sc. 3.

N. LEE.

To love you was pleasant enough, And O, 't is delicious to hate you!

MOORE

SIGHS, TEARS, AND SMILES.

To love,

It is to be all made of sighs and tears.

As You Like II, Act v. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The world was sad, — the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed — till Woman smiled.

Pleasures of Hope, Parti.

T. CAMPBELL.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

*A Lover's Complaint, St. xiii. Shakespeare.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.

The Seasons · Summer. THOMSON.

Sunshine and rain at once.

King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 3

SHAKESPEARE.

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.

Paratise Lost. Book is. MILTON.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
Lady of the Lake, Caul. iv. Scott.

SHYNESS OF LOVE.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
The Silent Lover.

SIR W. RALEIGH

Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly:
Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.

Sonnet.

S. DANIEL.

I never tempted her with word too large; But, as a brother to his sister, showed Bashful sincerity, and comely love. Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

ARTS OF LOVE.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love Pity 's the straightest.

Knight of Matta, Act i. Sc. 1. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love; And thus the soldier, armed with resolution, Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer. Richard III. (Allered), Actil. So. 1. COLLEY CIBBER.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Don Juan, Cant. xx.

Love first invented verse, and formed the rhyme, The motion measured, harmonized the chime. Cymorand iphigeria. DRYDEN,

Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late.

Paradise Last, Book ix.

MILTON.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair, But love can hope where reason would despair.

Epigram. GEORGE, LORD LYTTELION.

IDLE LOVE.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they've taught me.
The time I 're lost.

MOORE

Love in your hearts as idly burns As fire in antique Roman urns. Hudibras. Part ii Cant. 1.

BUTLER.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. Twelfth Night, Act is, Sc. s. SHAKESPEARE.

DISCRIMINATING LOVE.

The rose that all are praising Is not the rose for me: Too many eyes are gazing Upon the costly tree : But there's a rose in yonder glen That shuns the gaze of other men, For me its blossom raising. -O. that's the rose for me. The rose that all are praising.

T. H. BAYLY.

Indeed is too mellow for me. The Auswer. LADY MARY W. MONTAGU. Love in a hut, with water and a crust,

· But the fruit that can fall without shaking.

Is - Lord forgive us ! - cinders, ashes, dust. KEATS.

The cold in clime are cold in blood. Their love can scarce deserve the name. The Gianer. BUDON

LOVE'S DANGERS.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is

The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent," - consented.

Don Juan, Cant. i.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. Beggar's Opera, Act ii. Sc. 2. J. GAY.

Then fly betimes, for only they Conquer Love, that run away. Conquest by Flight.

T. CAREW.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

Then awake ! - the heavens look bright, my dear!

'T is never too late for delight, my dear ! And the best of all ways To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear ! Young May Moon.

Lovers' hours are long, though seeming short. Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE O Love! O fire! once he drew With one long kiss my whole soul through My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew. Fatima. TENNYSON.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love. Don Tuan, Cant. is. RUPOV

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move The bloom of young Desire and purple light of

Progress of Poesy, i. 3.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2

T. GRAY.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing, Like Philip and Mary on a shilling. Hudibras, Part, ili, Cant. i. BI'TI ED

And dallies with the innocence of love. Twelfth Night, Act ii, Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew. Paradise Lost Rook viii

Why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed op

SHAKESPEARE

Imparadised in one another's arms. Paradise Lost, Book iv.

MILTON.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one. Ingomar the Barbarian, Act il. MARIA LOVELL.

FERD. Here 's my hand. MIRAN. And mine, with my heart in 't. Tempest, Act iii. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. Measure for Measure, Act v. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Drink ve to her that each loves best, And if you nurse a flame That 's told but to her mutual breast. We will not ask her name.

Drink ye to her. CAMPBELL.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove An unrelenting foe to love; And, when we meet a mutual heart, Come in between and bid us part?

And you must love him, ere to you

THOMSON.

He will seem worthy of your love. WORDSWORTH A Poet's Epilaph.

And make two lovers happy. Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. xi.

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,

Sweet to entrance

The raptured soul by intermingling glance.

Psyche. Mrs. Tighe.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

WORDSWORTH.

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Childe Harold, Cant. iv. BYRON.

iv. Byro

With thee, all toils are sweet; each clime hath charms;

Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms.

The Bride of Abydos.

BYRON.

TRUE LOVE.

Love is a celestial harmony Of likely hearts.

Hymn in Honor of Beauty.

SPENSER.

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate.

Laodamia.

WORDSWORTH.

In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, Brought from a pensive, though a happy place. He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel In worlds whose course is equable and pure; No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, — The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

Lacdamia. WORDSWORTH.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum.

Hamiet, Act v. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

TENDER AFFECTION.

So loving to my mother, That he might not beteem the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er

thee.

L'enice Preserved. Act v. Sc. I.

T. OTWAY.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes; Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

The Bard 1. 2.

T. GRAY.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.

Tulius Casar, Act ii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

With thee conversing I forget all time; All seasons and their change, all please alike.

But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

Paradise Lost. Book by.

MILTON.

CONSTANCY.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

Prometheus Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 5. SHELLEY.

Love is indestructible: Its holy flame forever burneth; From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;

It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

Curse of Kehama, Cant. x. R. SOUTHEY.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.

Curse of Kehama, Cant. x. R. SOUTHEY.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

Hamlet, det il. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Tuhus Casar, Act Iv. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence. Sex to the last.

Cymon and Iphigenia.

DRYDEY.

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false. The thought is falser far. Danie nam R. MATURIN

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong: Pray love me little, so you love me long. Love me little, love me long. R. HERRICK.

Let those love now who never loved before. Let those who always loved now love the more. Permenlium Venerus. T. PARNETT.

INCONSTANCY AND JEALOUSY.

All love may be expelled by other love As poisons are by poisons.

All for Love.

DEVDEY.

Frailty, thy name is woman! Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring? OPH. 'T is brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

A little month.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Framed to make women false. Othello, Act i. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one. Othello, Act iv. Sc. t. SHAKESPEARE.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks. Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Romeo and Juliet, Act il. Sc 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock The meat it feeds on.

Othello, Act iii. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

To be once in doubt. Is once to be resolved.

Othello, Act iil. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

That we can call these delicate creatures ours. And not their appetites!

Othello, Act iii, Sc. 3.

CULVECTEADE

But. O. what damned minutes tells he o'er. Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Othello, Act ili, Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Trifles, light as air. Are to the jealous confirmations strong As proofs of holy writ.

Othello, Act iii, Sc. 2.

SUAPESSEADE

With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives: What phrenzy dictates, jealousy believes. I. GAY.

At lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. Romeo and Juliet. Act v. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie. And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.

Palaman and Arcite. Book il. DRVDEN.

Nor icalousy

Was understood, the injured lover's hell. Paradise Lost, Book v. MILTON.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend From jealousy!

Othello, Act ili. Sc. 3.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned. Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. The Mourning Bride, Act iii. Sc. 8. W. CONGREVE.

Who love too much hate in the like extreme. Homer's Odvssev. POPE.

They that do change old love for new, Pray gods, they change for worse! The Arraignment of Paris: Cupid's Curse. G. PEELE.

Possession.

I die - but first I have possessed, And come what may, I have been blest. RVRON. The Graner.

I 've lived and loved.

Wallenstein, Part i. Act ii. St. 6.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MARRIAGE.

SONNET.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments:.love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error, and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKESPEARL

LOVE.

There are who say the lover's heart
Is in the loved one's merged;
O, never by love's own warm art
So cold a plea was urged!
No!—hearts that love hath crowned or crossed
Love fondly knits together;
But not a thought or hue is lost
That made a part of either.

It is an ill-told tale that tells
Of "hearts by love made one;"
He grows who near another's dwells
More conscious of his own;
In each spring up new thoughts and powers
That, mid love's warm, clear weather,
Together tend like climbing flowers,
And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blink love's better part,
Yield up its half of bliss;
The wells are in the neighbor heart
When there is thirst in this:
There findeth love the passion-flowers
On which it learns to thrive,
Makes honey in another's bowers,
But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies,—
To each low beat it beats,
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,
And every throb repeats.
Then, since one loving heart still throws
Two shadows in love's sun,
How should two loving hearts compose
And mingle into one?

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
And the heart that wad part sic luve!
But there's nac hand can loose the band,
But the finger o' God abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bickl,
An' my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean!

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Fu' safter than the down;
An' Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind
wings,
An' sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve!
Come here and kneel wi' me!
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
An' I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kail-yard dike,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.

The Book mann be ta'en whan the carle comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie;
And thou manu speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

ADAM DESCRIBING EVE.

FROM "PARADISE LOSI," BOOK VIII.

MINE eyes he closed, but open left the cell Of fancy, my internal sight, by which Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw. Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape Still glorious before whom awake I stood : Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm. And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the

But suddenly with fiesh filled up and healed : The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands : Under his forming hands a creature grew. Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair, That what seemed fair in all the world seemed

Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained And in her looks, which from that time infused Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, And into all things from her air inspired The spirit of love and amorous delight. She disappeared, and left me dark: I waked To find her, or forever to deplore Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : When out of hope, behold her, not far off, Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned With what all earth or Heaven could bestow To make her amiable. On she came. Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen, And guided by his voice, nor uninformed Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites : Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love. I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud : "This turn hath made amends; thou hast

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign, Giver of all things fair, but fairest this Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself Before me; Woman is her name, of man Extracted: for this cause he shall forego Father and mother, and to his wife adhere; And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul." She heard me thus, and though divinely

fulfilled

brought, Yet innocence and virgin modesty, Her virtue and the conscience of her worth, That would be wooed, and not unsought be won, Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired, The more desirable; or, to say all, Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought, Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned : I followed her; she what was honor knew, And with obsequious majesty approved My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower

I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven. And happy constellations on that hour Shed their selectest influence: the earth Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill: Joyous the birds: fresh gales and gentle airs Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub. Disporting, till the amorous bird of night Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

When I approach Her loveliness, so absolute she seems. And in herself complete, so well to know Her own, that what she wills to do or sav Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best : All higher knowledge in her presence falls Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows: Authority and reason on her wait. As one intended first, not after made Occasionally: and, to consummate all, Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat Build in her loveliest, and create an awe About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught

So much delights me, as those graceful acts, Those thousand decencies that daily flow From all her words and actions, mixed with love And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned Union of mind, or in us both one soul; Harmony to behold in wedded pair More grateful than harmonious sound to the car.

MILION.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O, FORMED by Nature, and refined by Art, With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart! By thousands sought, Clotikla, canst thou free Thy crowd of captives and descend to me? Content in shades obscure to waste thy life, A hidden beauty and a country wife? O, listen while thy summers are my theme! Ah! soothe thy partner in his waking dream! In some small hamlet on the lonely plain, Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy train,

Or where high Windsor, thick with greens arrayed,

Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade, Fancy has figured out our calm retreat; Already round the visionary seat Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring, The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

Where dost thou lie, thou thinly peopled green, Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen, Where sons, contented with their native ground, Ne'er travelled further than ten furlongs round, And the tanned peasant and his ruddy bride Were born together, and together died, Where early larks best tell the morning light, And only Philomel disturbs the night? Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise, With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes; All savage where the embroidered gardens end, The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend; And oh! if Heaven the ambitious thought approve

A rill shall warble 'cross the gloomy grove, —
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds conveyed,
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the
glade.

What cheering scents these bordering banks ex-

How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high.

He drowns each feathered minstrel of the sky. Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn The deep-mouthed beagle and the sprightly horn, Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies, Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies. Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine, The downy peach, or flavored nectarine; Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard. And bear the unbought luxuriance to thy board. Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours, While from thy needle rise the silken flowers. And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight, Resume the volume, and deceive the night. O, when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest, Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest; Then watch thee, charmed, while sleep locks every sense.

And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence. Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold, Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old; Till courts arose, where substance pays for show, And specious joys are bought with real woe.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING; OR, TEN YEARS AFTER.

THOMAS TICKELL.

THE country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom

This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like Autumn mid his withered leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past, the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding hells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour, — and now 't is come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart filled with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can l, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. O, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past, —
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm!
Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young, Some soft and soul-subduing air, Melts when again he hears it sung, Although 't is only half so fair. So I love thee, and love is sweet (My Florence, 't is the cruel truth) Because it can to age repeat That long-lost passion of my youth.

O, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now't is done. — My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years,
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes; Smile, villagers, at every door; Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes, Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er; And youthful maidens, white and sweet, Scatter your blossoms far and wide; And with a bridal chorus greet This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin At bottom of my thankless mood: What if desert alone could win For me life's chiefest grace and good? Love gives itself; and if not given, No genius, beauty, state or wit, No gold of earth, no gem of heaven, Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Filled with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of batter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do ye here on a wedding-morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord, rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lightened is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers,
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told,
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendors, set,
And die into my wedding day.

Alexander Smith.

THE BRIDE

FROM "A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING."

THE maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring, —
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth, — for out it must, —
It looked like the great collar — just —
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
"Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE BRIDE.

FROM "THE EPITHALAMION."

LOE! where she comes along with portly pace, Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East, Arvsing forth to run her mighty race, Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best. So well it her beseems, that ye would weene Some angell she had beene. Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre, Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene, Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre, And, being crowned with a girland greene, Seem lyke some mayden queene. Her modest eyes, abashed to behold So many gazers as on her do stare. Upon the lowly ground affixed are, Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold, But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud. -So farre from being proud. Nathlesse doe ve still loud her prayses sing, That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see So fayre a creature in your towne before; So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she, Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store? Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright, Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun lat:

Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,

Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,
Her brest lyke to a bowl of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho

EDMUND SPENSER.

HEBREW WEDDING.

FROM "THE FALL OF JERUSALEM."

To the sound of timbrels sweet Moving slow our solemn feet, We have borne thee on the road To the virgin's blest abode; With thy yellow torches gleaming, And thy scarlet mantle streaming, And the canopy above Swaying as we slowly move. Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously unclosing door,
That the favored youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine, Bride of David's kingly line; How thy dove-like bosom trembleth, And thy shrouded eye resembleth Violets, when the dews of eve A moist and tremulous glitter leave

On the bashful sealed lid! Close within the bride-veil hid, Motionless thou sit'st and mute; Save that at the soft salute Of each entering maiden friend, Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds, —'t is he! 't is he!
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our futes to greet him.
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN,

MARRIAGE.

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

THEN before All they stand, - the holy yow And ring of gold, no fond illusions now, Bind her as his. Across the threshold led. And every tear kissed off as soon as shed, His house she enters, - there to be a light, Shining within, when all without is night; A guardian angel o'er his life presiding, Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing, Winning him back when mingling in the throng, Back from a world we love, alas! too long, To fireside happiness, to hours of ease. Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined; Still subject, - ever on the watch to borrow Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow '

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly—
pour

A thousand melodies unheard before!

SEVEN TIMES SIX.

GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews;—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Aniong his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But, when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears.
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

JEAN INGELOW.

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world, and we two, and Heaven be our
stay!

Like a laverock * in the lift, † sing, O bonny bride!

All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

* Lark. † Cloud.

What's the world, my lass, my love!—what can it do?

I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and

new.

If the world have missed the mark, let it stand

If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by;

For we two have gotten leave, and once more will try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!

It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.

Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins:

"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins"

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,

Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine. It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away.

Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Nor ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread The thorny path of sorrow, With clouds above, and cause to dread Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies, Have drawn our spirits nearer; And rendered us, by sorrow's ties, Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth, With mirth and joy may perish; That to which darker hours gave birth Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON,

A WIFE.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

SHE was a creature framed by love divine For mortal love to muse a life away. In pondering her perfections; so unmoved Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched No vital chord nor troubled what she loved, Philosophy might look her in the face, And, like a hermit stooping to the well That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein See but his own serenity reflected With a more heavenly tenderness of hue! Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares, Its small disquietudes and insect stings, Disturbed her never, she was one made up Of feminine affections, and her life Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown.
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No. never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CONNUBIAL LIFE.

FROM "THE SEASONS: SPRING."

But happy they! the happiest of their kind! Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
will.

With boundless confidence: for naught but love Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot, To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix The generous purpose in the glowing breast. O. speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear Surprises often, while you look around, And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss. All various nature pressing on the heart; An elegant sufficiency, content, Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books. Ease and alternate labor, useful life, Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven. These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ; And thus their moments fiv. The Seasons thus. As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll, Still find them happy; and consenting Spring Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads: Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ; When after the long vernal day of life. Enamored more, as more remembrance swells With many a proof of recollected love, Together down they sink in social sleep: Together freed, their gentle spirits fly To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign. IAMES THOMSON.

FRAGMENTS.

Forelookings.

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?

T. H. BAYLY.

WARNINGS.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make
known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
Emblems, Boot ii. 10.
F, QUARLES.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

Of IViving and Throwing.

). T. Tusser.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure
The Old Bachelor, Act v. So. I. W. CONGREVE.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

As You Lake It, Activ. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost.

Advice to a Lady.

LORD LYTTELTON.

MERCENARY MATCHES.

Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might
despair.

Finalish Bards and Scotch Remewers.

RVPON

POSSIBILITIES

Find all his having and his holding
Reduced to eternal noise and scolding, —
The conjugal petard that tears
Down all portcullises of ears.

Hudibras.
Bu:

BUTLER.

Abroad too kind, at home 't is steadfast hate, And one eternal tempest of debate.

Love of Fame.

E. YOUNG

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,

Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Flour to Abelard.

POPE

CERTAINTIES.

The kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear; And something every day they live To pity and perhaps forgive.

Mutual Forbearance.

COWPER.

ADVICE.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

Parrie Time Anticipated.

COWPER.

Let still the woman take An elder than herself: so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart, For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won, Than women's are.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 4. Shakespeare.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

Taming of the Shrew, Act v. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools, Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules. Moral Essays: Epistle II. POPE.

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."

Don Juan, Cant. L BYRON.

THE HAPPY LOT.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight.

Paraciss Lost, Book v. MILTON

She is mine own!

And I as rich in having such a jewel

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Two Gent of Virona, Act ii. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

An Irregular Ode. LORD LYTTELTON.

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

The Happy Marriage.

E. MOORE.

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

T. Percy.
T. Percy.**

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day
world,

A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile

Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.

Love.

J. R. LOWELL.

HOME.

MY WIFE 'S A WINSOME WEE THING. But rather raised to be a nobler man,

SHE is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer, I never lo'ed a dearer, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't, The warstle and the care o't: Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, And think my lot divine.

ROLERT BURNS.

SONNETS.

My Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die: Albeit I ask no fairer life than this, Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle kiss, While Time and Peace with hands unlocked fly,—Yet care I not where in Eternity We live and love, well knowing that there is No backward step for those who feel the bliss Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high: Love hath so purified my being's core, Meseems I scarcely should be startled, even, To find, some morn, that thou had gone before; Sinca, with thy love, this knowledge too was given.

Which each calm day doth strengthen more, and more,

That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

I cannot think that thou shouldst pass away, Whose life to mine is an eternal law, A piece of nature that can have no flaw, A new and certain sunrise every day; But, if thou art to be another my About the Sun of Life, and art to live Free from all of thee that was fugitive, The debt of Love I will more fully pay, Not downcast with the thought of thee so high,

But rather raised to be a nobler man,
And more divine in my humanity,
As knowing that the waiting eyes which scan
My life are lighted by a purer being,
And ask meek, calm-browed deeds, with it agreeing.

Our love is not a fading, earthly flower:
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and
shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green.
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness, where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love, — whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wind-flung leaves of Heaven's palace-gate.

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I did err;
Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes; I could not

That sorrow in our happy world must be
Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter.
But, as a mother feels her child first stir
Under her heart, so felt I instantly
Deep in my soul another bond to thee
Thrill with that life we saw depart from her;
O mother of our angel child! twice dear!
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,
Her tender radiance shall infold us here,
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,
Threads the void glooms of space without a fear,
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

James Russell Lowell.

ADAM TO EVE.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK IX.

O FAIREST of creation, last and best Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled Whatever can to sight or thought be formed, Holy, divine, good, amiab'e, or sweet! How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote! Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress The strict forbiddance, how to violate The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown, And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee Certain my resolution is to die. How can I live without thee, how forego Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined, To live again in these wild woods forlorn? Should God create another Eve, and I Another rib afford, yet loss of thee Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh, Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot, Certain to undergo like doom; if death Consort with thee, death is to me as life; So forcible within my heart I feel The bond of nature draw me to my own, My own in thee, for what thou art is mine; Our state cannot be severed, we are one, One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

MILTON.

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

- "Bur why do you go?" said the lady, while both sate under the vew,
- And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea-blue.
- "Because I fear you," he answered; "because you are far too fair,
- And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-colored hair."
- "O, that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone.
- And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun."
- "Yet farewell so," he answered; "the sunstroke's fatal at times.
- I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from the limes."
- "O, that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence:
- If two should smell it, what matter? who grumbles, and where's the pretence?"
- "But I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,
- To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves me."

- "Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am told.
- Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?"
- "But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid
- In your lap to be pure : so I leave you : the angels would make me afraid."
- "O, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;
- And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay."
- At which he rose up in his anger, "Why, now, you no longer are fair!
- Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."
- At which she laughed out in her scorn, "These men! O, these men overnice,
- Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice."
- Her eyes blazed upon him "And you! You bring us your vices so near
- That we smell them! you think in our presence a thought 't would defame us to hear!
- "What reason had you, and what right, I appeal to your soul from my life, —
- To find me too fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.
- "Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply
- I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?
- "If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much
- To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise!—shall I thank you for such?
- "Too fair? not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a while,
- You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.
- "A moment, I pray your attention! I have a poor word in my head
- I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better unsaid.
- "You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when I showed you a ring.
- You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No matter! I've broken the thing.

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved | And all stood back, and none my right denied, at my side now and then | And forth we walked: the world was free and wid

In the senses, — a vice, I have heard, which is common to beasts and some men.

"Love's a virtue for heroes! — as white as the snow on high hills.

And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfils.

"I love my Walter profoundly, — you, Maude, though you faltered a week,

For the sake of ... what was it? an eyebrow? or, less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all 's said, you 're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant

About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray, and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er you might dream or avow

By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face!—in the face. Understand, if you can, That the eyes of such women as I am are clean

as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar, — You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered ...
there's Walter! And so at the end,
I vowed that he should not be muleted, by me,
in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then.

Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!

Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me
to ask him to dine."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

POSSESSION.

"IT was our wedding-day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,

And all stood back, and none my right denied, And forth we walked: the world was free and wide Before us. Since that day I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow:

It was the voice that woke me from a dream, —
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former tears to gold.
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again:
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more depart, —
Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom: in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year—
Not the sweet moon of bridal only—we
One lustre, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew his chosen time.

He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.

Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night:
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light:
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

BAYARD TAXLOR.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line,
Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give, —
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live;
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss, — it breaks my heart.
ROBERT BURNS.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, MY love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time, and care, and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver than some give to gold,
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine,

A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

at times there come, as come there ought, Grave moments of sedater thought, When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night One gleam of her inconstant light; And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower, Shines like a rainbow through the shower; O, then I see, while seated nigh, A mother's heart shine in thine eye, And proud resolve and purpose meek, Speak of thee more than words can speak. I think this wedded wife of mine The best of all that 's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingèd wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

B. W. PROCTER (Barry Carnwall).

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE, WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.

IF thou wert by my side, my love! How fast would evening fail In green Bengala's palmy grove, Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side, My babies at my knee, How gayly would our pinnace glide O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray, When, on our deck reclined, In careless ease my limbs I lay And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, The lingering noon to cheer, But miss thy kind, approving eye, Thy meek, attentive ear. But when at morn and eve the star Beholds me on my knee, I feel, though thou art distant far, Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates, Nor mild Malwah detain; For sweet the bliss us both awaits By yonder western main.

As then shall meet in thee!

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say, Across the dark blue sea; But never were hearts so light and gay

REGINALD HEBER.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented

(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings, — wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penauce he swore was defeated,

For earth becomes heaven with — wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,

The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends; But the heart issues bills which are never protested.

When drawn on the firm of - wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers.

The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends, Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers How blessed was his home with — wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with — wife, children, and
friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan

Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends, The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that

The bower where he sat with — wife, children, and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sor-

Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of — wife, children,
and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish

The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends; O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,

Bedewed with the tears of — wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,

To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue
shall flavor

The glass which I fill to — wife, children, and friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the

And the children to fix away

To school, and the milk to be skimmed and
churned;

And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood Was wet as it could be;

There were puddings and pies to bake, besides A loaf of cake for tea.

And the day was hot, and her aching head Throbbed wearily as she said,

"If maidens but knew what good wives know, They would not be in haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half-bashfully fell.

"It was this," he said, and coming near He smiled, and stooping down, Kissed her cheek, — "'t was this, that you were the best

And the dearest wife in town !"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife, In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and the

Were white as the foam of the sea; Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet, And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath, "Tom Wood has run off to sea!

He would n't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled To herself, as she softly said:

"'T is so sweet to labor for those we love, —
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

ANONYMOUS.

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

O, LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'T is long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
"I will shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,

Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you:

And, love, what changes we have seen, — what cares and pleasures, too, —

Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,

When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife!

Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you. —

That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day!

How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say;

Nor how I doated on you; O, how proud I was of you!

But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new !

No - no! no fairer were you then than at this hour to me:

And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?

As sweet your face might be that day as now it is. 'tis true:

But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there

For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share?

O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting vou.

Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new!

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife, — young voices that are here;

Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear;

Young loving hearts your care each day makes yet more like to you.

More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And blessed be God! all he has given are with us yet; around

Our table every precious life lent to us still is found.

Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;

Blessed be his name for all his love since this old ring was new!

The past is dear, its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;

The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget.

Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true.

We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,

We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold.

Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,

And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,

May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast:

O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,

Of those fond eyes, — fond as they were when this old ring was new!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go:
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

TILIAL LOVE.

EROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THERE is a dungeon in whose dim drear light What do I gaze on? Nothing: look again! Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight, — Two insulated phantoms of the brain: It is not so; I see them full and plain, — An old man and a female young and fair, Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein The blood is nectar: but what doth she there, With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and

hare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life, Where on the heart and from the heart we took Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife, Blest into mother, in the innocent look, Or even the piping cry of lips that brook No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook She sees her little bud put forth its leaves — What may the fruit be yet? I know not — Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No! he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises
higher

Than Egypt's river; — from that gentle side Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky-way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:— O, holiest
nurse!

No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears. -Toil without recompense, tears all in vain. -Take them, and give me my childhood again ! I have grown weary of dust and decay. -Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away : Weary of sowing for others to reap: -Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green. Blossomed, and faded our faces between, Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain Long I to-night for your presence again. Come from the silence so long and so deen; -Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever has shone: No other worship abides and endures, -Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours: None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and the world-weary brain. Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep: Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again as of old; Let it drop over my forehead to-night. Shading my faint eves away from the light: For with its sunny-edged shadows once more Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore; Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep; -Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long Since I last listened your lullaby song: Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been only a dream. Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping your face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep; -Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep! ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (Florence Percy).

HOMESICK.

Come to me, O my Mother! come to me, Thine own son slowly dying far away! Through the moist ways of the wide ocean, blown By great invisible winds, come stately ships To this calm bay for quiet anchorage; They come, they rest awhile, they go away, But, O my Mother, never comest thou! The snow is round thy dwelling, the white snow,

That cold soft revelation pure as light, And the pine-spire is mystically fringed. Laced with incrusted silver. Here -ah me! -The winter is decrepit, under-born. A leper with no power but his disease. Why am I from thee, Mother, far from thee? Far from the frost enchantment, and the woods Jewelled from bough to bough? O home, my home !

O river in the valley of my home. With mazy-winding motion intricate. Twisting thy deathless music underneath The polished ice-work, - must I nevermore Behold thee with familiar eves, and watch Thy beauty changing with the changeful day. Thy beauty constant to the constant change ?

DAVID CRAV.

TO AUGUSTA.

HIS SISTER, AUGUSTA LEIGH.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name Dearer and purer were, it should be thine, Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim No tears, but tenderness to answer mine : Go where I will, to me thou art the same, -A loved regret which I would not resign. There yet are two things in my destiny, -A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing, - had I still the last, It were the haven of my happiness; But other claims and other ties thou hast, And mine is not the wish to make them less. A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past Recalling, as it lies beyond redress; Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, -He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been In other elements, and on the rocks Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen, I have sustained my share of worldly shocks, The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen My errors with defensive paradox; I have been cunning in mine overthrow, The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward, My whole life was a contest, since the day That gave me being gave me that which marred The gift, —a fate, or will, that walked astray: And I at times have found the struggle hard, And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay: But now I fain would for a time survive, If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still
uphold
A spirit of slight patience:—not in vain.

A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain, Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me, — or perhaps of cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur, —
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armor we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and
brooks,

Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love, — but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation; — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But constitute worthing leave accessions

But something worthier do such scenes inspire. Here to be lonely is not desolate,

For much I view which I could most desire, And, above all, a lake I can behold Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

O that thou wert but with me! — but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vannted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair? but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;
Sad havo: Time must with my memory make,
Ere that or thou can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they
are
Resigned forever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply, —
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister, — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not; for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest, — even the only paths for me, —
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;

The passions which have torn me would have slept:

I had not suffered, and thou hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?

Little with Love, and least of all with Fame!

And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,

And made me all which they can make,— a

Yet this was not the end I did pursue; Surely I once beheld a nobler aim. But all is over; I am one the more To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have filled a century,
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come, I am content; and for the past I feel Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum Of struggles, happiness at times would steal, And for the present, I would not benumb My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal That with all this I still can look around, And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine:
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,

From life's commencement to its slow decline We are intwined, — let death come slow or fast, The tie which bound the first endures the last!

BYRON

HOME.

CLING to thy home! if there the meanest shed Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head, And some poor plot, with vegetables stored, Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board, — Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow Wild on the river brink or mountain brow, Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide More heart's repose than all the world beside.

From the Greek of LEONIDAS,

From the Greek of LEONIDA by ROBERT BLAND.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN."

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble there's no place like home! A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;
Give me them,— and the peace of mind dearer
than all!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill; A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear; A willowy brook that turns a mill, With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my neal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew; And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees, Where first our marriage-vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze 'And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, Whose flocks supply him with attire; Whose trees in summer yield him shade, In winter, tire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find Hours, days, and years slide soft away In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease Together mixed; sweet recreation, And innocence, which most does please With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM "THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.," ACT IL, SC. S.

KING HENRY. O God! methinks, it were a happy life.

To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how they run: How many make the hour full complete. How many hours bring about the day. How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known, then to divide the times: -So many hours must I tend my flock; So many hours must I take my rest: So many hours must I contemplate: So many hours must I sport myself; So many days my ewes have been with young; So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean; So many years ere I shall shear the fleece : So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,

Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroidered canopy To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

SHAKESPEARI'.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find, —
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given,—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend, Shall through the gloomy vale attend, HOME 227

And cheer our dving breath : Shall, when all other comforts cease. Like a kind angel whisper peace. And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I HAE seen great anes and sat in great ha's. 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws. At feasts made for princes wi' princes I 've been. When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled mv een:

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside. My ain fireside, my ain fireside.

O, cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,

O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle.

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle; Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad. I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear, But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer; Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried, There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,

O. there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearth-

My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain:

Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o'

Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the

I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see, And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee ; Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride, 'T is heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside, O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

BY THE FIRESIDE

WHAT is it fades and flickers in the fire. Mutters and sighs, and yields reluctant breath, As if in the red embers some desire,

Some word prophetic burned, defying death?

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine. Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom: A human, household warmth, their death-fires

Yet fragrant with high memories they come.

Bringing the mountain-winds that in their boughs Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge Of storm-swept lakes; and echoes that arouse The eagles from a splintered evrie ledge :

And breath of violets sweet about their roots: And earthy odors of the moss and fern: And hum of rivulets: smell of ripening fruits: And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark! What rare Octobers drop with every coal! Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark, Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's soul.

Pictures far lovelier smoulder in the fire. Visions of friends who walked among these trees. Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire A winged life and boundless sympathies.

Eves with a glow like that in the brown beech. When sunset through its autumn beauty shines: Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech. To heaven appealing as earth's light declines ;

Voices and steps forever fled away From the familiar glens, the haunted hills, -Most pitiful and strange it is to stay Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us. — under Eden trees. Or in full sunshine on the hills of God, -Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze, And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod?

Dear for your sake the fireside where we sit Watching these sad, bright pictures come and

That waning years are with your memory lit Is the one lonery comfort that we know.

Is it all memory? Lo. these forest-boughs Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom; Waft a vague, far-off sweetness through the house, And give close walls the hillside's breathingroom.

A second life, more spiritual than the first, They find, - a life won only out of death. O sainted souls, within you still is nursed For us a flame not fed by mortal breath!

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,
Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air;
No flood can quench your hearts' warmth, or
abate:

Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

LUCY LARCOM

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar. And, when our earth hath wandered far Into the cold, and deep snow covers The walks of our New England lovers, Their sweet secluded evening-star! 'T was with thy rays the English Muse Ripened her mild domestic hues ; 'T was by thy flicker that she conned The fireside wisdom that enrings With light from heaven familiar things: By thee she found the homely faith In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th, When Death, extinguishing his torch, Gropes for the latch-string in the porch ; The love that wanders not beyond His earliest nest, but sits and sings While children smooth his patient wings: Therefore with thee I love to read Our brave old poets: at thy touch how stirs Life in the withered words! how swift recede Time's shadows! and how glows again Through its dead mass the incandescent verse, As when upon the anvils of the brain It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's thought!

Thou marmurest, too, divinely stirred, The aspirations unattained, The rhythms so rathe and delicate, They bent and strained And broke, beneath the sombre weight Of any airiest mortal word.

What warm protection dost thou bend Round curtained talk of friend with friend, While the gray snow-storm, held aloof, To softest outline rounds the roof, Or the rude North with baffled strain Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane! Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems Gifted upon her natal morn By him with fire, by her with dreams, Nicotia, dearer to the Muse Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,

We worship, unforbid of thee; And, as her incense floats and curls In airy spires and wayward whirls, Or poises on its tremulous stalk A flower of frailest revery. So winds and loiters, idly free, The current of unguided talk. Now laughter-rippled, and now caught In smooth dark pools of deeper thought. Meanwhile thou mellowest every word. A sweetly unobtrusive third : For thou hast magic beyond wine. To unlock natures each to each : The unspoken thought thou canst divine; Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech With whispers that to dream-land reach, And frozen fancy-springs unchain In Arctic outskirts of the brain: Sun of all inmost confidences, To thy rays doth the heart unclose Its formal calyx of pretences, That close against rude day's offences. And open its shy midnight rose!

TAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled Above the green elms, that a cottage was near, And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world.

A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee; Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beechtree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,

"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,

Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,

How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of you sumach, whose red berry dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,

And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but
mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.



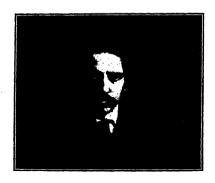
Drawn by W. H. Drake.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

WHEN do I love you most, sweet books of mine? In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore. Austerely bent to win austerest love, Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine; Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine About the seat, and to some dreamy shore Of old Romance, where lovers evermore Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire To whispering twilight in my little room, And eyes read not, but sitting silently I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire, And hear you breathing round me in the gloom.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A NAKED house, a naked moor, A shivering pool before the door, A garden bare of flowers and fruit, And poplars at the garden foot; Such is the place that I live in, Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moors receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud galleons chase,
Your garden blooms and gleams again
With leaping sun and glancing rain;
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end

Of day's declining splendor; here, The army of the stars appear. The neighbor hollows, dry or wet, Spring shall with tender flowers beset: And oft the morning muser see Larks rising from the broomy lea, And every fairy wheel and thread Of cobweb dew dediamonded. When daisies go, shall winter time Silver the simple grass with rime; Autumnal frosts enchant the pool And make the cart ruts beautiful. And when snow bright the moor expands, How shall your children clap their hands! To make this earth our heritage, A cheerful and a changeful page, God's intricate and bright device Of days and seasons doth suffice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HEART-REST.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE"

THE heart of man, walk it which way it will. Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough. Down the deep valley amongst tinkling locks. Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt. Its hour of truce, its instant of repose. Its inn of rest : and craving still must seek The food of its affections. — still must slake Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure. And pleasant to behold.

HENRY TAYLOR.

TWO PICTURES

An old farm-house with meadows wide. And sweet with clover on each side: A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out The door with woodbine wreathed about. And wishes his one thought all day: "O, if I could but fly away From this dull spot, the world to see. How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din, A man who round the world has been. Who, mid the tumult and the throng, Is thinking, thinking all day long: "O. could I only tread once more The field-path to the farm-house door, The old, green meadow could I see. How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!"

ANNIE D GREEN (Marian Douglas).

HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

But where to find that happiest spot below. Who can direct, when all pretend to know? The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own; Extols the treasures of his stormy seas, And his long nights of revelry and ease: The naked negro, panting at the line, Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave, And thanks his gods for all the good they gave. Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, His first, best country, ever is at home. And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, And estimate the blessings which they share. Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find An equal portion dealt to all mankind; As different good, by art or nature given. To different nations makes their blessing even. OL: VER GOLDSMITH.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England, How beautiful they stand ! Amidst their tall ancestral trees. ()'er all the pleasant land ; The deer across their greensward bound Through shade and sunny gleam. And the swan glides past them with the sound Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England! Around their hearths by night. What gladsome looks of household love Meet in the ruddy light. There woman's voice flows forth in song. Or childish tale is told : Or line move tunefully along Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England! How softly on their bowers Is laid the holy quietness That breathes from Sabbath hours! Solemn, vet sweet, the church-bell's chime Floats through their woods at morn: All other sounds, in that still time. Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England! By thousands on her plains. They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks, And round the hamlet-fanes. Through glowing orchards forth they peep, Each from its nook of leaves; And fearless there the lowly sleep, As the hird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England! Long. long in hut and hall, May hearts of native proof be reared To guard each hallowed wall! And green forever be the groves, And bright the flowery sod, Where first the child's glad spirit loves Its country and its God. FELICIA HEMANS.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair. Smoking his pipe of clay, While his hale old wife, with busy care, Was clearing the dinner away; A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes, On her grandfather's knee was catching flics. The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes
you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!
CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John - John looked at me (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet As well as though my locks were jet); And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak: "Tell me again what Robert said." And then I, listening, bent my head. "This is his letter: 'I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given." I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this. "Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band. First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lilian, the baby, slept, A glory 'gainst the pillow white. Softly the father stooped to lay His rough hand down in a gentle way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said, "Not her, not her!" We stopped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed

Athwart the bovish faces there. In sleep so pitiful and fair; I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek A tear undried. Ere John could speak. "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace. "No, for a thousand crowns, not him!" He whispered, while our eves were dim. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one -Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave, Bid us befriend him to his grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from our bedside prayer." Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary, child of love. "Perhaps for her 't would better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in wilful way, And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee," The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad -"No. John, no-So like his father. I cannot, will not, let him go." And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not drive one child away; And afterward toil lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one face Was missed from its accustomed place: Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

THE CHILDREN.

ANONYMOUS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming Of my childhood, too lovely to last; Of love that my heart will remember When it wakes to the pulse of the past, Ere the world and its wickedness made me A partner of sorrow and sin, — When the glory of God was about me, And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
O, these truants from home and from heaven, —
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,

I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on its green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed!
CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

FAITH AND HOPE.

O, DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There is n't more night than day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one;
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There is n't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion, —
Our heads they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You always will find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the long dark nights, and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.
Ay, God of night, my darling!
Of the night of death so grim;
And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

FRAGMENTS.

THE WIFE.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health, Partake, but never waste thy wealth, Or stand with smile unmurmuring by, And lighten half thy poverty.

Brute of Abydes, Cant. 1.

RYRON.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

The Sparrow's Nest.

WORDSWORTH.

This flour of wifly patience.

The Clerkes Tale, Pars v.

CHAUCER.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

Moral Essays: Epistle II. POPE.

THE MARRIED STATE.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

Contention betwirt a Wife, etc.

SIR J. DAVIES.

- O fie upon this single life! forego it.

 Duckess of Matty.

 J. WEBSTER.
- 1. That man must lead a happy life
- 2. Who is directed by a wife:
- 3. Who's free from matrimouial chains
- 4. Is sure to suffer for his pains.
- 5. Adam could find no solid peace
- 6. Till he beheld a woman's face :
- 7. When Eve was given for a mate,
- 8. Adam was in a happy state.

Epigram on Matrimony: Read alternate lines, -1, 3, 2, 4; 5, 7, 6, 8

INCONSTANCY.

Trust not a man: we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution hear
him:

But if he swears, he 'll certainly deceive thee.

The Orphan.

T. OTWAY.

Nay, women are frail too;
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 4. SHANESPEARE.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride:
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.

A Wife. SIR T. OVERBURY.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

Moral Essays: Epistle II. POPE.

COMPLETION.

Man is but half without woman; and
As do idolaters their heavenly gods,
We deify the things that we adore.

Festus.

P. J. Bailey.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

King John, Act B. Sc. 2. Shakespeare.

HOME LIFE.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!

The Task. COWPER.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

Might Thoughts.

E. YOUNG

And hie him home, at evening's close.

To sweet repast and calm repose.

Ode on the Plassure arising from Vicissitude.

T. GRAY.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Education and Government.

T. GRAY.

Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

Moral Essays: Episile II. POPE.

Why left you wife and children, —
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love?

Macheth. Act iv. Sc. 3. Shakespeare.

MOTHER-LOVE.

The only love which, on this teeming earth,

Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

The Dream.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

A mother's love, — how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love? —
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold; —
This is a mother's love.

1. Mother's Love.

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Ruchard III., Activ. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
The young ones in her nest against the owl.

Macheth, Activ. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
Fables: The Mother, the Nurse, and the Farry. J GAY.

HOME PLEASURES.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

The Farmer's Daily Diet.

T. TUSSER.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. Paradice Last, Book v. MILTON.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirthful

maze:

And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore, Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

The Traveller. GOLDSMITH.

PARTING.

GOOD BY.

"FAREWELL! farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
"T is a whispered tone, —'t is a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good by!"

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'T is not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good by."

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adien," no "farewell," lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, boy! Good by!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam;
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long, a last Good-by.

ANONYMOUS.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze, And all the darkling hours they plied, Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas By each was cleaving, side by side: E'en so, — but why the tale reveal Of those whom, year by year unchanged, Brief absence joined anew to feel, Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;—
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides:
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, —
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him?
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me:
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy — Naething could resist my Nancy: But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and love forever. Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met — or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest! Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest! Thine be ilka joy and treasure, Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!
ROBERT BURNS.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED. RED ROSE.

O, MY Luve's like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June: O, my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luve am I: And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

BYRON.

THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left Shall never part from mine, Till happier hours restore the gift Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest In gazing when alone; Nor one memorial for a breast Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:

O, what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe, That heart, no longer free, Must bear the love it cannot show, And silent, ache for thee. MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part, Give, O, give me back my heart! Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest! Hear my vow before I go, Ζάη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Zón μοῦ σάς ἀγαπά.

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζάη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

RVPON

SONG

OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM THE SIDE OF HIS BRIDE BY THE "FIERY CROSS" OF RODERICK DHU.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

4 My Rife, I love thee.

A time will come with feeling fraught! For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

o my young bride and me, Mary!
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde, That from the nunnerie Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde, To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase, —
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"O, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cried; and waved her lily hand.

HERO TO LEANDER.

O, Go not yet, my love, The night is dark and vast; The white moon is hid in her heaven above. And the waves climb high and fast. O, kiss me, kiss me, once again, Lest thy kiss should be the last. O, kiss me ere we part; Grow closer to my heart. My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main. O joy! O bliss of blisses! My heart of hearts art thou. Come, bathe me with thy kisses, My eyelids and my brow. Hark how the wild rain hisses, And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
I have bathed thee with the pleasant
myrth;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
I'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;

The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm;
And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as
soft as mine.

No Western odors wander
On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander,
My soul must follow thee!
O, go not yet, my love,
Thy voice is sweet and low;
The deep salt wave breaks in above
Those marble steps below.
The turret-stairs are wet
That lead into the sea.
Leander! go not yet.
The pleasant stars have set:
O, go not, go not yet,
Or I will follow thee.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SHE says, "The cock crows, — hark!" He says, "No! still 't is dark."

She says, "The dawn grows bright," He says, "O no, my Light."

She says, "Stand up and say, Gets not the heaven gray?"

He says, "The morning star Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart: Alas! you now must start;

But give the cock a blow Who did begin our woe!"

ANONYMOUS (Chinese). Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

PARTING LOVERS.

SIENNA

I LOVE thee, love thee, Giulio!

Some call me cold, and some demure,

And if thou hast ever guessed that so

I love thee . . . well; — the proof was poor,

And no one could be sure.

Before thy song (with shifted rhymes
To suit my name) did I undo
The persian? If it moved sometimes,
Thou hast not seen a hand push through
A flower or two.

My mother listening to my sleep

Heard nothing but a sigh at night, —

The short sigh rippling on the deep, —

When hearts run out of breath and sight

Of men. to God's clear light.

When others named thee, . . . thought thy brows
Were straight, thy smile was tender, . . . "Here
He comes between the vineyard-rows!"

I said not "Ay,"—nor waited, Dear,
To feel thee step too near.

I left such things to bolder girls,
Olivia or Clotilda. Nay,
When that Clotilda through her curls
Held both thine eyes in hers one day,
I marvelled, let me say.

I could not try the woman's trick:

Between us straightway fell the blush
Which kept me separate, blind, and sick.

A wind came with thee in a flush,
As blown through Horeb's bush.

But now that Italy invokes

Her young men to go forth and chase
The foe or perish, — nothing chokes

My voice, or drives me from the place:
I look thee in the face.

I love thee! it is understood, Confest: I do not shrink or start: No blushes: all my body's blood Has gone to greaten this poor heart, That, loving, we may part.

Our Italy invokes the youth

To die if need be. Still there's room,

Though earth is strained with dead, in truth.

Since twice the lilies were in bloom

They had not grudged a tomb.

And many a plighted maid and wife
And mother, who can say since then
"My country," cannot say through life
"My son," "my spouse," "my flower of men,"
And not weep dumb again.

Heroic males the country bears,
But daughters give up more than sons.
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the guns,
And take your heaven at once!

But we, — we empty heart and home
Of life's life, love! we bear to think
You're gone, . . . to feel you may not come, . . .
To hear the door-latch stir and clink
Yet no more you, . . . nor sink.

Dear God! when Italy is one
And perfected from bound to bound, . . .
Suppose (for my share) earth's undone
By one grave in't! as one small wound
May kill a man, 't is found!

What then? If love's delight must end,
At least we'll clear its truth from flaws.
I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend!
Now take my sweetest without pause,
To help the nation's cause.

And thus of noble Italy
We'll both be worthy. Let her show
The future how we made her free,
Not sparing life, nor Giulio,
Nor this . . . this heart-break. Go!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

Go where glory waits thee, But, while fame elates thee, O, still remember me! When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest.

O, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O, then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O, then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,

O, thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,

When, around thee dying, Autumn leaves are lying, O, then remember me! And, at night, when gazing On the gay hearth blazing, O, still remember me!

O, then remember me!

Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
O. then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean, Where heartsome with thee I has mony day been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more! We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more! These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And no for the dangers attending on wear, Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore, Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
mind:

Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar, That's naething like leaving my love on the shore. To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained; By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained; And beauty and love's the reward of the brave, And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse; Since honor commands me, how can I refuse? Without it I no'er can have merit for thee, And without thy favor I'd better not be. I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame, And if I should luck to come gloriously hame, I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet 's the cup that circles their
To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet Some isle or vale enchanting, Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet, And naught but love is wanting : We think how great had been our bliss If Heaven had but assigned us To live and die in scenes like this. With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve When eastward darkly going. To gaze upon that light they leave Still faint behind them glowing, -So, when the close of pleasure's day To gloom hath near consigned us, We turn to catch one fading ray Of joy that's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

ADIEC, adieu! my native shore Fades o'er the waters blue : The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, And shricks the wild sea-mew. Yon sun that sets upon the sea We follow in his flight; Farewell awhile to him and thee, My native Land - Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise To give the morrow birth: And I shall hail the main and skies, But not my mother earth. Deserted is my own good hall, Its hearth is desolate; Wild weeds are gathering on the wall; My dog howls at the gate.

Byron.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME. NEGRO SONG.

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home; 'T is summer, the darkeys are gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day; The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy, all bright; By 'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door, -Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,

For our old Kentucky home far away.

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon. On the bench by the old cabin door; The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart. With sorrow where all was delight ; The time has come, when the darkeys have to Then, my old Kentucky home, good night ! Weep no more, my lady, etc. The head must bow, and the back will have to Wherever the darkey may go: A few more days, and the troubles all will end, In the field where the sugar-cane grow; A few more days to tote the weary load, No matter, it will never be light; A few more days till we totter on the road, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer For other's weal availed on high. Mine will not all be lost in air. But waft thy name beyond the sky. "T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh: Oh! more than tears of blood can tell. When wrong from guilt's expiring eye. Are in that word — Farewell ! — Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry: But in my breast and in my brain Awake the pangs that pass not by, The thought that ne'er shall sleep again. My soul nor deigns nor dares complain, Though grief and passion there rebel: I only know we loved in vain-I only feel - Farewell ! - Farewell !

BYRON.

FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

FARE thee well! and if forever, Still forever, fare thee well; Even though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee Where thy bead so oft hath lain, While that placid sleep came o'er thee Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over, Every inmost thought could show! Then thou wouldst at last discover 'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me, Could no other arm be found Than the one which once embraced me, To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not:
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth, —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather, When our child's first accents flow, Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!" Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee, When her lip to thine is pressed, Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee, Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou nevermore mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me-

All my faults perchance thou knowest, All my madness none can know; All my hopes, where'er thou goest, Wither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee, — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 't is done; all words are idle, — Words from me are vainer still; But the thoughts we cannot bridle Force their way without the will. Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

RVDOS

JAFFIER PARTING WITH BELVIDERA.

THEN hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honor, and safety always hover round her:
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her
virtue.

To bear the loss of one that too much loved; And comfort her with patience in our parting.

THOMAS OLWAY.

COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE.

Since there's no helpe, — come, let us kisse and parte,

Nay, I have done, — you get no more of me; And I am glad, — yea, glad with all my hearte, That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free. Shake hands forever! — cancel all our vows; And when we meet at any time againe, Be it not seene in either of our brows, That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now—at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath—
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies:
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now! if thou wouldst—when all have given
him over—

From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

MICHAEL DESTION

FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO DEAR.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing, And like enough thou know'st thy estimate: The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing; My bonds in thee are all determinate. For how do I hold thee but by thy granting? And for that riches where is my deserving? The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting, And so my patent back again is swerving.

knowing.

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking; So thy great gift, upon misprision growing, Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter; In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKESPEARE

AN EARNEST SUIT.

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORDAKE HIM.

AND wilt thou leave me thus? Say nav! say nav! for shame! To save thee from the blame Of all my grief and grame. And wilt thou leave me thus? Sav nav! sav nav!

And wilt thou leave me thus. That hath loved thee so long, In wealth and woe among? And is thy heart so strong As for to leave me thus? Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus. That hath given thee my heart, Never for to depart, Neither for pain nor smart ! And wilt thou leave me thus! Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus, And have no more pity Of him that loveth thee? Alas! thy cruelty! And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay ! say nay ! SIR THOMAS WYATT.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night, On the banks of that lonely river ; Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite, We met — and we parted forever! The night-bird sung, and the stars above Told many a touching story, Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love, Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, - our cheeks were wet With the tears that were past controlling: We vowed we would never, no, never forget, And those vows at the time were consoling;

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not But those line that echoed the sounds of mine Are as cold as that lonely river; And that eve, that beautiful spirit's shrine,

Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look, And my heart grows full of weeping; Each star is to me a sealed book. Some tale of that loved one keeping. We parted in silence, - we parted in tears, On the banks of that lonely river : But the odor and bloom of those bygone years Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER.

FAREWELL! -- but whenever you welcome the

That awakens the night-song of mirth in your

Then think of the friend who once welcomed it

And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you. His griefs may return - not a hope may remain Of the few that have brightened his pathway of

But he ne'er can forget the short vision that

Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up To the highest top sparkle each heart and each

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright, My soul, happy friends! will be with you that night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your

And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles -

Too blest if it tell me that, mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy. Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;

Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features which joy used to

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled! Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled --

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still. THOMAS MOORE.

FRAGMENTS

FAREWELLS.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been — A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell

Childe Harold, Cant iv.

BYRON.

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow.

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

JULIET. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

ROMEO. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Romes and Yullet, Act iii. Sc. 5. SHAKESPEAR

So sweetly she bade me "Adieu," I thought that she bade me return.

A Pasteral.

SHENSTONE.

He did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind Could best express how slow his soul sailed on, — How swift his ship.

Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. A.

SHAKESPEARE.

All farewells should be sudden, when forever, Else they make an eternity of moments, And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

Sardanapalus.

BYRON.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss:
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

When we two parted.

BYRON.

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

Hamtel, Act. Sc. 5. Shakespeare.

ABSENCE.

TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

HER window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day
In prayer she kneels:
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

"O Thou! with whom the night is day And one the near and far away, Look out on yon gray waste, and say Where lingers he. Alive, perchance, on some lone beach Or thirsty isle beyond the reach Of man, he hears the mocking speech Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear, —
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out The fears that haunt me round about; O God! I cannot bear this doubt That stifles breath.

The worst is better than the dread; Give me but leave to mourn my dead Asleep in trust and hope, instead Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze That whispered in the garden trees, It might have been the sound of seas That rose and fell; But, with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:
"I wait to meet thee: be of cheer,
For all is well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I 'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I 'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, — their earthly bodies left behind.
COLONEL RICHARD LOVELAGE.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Or a' the airts * the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill 's between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

The points of the compass.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

FROM "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL" ACT I. SC. T. I AM undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star. And think to wed it, he is so above me : In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour: to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls In our heart's table, - heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favor: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. SHAKESPEARE.

O. SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her, And love but her forever; For nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thy subjects we, before thee; Thou art divine, fair Lesley, The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee, Or aught that wad belang thee; He'd look into thy bonnie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee; Misfortune sha' na steer * thee; Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.
ROBERT BURNS.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west, Through mony a weary way; But never, never can forget The luve o' life's young day!

* Harm.

The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en May weel be black gin Yule; But blacker fa' awaits the heart Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about, —
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time, and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the glosmin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,—
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet naue
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanic Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west, I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE RUSTIC LAD'S LAMENT IN THE TOWN.

O, wan that my time were owre but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again,
I' the bonnie birken shaw!
For this is no my ain life,
And I peak and pine away
Wi' the thochts o' hame and the young flowers,
In the glad green month of May.

I used to wank in the morning
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,
As they gaed to their wark;
I used to wear the bit young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the warld is changed, and a' thing now
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me,
On ilka lang dull street;
Yet, though sae mony surround me,
I ken na ane I meet:
And I think o' kind kent faces,
And o' blithe an' cheery days,
When I wandered out wi' our ain folk,
Out owre the simmer brass.

Waes me, for my heart is breaking!
I think o' my brither sma',
And on my sister greeting,
When I cam frae hame awa.
And O, how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger land.

There's nae hame like our ain hame—
O, I wush that I were there!
There's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met wi' onywhere;
And O that I were back again,
To our farm and fields sae green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And were what I hae been!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee:

Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.

O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying.

Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends, though dear.

Compensate for the grief thy long delaying Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming, As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell; When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming, And silence hangs on all things like a spell! How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger.

As night grows dark and darker on the hill! How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer! Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I shall grieve not, though the eye that seetla

Gazeth through tears that make its splendor-

For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with me, My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling.

Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling.

Flies to its haven of securest rest!

ANONYMOUS.

ABSENCE.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense, Weary with longing?—shall I fiee away Into past days, and with some fond pretence Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin Of casting from me God's great gift of time? Shall I, these mists of memory locked within, Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more
near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holystrains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make A noble task-time; and will therein strive To follow excellence, and to o'ertake More good than I have won since yet I live. So may this doomed time build up in me A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine: So may my love and longing hallowed be. And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

DAY, IN MELTING PURPLE DYING.

DAY, in melting purple dying : Blossoms, all around me sighing : Fragrance, from the lilies straying; Zephyr, with my ringlets playing; Ye but waken my distress: I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken. Come, ere night around me darken : Though thy softness but deceive me. Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee: Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent. Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure; All I ask is friendship's pleasure: Let the shining ore lie darkling, -Bring no gem in lustre sparkling: Gifts and gold are naught to me. I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling. Ecstasy but in revealing ; Paint to thee the deep sensation. Rapture in participation :

Yet but torture, if comprest In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me! Let these eyes again caress thee. Once in caution, I could fly thee ; Now, I nothing could deny thee. In a look if death there be.

Come, and I will gaze on thee ! MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (Maria del Occidente).

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE ?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine? What ails this watery e'e? What gars me a' turn pale as death When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far awa'. Thou 'It dearer grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en, Or walk at morning air, Ilk rustling bush will seem to say I used to meet thee there:

Then I'll sit down and cry. And live aneath the tree. And when a leaf fa's i' my lan. I'll ca't a word frac thee.

I'll hie me to the bower That thou wi' roses tied. And where wi' mony a blushing bud I strove myself to hide. I'll doat on ilka spot Where I ha'e been wi' thee : And ca' to mind some kindly word By ilka burn and tree.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

A PASTORAL.

My time, O ve Muses, was happily spent, When Phœbe went with me wherever I went; Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my

Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest! But now she is gone, and has left me behind, What a marvellous change on a sudden I find! When things were as fine as could possibly be. I thought 't was the Spring : but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep, To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep; I was so good-humored, so cheerful and gay, My heart was as light as a feather all day; But now I so cross and so peevish am grown, So strangely uneasy, as never was known. My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned, And my heart - I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along, And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among; Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phæbe was there, 'T was pleasure to look at, 't was music to hear : But now she is absent, I walk by its side, And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide; Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain? Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes

And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they; How pleasant their sporting, how happy their

When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;

But now, in their frolics when by me they pass, I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass; Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad, To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me; And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said, "Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:

And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray

Be as dull as his master, when Phoebe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,

How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!

What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,

The cornfields and hedges and everything made! But now she has left me, though all are still there.

They none of them now so delightful appear: 'T was naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes, Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through.

The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too, Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat, And chirp! went the grasshopper under our

But now she is absent, though still they sing on, The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone: Her voice in the concert, as now I have found, Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?

And where is the violet's beautiful blue?

Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?

That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?

Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,

And made yourselves fine for — a place in her

breast?

You put on your colors to pleasure her eye, To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe re-

While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I

Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread, I could breathe on his wings, and 't would melt down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear, And rest so much longer for 't when she is here. Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,

Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say. Will no pitying power, that hears me com-

Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?

To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove:

But what swain is so silly to live without love!
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your

JOHN BYROM.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.*

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockin's pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he 's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop Been fed this month and mair; Mak haste and thraw their necks about, That Colin weel may fare; And spread the table neat and clean, Gar ilka thing look braw, For wha can tell how Colin fared When he was far awa'?

⁶ Bertlett, in his Familiar Quatations, has the following: "The Mariner's Wife is now given, 'by common consent,' says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adams, 1720-1765."

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair,—
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave:
And gin I live to keep him sae
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

WILLIAM JAMES MICKLE.

ABSENCE.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, As ye were wae and weary! It was na sae ye glinted by When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.

ON A PICTURE.

When summer o'er her native hills
A veil of beauty spread,
She sat and watched her gentle flocks
And twined her flaxen thread.

The mountain daisies kissed her feet;
The moss sprung greenest there;
The breath of summer fanned her cheek
And tossed her wavy hair.

The heather and the yellow gorse Bloomed over hill and wold, And clothed them in a royal robe Of purple and of gold.

There rose the skylark's gushing song, There hummed the laboring bee; And merrily the mountain stream Ran singing to the sea. But while she missed from those sweet sounds
The voice she sighed to hear,
The song of bee and bird and stream
Was discord to her ear

Nor could the bright green world around
A joy to her impart,
For still she missed the eyes that made
The summer of her heart.

ANNE C. LYNCH (MRS. BOTTA).

COME TO ME. DEAREST.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee, Daytime and night-time, I'm thinking about thee:

Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee;

Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee. Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten, Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten; Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly, Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin, Telling of spring and its joyous renewing; And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,

Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure. O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom, Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom:

The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,

And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can
win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each
other:

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple, Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple; — 0, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?

Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time,

As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme,

I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Murandola.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow, Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow: Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,

With a song on your lip and a smile on your

cheek, love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary, -Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary, -Come to the arms which alone should caress thee. Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee! IOSEPH BRENNAN.

FRAGMENTS.

MEMORY IN ABSENCE.

And memory, like a drop that night and day Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away! Lalla Rookk. MOORE

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee; Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain, And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. The Tenneller. GOLDSMITH.

Of all affliction taught the lover yet, 'T is sure the hardest science to forget. Elossa to Abelard.

POPE.

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state, How often must it love, how often hate. How often hope, despair, resent, regret, Conceal, disdain, - do all things but forget. Eloisa to Abelard.

Though absent, present in desires they be; Our souls much further than our eves can see.

When, musing on companions gone, We doubly feel ourselves alone. Marmion, Cant. it. Introd.

SCOTT.

To live with them is far less sweet Than to remember thee! I saw thy form.

MOORE.

HOPE DEFERRED.

Long did his wife, Suckling her babe, her only one, look out The way he went at parting, — but he came not! Italy. ROGERS.

ABSENCE STRENGTHENS LOVE There's not a wind but whispers of thy name. B. W. PROCTER.

Short absence hurt him more. And made his wound far greater than before; Absence not long enough to root out quite All love, increases love at second sight.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view. And robes the mountain in its azure hue. T. CAMPBELL. Pleasures of Hope, Part i.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder: Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! T. H. BAYLY. Isle of Beauty.

TIME IN ABSENCE.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for

And every little absence is an age. Amphictrion.

DRYDEN.

What! keep a week away? Seven days and nights?

Eightscore eight hours? And lovers' absent

More tedious than the dial eightscore times? O, weary reckoning!

Othello, Act iii. Sc. A. SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNWELCOME LOVER.

I dote on his very absence. Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAUESDEADE

PRESENCE IN ABSENCE.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one. Though I must go, endure not yet A breach, but an expansion, Like gold to airy thinness beat. If they be two, they are two so As stiff twin compasses are two; Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show To move, but doth if the other do. And though it in the centre sit, Yet when the other far doth roam. It leans and hearkens after it, And grows erect, as that comes home. Such wilt thou be to me, who must, Like the other foot, obliquely run. Thy firmness makes my circle just, And makes me end where I begun. A Valediction forbidding Mourning. DR. J. DONNE.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND ESTRANGEMENT.

SONNET

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the

How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sur Philip Sidney.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou 'It break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine:

And ilka bird sang o' its luve,

And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; And my fause luver stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,

When a' the weary world to sleep are gane, The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e, While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride:

But saving a crown, he had naething else beside. To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea:

And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa, When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa:

My father brak his arm — my Jamie at the sea — And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, — my mither couldna spin:

I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win:

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,

Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back; But hard blewthe winds, and his ship was a wrack; His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jennie dee? And wherefore was I spared to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair — my mither didna speak, But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break:

They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;

And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry
thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:

Ae kiss we took — nae mair — I bad him gang
away.

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee, And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin; I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin. But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be, For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT I. SC. I.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffèd in respect of years;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

[Missolonghi, January 23, 1824. On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year.]

'T is time this heart should be unmoved, Since others it has ceased to move: Yet, though I cannot be beloved, Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,

A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not thus, — and 't is not here,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field, Glory and Greece about us see; The Spartan borne upon his shield Was not more free.

Awake! — not Greece, — she is awake!

Awake my spirit! think through whom
Thy life-blood tastes its parent lake,

And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down, Unworthy manhood! unto thee Indifferent should the smile or frown Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, — why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest!

BVDAN

LEFT BEHIND.

It was the autumn of the year;
The strawberry-leaves were red and sear;
October's airs were fresh and chill,
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me,
Me whom your keen, artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past;
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me,
That every step of high emprise
But left me lowlier in your eyes;
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face;
You did not hear my proud heart beat,
Heavy and slow, beneath your feet;
You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone;
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,
Till lost amid the hungry blue,
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate; The wise world smiles, and calls you great; The golden fruitage of success Drops at your feet in plenteousness; And you have blessings manifold:— Renown and power and friends and gold,— They build a wall between us twain, Which may not be thrown down again, Alas! for I, the long years through, Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth, Have kept the promise of your youth; And while you won the crown, which now Breaks into bloom upon your brow, My soul cried strongly out to you Across the ocean's yearning blue, While, unremembered and afar, I watched you, as I watch a star Through darkness struggling into view, And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream in all these years
Of patient faith and silent tears,
That Love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride,
Would reach the pathless darkness through,
And draw me softly up to you;
But that is past. If you should stray
Beside my grave, some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust
Will half betray their buried trust,
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
"She loved you better than you knew."

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (Florence Percy).

LINDA TO HAFED.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood, —
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,

Where not a pulse should beat but ours, And we might live, love, die alone! Far from the cruel and the cold, — Where the bright eyes of angels only

Where the bright eyes of angels only Should come around us, to behold

A paradise so pure and lonely!

Would this be world enough for thee?"—

Playful she turned, that he might see

The passing smile her cheek put on:

The passing smile her cheek put on; But when she marked how mournfully

His eyes met hers, that smile was gone; And, bursting into heartfelt tears, "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears, My dreams, have boded all too right,— We part — forever part — to-night! I knew, I knew it could not last, —
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!
O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
O misery! must I lose that too?"

THOMAS MOORE.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT I. SC. 4.

VIOLA. Ay, but I know,—
DUKE. What dost thou know?
VIOLA. Too well what love women to men
may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told
her love.

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought; And, with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed? We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed, Our shows are more than will; for still we prove Much in our yows, but little in our love.

Shakespeare.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click: on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
To her wakening sense the first sweet warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,

She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,

Together they go, through glimmer and
gloom:—

It all comes back to her, dreaming there

It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,

They have followed her sisters from the door:

Now they are old, and she is their idol:

It all comes back on her heart once more.

In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,

The wheel is set by the shadowy wall,

A hand at the latch, —'t is lifted lightly,

And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute:

O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:
O, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benile, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie, and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so? —
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness, —
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she:
A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged:
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
A rustle, a murmur, — O Dorothy! his
Your face and shut from your soul the view
'T is Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seem.
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter, Sought by many a youthful adorer, Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water, Shining an endless vista before her! Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray, Groping under the farm-house eaves,— And life was a brief November day That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBEIDGE

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL

[A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware-shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Durty Duck (Dick, for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house,]

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man; Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan. For forty long years, as the neighbors declared, His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

"T was a scandal and shame to the business-like street.

One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:

The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse, And the rest of the mansion a thousand times

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain, Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in raiu; The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass, And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the rickety sign-board no learning could spell The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sall:

But for house and for man a new title took growth,

Like a fungus, — the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust, The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust, Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof; 'T was a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man Lives busy and dirty as ever he can; With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face, For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt.

His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding, —
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and
breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair, Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare; And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful,

The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs might they venture, in dirt and in gloom,

To peep at the door of the wonderful room Such stories are told about, none of them true!— The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room, — forty years since, folk settled and decked it.

The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.

The handsome young host he is gallant and gay, For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,

The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best:

Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear.

For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door.

'T is a room deaf and dumb mid the city's uproar.

The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread.

May now enter as ghosts, for they 're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go:

The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:

But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse

Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust;

The flowers fallen to powder, the wine swathed in crust:

A nosegay was laid before one special chair, And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies

The old man has played out his part in the scene.
Wherever he now is, I hope he's more clean.
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old
Man.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AN EXPERIENCE AND A MORAL.

I LENT my love a book one day; She brought it back; I laid it by: "T was little either had to say, — She was so strange, and I so shy. But yet we loved indifferent things,—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune,—
Aud Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?

What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her — ah! she never knew

My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she, with me, so cold and coy, Seemed a little maid bereft of sense; But in the crowd, all life and joy, And full of blushful impudence.

She married, — well, — a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share, —
And little cares sprang up like weeds
And played around ner elbow-chair.

And years rolled by, — but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read, such passion shook
My soul, — I needs must curse or cry.

For, here and there, her love was writ, In old, half-faded pencil-signs, As if she yielded — bit by bit — Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah, silvered fool, too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: Lend no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward!
FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS.

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn, —

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts.

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cata-

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest.

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade.

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed:

When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see. —

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest:

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove:

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned, —her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs;

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes, —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."



Amyson

- his glowing hands:
- Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew golden sands.
- the chords with might:
- in music out of sight.
- Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the Cursed be the social wants that sin against the conses ring.
- fulness of the spring.
- stately ships.
- of the lips.
- O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
- O the dreary dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!
- have sung. -
- shrewish tongue!
- me : to decline
- than mine!
- · What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym- Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I pathize with clay.
- with a clown.
- to drag thee down.
- spent its novel force,
- than his horse.
- What is this? his eyes are heavy, think not Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth they are glazed with wine.
- Go to him; it is thy duty, kiss him; take his hand in thine.
- It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy overwrought, ---
- Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain with thy lighter thought.

- Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in 'He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand. -
 - thee with my hand.
- Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace.
- Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.
 - strength of youth!
- And her whisper thronged my pulses with the Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!
- Many an evening by the waters did we watch the Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!
- And our spirits rushed together at the touching Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!
 - Well -- 't is well that I should bluster! -- Hadst thou less unworthy proved,
 - Would to God for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.
- Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
- Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.
- is it well to wish thee happy? -- having known | Never! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
- On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart | As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.
- Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
 - knew her, kind?
- As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated I remember one that perished : sweetly did she speak and move:
- And the grossness of his nature will have weight Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.
- He will hold thee, when his passion shall have Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore !
- Something better than his dog, a little dearer No, she never loved me truly; love is love forevermore.
 - the poet sings,
 - That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
 - heart be put to proof,
 - is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art | I had been content to perish, falling on the foestaring at the wall.

Where the dving night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep.

To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years.

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eve shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry :

'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest, -

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.

Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings - she For I dipt into the future, far as human eye herself was not exempt -

Truly, she herself had suffered" - Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it - lower yet - be happy! wherefore should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these !

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which With the standards of the peoples plunging I should do?

man's ground.

When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels.

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's beels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age !

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife.

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field.

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn.

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn :

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then.

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

could see.

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be:

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails.

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales:

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the southwind rushing warm,

through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the | Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, battle-flags were furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe.

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry.

Left me with a palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher.

Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dving fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs.

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his vouthful jovs.

Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a bov's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the shore,

And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast.

Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn, -

They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?

I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain -

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in But I count the gray barbarian lower than the a shallower brain;

matched with mine.

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine --

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing, Ah for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred :

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit, - there to wander far away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the day. -

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies.

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster. knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag, -

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree. -

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind -

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books ---

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild.

Christian child.

glorious gains.

Like a heast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage, - what to me were sun or clime (

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. -

I, that rather held it better men should perish

Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward. forward let us range;

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as when life begun, -

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun, -

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath

Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy vet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Lockslev Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt.

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ONLY A WOMAN.

"She loves with love that cannot tire : And if, ah, woe! she loves alone, Through passionate duty love flames higher, As grass grows taller round a stone COVENTRY PATHORE.

So, the truth 's out. I'll grasp it like a snake, -It will not slay me. My heart shall not break Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

I, to herd with narrow foreneads, vacant of our (For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed : None say, he gave me less than honor claimed. Except - one trifle scarcely worth being named -

> The heart. That's gone. The corrupt dead might he

As easily raised up, breathing, - fair to see, As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport. Or courted him as silly maidens court, And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him, - any woman would: But shut my love up till he came and sued, Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest! --So happy that I was his first and best, As he mine. — when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true! If for one little year, a month or two, He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done, He only raised me to his heart's dear throne — Poor substitute -- because the queen was gone !

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss, He had kissed another woman even as this. —

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep To be thus cheated, like a child asleep ;— Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground; Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound. -A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder, - colder still, I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil. Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All, - anything but him. It was to be The full draught others drink up carelessly Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again, — he gives me all I claimed, I and my children never shall be shamed : He is a just man, — he will live unblamed.

Only --- O God, O God, to cry for bread, And get a stone! Daily to lay my head Upon a bosom where the old love 's dead!

Dead ? - Fool! It never lived. It only stirred Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard: So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight. I know not if her face be foul or bright; I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine; I only know he stands Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands, Then to a flickering smile his lips commands.

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show. He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow, We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends, No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends

Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows, — none heeds. I have a little pride; Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side, With the same smile as when I was his bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms; They will not miss these fading, worthless charms; Their kiss — ah! unlike his — all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

DEATH OF THE WHITE FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by, Have shot my fawn, and it will die. Ungentle men! they cannot thrive Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive, Them any harm; alas! nor could Thy death yet do them any good. I'm sure I never wished them ill. -Nor do I for all this, nor will; But if my simple prayers may yet Prevail with Heaven to forget Thy murder, I will join my tears, Rather than fail. But, O my fears! It cannot die so. Heaven's king Keeps register of everything; And nothing may we use in vain; Even beasts must be with justice slain, -Else men are made their deodands. Though they should wash their guilty hands In this warm life-blood, which doth part From thine and wound me to the heart, Yet could they not be clean, - their stain Is dyed in such a purple grain; There is not such another in The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet I had not found him counterfeit, One morning (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he said then, — I 'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear!"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play My solitary time away
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know Whether it, too, might have done so As Sylvio did, — his gifts might be Perhaps as false, or more, than he. For I am sure, for aught that I Could in so short a time espy, Thy love was far more better than The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar, first I it at mine own fingers nursed; And as it grew, so every day It waxed more white and sweet than they. It had so sweet a breath! and oft I blushed to see its foot more soft And white—shall I say than my hand? Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
"T was on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
"T would stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own, —
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the springtime of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips even seemed to bleed;

And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O, help! O, help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden phial will Keep these two crystal tears, and fill It, till it do o'erflow, with mine; Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to Whither the swans and turtles go, In fair Elysium to endure, With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure. O, do not run too fast! for I Will but bespeak thy grave — and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too. But there
The engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,

And wearied all my thought To vex myself and him: I now would give

My love, could he but live

Who lately lived for me, and when he found

Who lately lived for me, and when he found "T was vain, in holy ground He hid his face amid the shades of death!

I waste for him my breath Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,

And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep

Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And O, pray, too, for me!

IN A YEAR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Never any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive,—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang
— Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak, — I love thee best!"

He exclaimed.

"Let thy love my own foretell," —

I confessed:

"Clasp my heart on thine

Now unblamed,

Since upon thy soul as well Hangeth mine!" Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?

I had wealth and ease, Beauty, youth, -

Since my lover gave me love, I gave these.

That was all I meant,

— To be just,

And the passion I had raised To content.

Since he chose to change Gold for dust.

If I gave him what he praised,
Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet, On and on.

While I found some way undreamed,

— Paid my debt!

Till, all gone,

He should smile, "She never seemed
Mine before.

"What — she felt the while, Must I think?

Love's so different with us men,"
He should smile.

He should smile.
"Dying for my sake —

White and pink!

Can't we touch these bubbles then But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.

Do thy part,

Have thy pleasure. How perplext Grows belief!

Well, this cold clay clod Was man's heart.

Crumble it, — and what comes next?

Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green, Cheerily the linnets sing; Winds are soft, and skies serene; Time, however, soon shall throw Winter's snow O'er the buxom breast of Spring!

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind, —
Looks unkind

Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;
Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain:
But again
Blighted love shall never blow!
From the Portuguese of LUIS DE CAM
Translation of LORD STRANGFORI

DISAPPOINTMENT.

FROM "ZOPHIEL, OR THE BRIDE OF SEVEN."

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss most heavenly, most con-

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness: these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and
fate.

Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring, Love's pure congenial spring unfound, un-

Suffers — recoils — then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (Maria del Occidente)

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to see More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed
From me, sailing round the world:
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything—except a heart
That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore, evermore.

ROBERT STEVENSON COFFIN.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM. FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

O THE days are gone when beauty bright

My heart's chain wove!

When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!

New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
O, there's nothing half so sweet in life

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;

As love's young dream!

He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blushed to hear
The one loved name!

O, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
"T was odor fled
As soon as shed;
"T was morning's winged dream;
"T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
On life's dull stream!

THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED. .

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute,
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once iningled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move, This cannot take her: If of herself she will not love.

If of herself she will not lov Nothing can make her: The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown: One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart would say;
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth, —

As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youtk.

* The first stanza of this song appears in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, Act iv. Sc. 1.; the same, with the second stanza added, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bloody Brother, Act v. Sc. 2.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,

Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May;

And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either: they ever go up or go down;

And hers has been steadily soaring, — but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired, — grown purer and wiser each year:

The stars are not farther above you in you luminous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,

Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but their vision is clearer as well:

Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked:

The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?

Have you looked upon evil unsullied? Have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on?

Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the

Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you.

When to-day in her presence you stood,

Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the years that have fled;

Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead!

She cannot look down to her lover: her love, like her soul, aspires;

He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship Of all the operas that Verdi wrote, I have ventured to tell you the truth. As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

ALAS! HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

ALAS! how light a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love ! Hearts that the world in vain has tried. And sorrow but more closely tied : That stood the storm when waves were rough, Yet in a sunny hour fall off. Like ships that have gone down at sea. When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something light as air, — a look, A word unkind or wrongly taken. --O, love that tempests never shook.

A breath, a touch like this has shaken! And ruder words will soon rush in To spread the breach that words begin: And eyes forget the gentle ray They were in courtship's smiling day: And voices lose the tone that shed A tenderness round all they said; Till fast declining, one by one, The sweetnesses of love are gone. And hearts, so lately mingled, seem Like broken clouds, - or like the stream. That smiling left the mountain's brow. As though its waters ne'er could sever. Yet, ere it reach the plain below.

Breaks into floods that part forever. O you, that have the charge of Love. Keep him in rosy bondage bound,

As in the Fields of Bliss above He sits, with flowerets fettered round ; -Loose not a tie that round him clings, Nor ever let him use his wings; For even an hour, a minute's flight Will rob the plumes of half their light. Like that celestial bird, - whose nest Is found beneath far Eastern skies, -

Whose wings, though radiant when at rest. Lose all their glory when he flies!

THOMAS MOORE.

AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the opera there: And she looked like a queen in a book that And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;

With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair, And the brooch on her breast so bright.

The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore: And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note. The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow: And who was not thrilled in the strangest way. As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low, "Non ti scordar di me"?

The emperor there, in his box of state. Looked grave, as if he had just then seen The red flag wave from the city gate. Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye : You'd have said that her fancy had gone back

For one moment, under the old blue sky, To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat Together, my bride betrothed and I; My gaze was fixed on my opera hat, And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad :--Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm. With that regal, indolent air she had : So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then Of her former lord, good soul that he was, Who died the richest and roundest of men. The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven, Through a needle's eye he had not to pass; I wish him well for the jointure given To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love As I had not been thinking of aught for years; Till over my eyes there began to move Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time, When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together, In that lost land, in that soft clime. In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot); And her warm white neck in its golden chain ; And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot. And falling loose again;

(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!) And the one bird singing alone to his nest: And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife, And the letter that brought me back my ring; And it all seemed then, in the waste of life, Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill, Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over: And I thought, "Were she only living still, How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there, In a dim box over the stage; and drest In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair, And that jasmine in her breast:

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between!—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast, And over her primrose face the shade, (In short, from the future back to the past,) There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain, Or something which never will be exprest, Had brought her back from the grave again, With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!

But she loves me now, and she loved me then!

And the very first word that her sweet lips said,

My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,

She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;

And but for her — well, we'll let that pass;

She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men, There's a moment when all would go smooth and even.

If only the dead could find out when To come back and be forgiven.

But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O, that music! and O, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,

Non ti scordar di me!

ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (Owen Meredith).

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at his
prayers.

I sat by the dying fire, and thought Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain

Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;

And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,

With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lip grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies, Which next to her heart she used to wear — Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said — "The thing is precious to me:

They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;

It lies on her heart, and lost must be If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet,
There stark she lay on her carven bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart.
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'T was the hand of a man, that was moving slow

O'er the heart of the dead, — from the other side:

And at once the sweat broke over my brow:
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers' light,

The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,

And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?"... The man Looked first at me, and then at the dead. "There is a portrait here," he began; "There is. 'It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt, The portrait was, till a month ago, When this suffering angel took that out, And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.

"A month ago," said my friend to me:

"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"

He answered, . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I returned, "let the dead decide:
And whosesoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We opened it by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!

The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept.
ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (Owen Meredith).

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Poor Rose! I lift you from the street—
Far better I should own you
Than you should lie for random feet
Where careless hands have thrown you.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn! Did heartless Mayfair use you, Then cast you forth to lie forlorn, For chariot-wheels to bruise you?

I saw you last in Edith's hair.
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favored lover,

A month—"a little month"—ago—
O theme for moral writer!—
"Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer;

But let that pass. She gave you then —
Behind the oleander —
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
Who best could understand her.

Cyril, that, duly flattered, took, As only Cyril's able, With just the same Arcadian look He used, last night, for Mabel;

Then, having waltzed till every star Had paled away in morning, Lit up his cynical cigar, And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet, my Rose! Revenge is sweet, —
She made my heart-strings quiver;
And yet — you sha'n't lie in the street,
I'll drop you in the River.

AUSTIN DODSON

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

LINES ON ISABELLA MARKHAM.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Whence comes my love? O heart, disclose; It was from cheeks that shamed the rose, From lips that spoil the ruby's praise, From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze: Whence comes my woe? as freely own; Ah me! 't was from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind, The lips befitting words most kind, The eye does tempt to love's desire, And seems to say 't is Cupid's fire; Yet all so fair but speak my moan, Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek —
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
O Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

THE VOW.

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same lamp which long before
Had seen our early passion grow
Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever;
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not own a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written all in water,
And by the lamp that saw her swear
Has yielded to the first that sought her.
From the Greek of MELEAGER.
Translation of John HERMAN MERIVALE.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

O, WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak —
Sae my true love did lightly me!

O, waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 't is auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O, wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

MEMORY.

Out of my dooryard maple
A gilded leaflet fell,
Twinkling down on a sunbeam,
Like music from a bell.

Nor hand nor foot disturbed it, And treffeesome gusts of air, Whatling the wayside atoms, Danced on, and left it there.

Slowly away it wasted

Till only a film remained —
skelleton lear, a shadow,
lost whells when it ramed.

Yet lo, on the stained foot-way

A delicate shape—a spirit— Tarried in wind and rain

Charles H. Luders



PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell, But for one night though that farewell may be, Press thou his hand in thine. How canst thou tell how far from thee Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes? Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street, And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years, Ere they have looked in loving eyes again. Parting, at best, is underlaid With tears and pain. Therefore, lest sudden death should come between, Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm The hand of him who goeth forth; Unseen, Fate goeth too. Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest word Between the idle talk, Lest with thee henceforth. Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw. And shake the green leaves off the tree? O gentle death, when wilt thou come? For of my life I'm weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell. Nor blawing snaw's inclemency: 'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry, But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town. We were a comely sight to see: My love was clad in the black velvet. And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed. That love had been sae ill to win. I'd locked my heart in a case of gold. And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born, And set upon the nurse's knee. And I mysell were dead and gane. And the green grass growin' over me! ANONYMOUS

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe! It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ; If thoust be silent, Ise be glad, Thy maining maks my heart ful sad. Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy! Thy father breides me great annoy. Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe. When he began to court my luve, And with his sugred words to muve,

His faynings fals and flattering cheire To me that time did not appeire: But now I see, most cruell hee, Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, etc.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile, And when thou wakest sweitly smile: But smile not, as thy father did, To cozen maids; nay, God forbid! But vette I feire, thou wilt gae neire, Thy fatheris hart and face to beire. Balow. etc.

I cannae chuse, but ever will Be luving to thy father stil: Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde, My luve with him maun stil abyde: In weil or wae, whaireir he gae, Mine hart can neir depart him frae. Ralow, etc.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine, To faynings fals thine hart incline; Be loval to thy luver trew. And nevir change hir for a new; If gude or faire, of hir have care, For womens hanning's wonderous sair. Balow. etc.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane, Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine: My babe and I'll together live. He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve; My babe and I right saft will ly, And quite forgeit man's cruelty. Balow, etc.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth That ever kist a woman's mouth! I wish all maids be warned by mee. Nevir to trust man's curtesy; For if we doe but chance to bow. They'll use us then they care not how. Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe! It grieves me sair to see thee weipe. ANONYMOUS.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE

My heid is like to rend. Willie, My heart is like to break; I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie, I'm dyin' for your sake! O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie, Your hand on my briest-bane. — O, say ye'll think on me, Willie, When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie, Sair grief maun ha'e its will; But let me rest upon your briest To sab and greet my fill. Let me sit on your knee, Willie, Let me shed by your hair, And look into the face, Willie, I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie, For the last time in my life, -A puir heart-broken thing, Willie, A mither, yet nae wife. Ay, press your hand upon my heart, And press it mair and mair, Or it will burst the silken twine, Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
That part me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame;
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I 'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart;
O, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be;
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory, Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory: "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story! "I loved, —and, blind with passionate love, I fell.

Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell;

For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree, Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be; But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again And comfort him one hour, and I were fain To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go! I cannot rise to peace and leave him so. O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar, And upward, joyous, like a rising star, She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing, And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing, She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee, — She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin! I have been fond and foolish. Let me in To explate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher! To be deceived in your true heart's desire Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

JOHN HAY.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"Nor yet, the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet, my heart is full of hope,
I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet, I never knew till now How precious life could be; My heart is full cf love, O Death! I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die!"
LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

FRAGMENTS

FRACILITY OF LOVE.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.

Hamiet, set iv. Sc. 7.
Shakespeare.

The heart! — Yes, I wore it
As sign and as token
Of a love that once gave it,
A vow that was spoken;
But a love, and a vow, and a heart,
Can be broken.

Hearts.

A A PROCTER.

A love that took an early root, And had an early doom.

The Devil's Progress.

T. K. HERVEY

FALSE HOPE.

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah, let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.
The Universal Sourster.

MISS WROTHER.

INCONSTANCY OF MAN.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea and one on shore;

To one thing constant never.

Much Ado about Nothing, Ad ii. Sc 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is no music in a voice

That is but one, and still the same;
Inconstancy is but a name
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.

Shephera: Hotiday.

I. RUTTER.

The fraud of men was ever so Since summer first was leafy.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. Sc 3 SHAKESPEARE.

O heaven! were man But constant, he were perfect: that one error Fills him with faults.

Two Gentlemen of Verena, Act v. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN.

There are three things a wise man will not trust: The wind, the sunshine of an April day, And woman's plighted faith.

and woman's plighted faith.

Madac.

SOUTHEY.

Who trusts himself to woman or to waves
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.

Governor of Cyprus.

OLDMINON.

Away, away — you 're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
O, by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I 've been your slave so long!

T. MOORE.

THE DISAPPOINTED HEART.

The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,

The mourned, the loved, the lost — too many! — yet how few!

Childe Harold, Cant. iv.

RUDON

Do not drop in for an after-loss.

Ah, do not, when my heart hathscaped this sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,

To linger out a purposed overthrow.

Sound AG.

SHAKESPEARE

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

Childe Harold, Cant. iii.

Byron.

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.
From the Greek. COWPER'S Trans.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath naught to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.

The Graph.

BYRON

BEREAVEMENT AND DEATH.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors; Amid these earthly damps What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, — But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, By guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air; Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her; For when with raptures wild In our embraces we again enfold her, She will not be a child: But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial grace; And beautiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest.—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BURIED TO-DAY.

BURIED to-day.

When the soft green buds are bursting out, And up on the south-wind comes a shout Of village boys and girls at play In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away.

Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from
him,
And put low, low underneath the clay,
In his spring, — on this spring day.

Passes away,

All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith "Nay.'
Murmur not, — only pray.

Enters to-day

Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God.
His Christ was buried — and lives alway:
Trust Him, and go your way.
DIMAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live, — nevermore to die;
And often, when we mourn them fied,
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves, Or sleep within the churchyard dim, (Ah! through how many different graves God's children go to him!)—

Yet every grave gives up its dead Ere it is overgrown with grass; Then why should hopeless tears be shed, Or need we cry, "Alas"?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom, And like a sorrowing mourner craped, Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb, Whose captives have escaped?

'T is but a mound, — and will be mossed Whene'er the summer grass appears; The loved, though wept, are never lost; We only lose — our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead By bending forward where they are; But Memory, with a backward tread, Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 't is all before!

ANONYMOUS.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE," WHO DIED AT MILAN, JUNE 6, 1860.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him.'—JOHN XX. 15

In the fair gardens of celestial peace
Walketh a gardener in meekness clad;
Fair are the flowers that wreathe his dewy locks,
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,
Falling with saintly calmness to his feet;
And when he walks, each floweret to his will
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart, In the mild summer radiance of his eye; No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost, Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love
Are nurseries to those gardens of the air;
And his far-darting eye, with starry beam,
Watching the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
O'erwatched with restless longings night and
day:

Forgetful of the high, mysterious right He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night:
At morn the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave!
Blank, silent, vacant; but in worlds above,
Like a new star outblossomed in the skies,
The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friend, no more upon that lonely mound, Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf, Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rosebud bore within its breast
Those mysteries of color, warm and bright,
That the bleak climate of this lower sphere
Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence, Nor must thou ask to take her thence away; Thou shalt behold her, in some coming hour, Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night Wake the better soul that slumbered To a holy, calm delight,—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful firelight Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the roadside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life! They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep, Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside

If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions, In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies:

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women: Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly; Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Gnost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,

Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse, Seeking to find the old familiar faces. Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother, Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling? So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me.

And some are taken from me; all are departed; All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light, And I alone sit lingering here ! Their very memory is fair and bright, And my sad thoughts doth clear:

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove, —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary.
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them
me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, — the jewel of the just, — Shining nowhere but in the dark! What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,

At first sight, if the bird be flown; But what fair dell or grove he sings in now, That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all Created glories under thee! Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall Into true liberty. Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps. The disembodied spirits of the dead, When all of thee that time could wither sleeps.

And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?

That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer, And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind.

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere, And larger movements of the unfettered mind, Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light, Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will In cheerful homage to the rule of right, And lovest all, and renderest good for ill

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell, Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll:

And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes, God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance, There's rest in his still countenance! He mocks no grief with idle cheer, Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear; But ills and woes he may not cure He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm Our feverish brows with cooling palm; To lay the storms of hope and fear, And reconcile life's smile and tear; The throbs of wounded pride to still, And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming, And busily all the night Had been heaping field and highway With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window The noiseless work of the sky, And the sudden flurries of snow-birds, Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn Where a little headstone stood; How the flakes were folding it gently, As did robins the babes in the woodUp spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered, "The snow that husheth all, Darling, the merciful Father Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her; And she, kissing back, could not know That my kiss was given to her sister, Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death, And, with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all agrin In the fields of light above. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they becken to me,

Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye.

We may not sunder the veil apart

That hides from our vision the gates of day;

We only know that their burks no more

May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;

Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,

They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRISST.

THE TWO WAITINGS.

т

DEAR hearts, you were waiting a year ago
For the glory to be revealed;
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,
What treasure the days concealed.

O, would it be this, or would it be that?
Would it be girl or boy?
Would it look like father or mother most?
And what should you do for joy!

And then, one day, when the time was full, And the spring was coming fast, The trembling veil of the body was rent, And you saw your baby at last.

Was it or not what you had dreamed? It was, and yet it was not; But O, it was better a thousand times Than ever you wished or thought.

II.

And now, dear hearts, you are waiting again,
While the spring is coming fast;
For the baby that was a future dream
Is now a dream of the past:

A dream of sunshine, and all that 's sweet;
Of all that is pure and bright;
Of eyes that were blue as the sky by day,
And as soft as the stars by night.

You are waiting again for the fulness of time, And the glory to be revealed; You are wondering deeply with aching hearts What treasure is now concealed.

O, will she be this, or will she be that?

And what will there be in her face

That will tell you sure that she is your own,

When you meet in the heavenly place?

As it was before, it will be again,

Fashior your decare us your apply

When the vail is rant, said the glory is seen,

It will than your hope fulfil.

LOHE WRITE CHADWICK.

FOR CHARLIES SAKE

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain, And gives it to the night again, Fitted with words of lowly praise, And patience learned of mournful days, And memories of the dead child's ways. His will be done, His will be done! Who gave and took away my son, In "the far land" to shine and sing Before the Beautiful, the King, Who every day doth Christmas make, All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor — this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not —
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girds and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joy.
Born with their songs, gene with their toy.
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By pure of cat, or chirp of bird,

Or mother's twilight legend, told Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold, Or fairy hobbling to the door, Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor, To bless the good child's gracious eyes, The good child's wistful charities, And crippled changeling's hunch to make Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunamite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

"ONLY A YEAR."

ONE year ago, — a ringing voice, A clear blue eye, And clustering curls of sunny hair, Too fair to die.

Only a year, — no voice, no smile, No glance of eye, No clustering curls of golden hair, Fair but to die!

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes Far into life! What joyous hopes, what high resolves,

The silent picture on the wall, The burial-stone Of all that beauty, life, and joy, Remain alone!

What generous strife!

One year, — one year, — one little year, And so much gone! And yet the even flow of life Moves calculy on. The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?

What hast thou seen, —

What visions fair, what glorious life,

Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone, But present still, And waiting for the coming hour Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year. \
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid Under the coffin lid; Closed are his eyes; cold is hir forehead fair; My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes, that—he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not

there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying

For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there! — Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked: — he is not there!

He lives! — In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!

Father, thy chastening rod

So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,

That, in the spirit land,

Meeting at thy right hand,

"T will be our heaven to find that — he is there!

IOHN PIERPONT.

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy, —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,

To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,

A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casu Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This moon beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we how to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still,—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till O, my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?

A corner holds thine empty chair, Thy playthings idly scattered there, But speak to us of our despair, Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word -To glad, to grieve -Was sweet as sweetest song of bird On summer's eve : In outward beauty undecayed. Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade, And like the rainbow thou didst fade. Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night The chamber fills; We pine for thee when morn's first light Reddens the hills:

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, All - to the wallflower and wild pea -Are changed : we saw the world through thee, Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam Of casual mirth. It doth not own, whate'er may seem. An inward birth: We miss thy small step on the stair; We miss thee at thine evening prayer; . All day we miss thee, - everywhere. -Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go, In life's spring-bloom. Down to the appointed house below, -The silent tomb. But now the green leaves of the tree, The cuckoo, and "the busy bee," Return, - but with them bring not thee, Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be - while flowers Revive again -Man's doom, in death that we and ours For aye remain? O, can it be, that o'er the grave The grass renewed should yearly wave. Yet God forget our child to save? — Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so Thus man could die. Life were a mockery, thought were woe, And truth a lie; Heaven were a coinage of the brain: Religion frenzy, virtue vain, And all our hopes to meet again, Casa Wappy!

Then be to us. O dear, lost child! With heam of love. A star, death's uncongenial wild Smiling above! Soon, soon thy little feet have trod The skyward path, the seraph's road, That led thee back from man to God. Casa Wappy!

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair, Fond, fairest boy. That heaven is God's, and thou art there, With him in joy; There past are death and all its woes; There beauty's stream forever flows ; And pleasure's day no sunset knows, Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then - for a while, farewell, -Pride of my heart! It cannot be that long we dwell, Thus torn apart. Time's shadows like the shuttle flee. And dark howe'er life's night may be, Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee, Casa Wappy! DAVID MACRETH MOIR.

THE MERRY LARK.

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing, And the hare was out and feeding on the lea, And the merry, merry bells below were ringing, When my child's laugh rang through me. Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snowvard.

And the lark beside the dreary winter sea. And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard Waiteth there until the bells bring me. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head The morning-glory bright; Her little face looked out beneath So full of life and light, So lit as with a sunrise, That we could only say, "She is the morning-glory true, And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time We called her by their name, And very fitting did it seem. -For sure as morning came,

Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round, —
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our deat Lord's knee.
MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day, when the glow of sunset Fades in the western sky, And the wee ones, tired of playing, Go tripping lightly by, I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With trenulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently, "They're all home long ago;"—And I sing, in my quivering treble, A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in the better land.

At home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know, — yet my arms are empty,
That foully folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening, I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom, —
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave

A breath, and the vision is lifted Away on wings of light, And again we two are together, All alone in the night. They tell me his mind is failing, But I smile at idle fears; He is only back with the children, In the dear and peaceful years. And still, as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home."

MARGARET E. M. SANGSTER.

BABY SLEEPS.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."—LUKE viii, 52.

The baby wept;

The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And hushed its fears, and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present griefs, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.
SAMUEL HINDS.

GO TO THY REST.

Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand, Buds on thy pillow laid, Haste from this dark and fearful land, Where flowers so quickly fade.

Ere sin has seared the breast, Or sorrow waked the tear, Rise to thy throne of changeless rest, In yon celestial sphere!

Because thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright, Because thy loving cradle-care Was such a dear delight,

Shall love, with weak embrace, Thy upward wing detain? No! gentle angel, seek thy place Amid the cherub train.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A winow—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite—ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained,
Though friends were fewer:
And while she toiled for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, — and now I see

'That, though resigned and cheerful, she
Has sorrowed much:
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and carefully laid by,
The little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

"THEY ARE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see;
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,
A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store;
With trembling hands and pleading words
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer;
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways,—
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again, A weary sight to see; Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife, "They are dear fish to me!

"Our boat was oot as fearfu' night, And when the storm blew o'er, My husband, and my three brave sons, Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years
A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now to sell again, —
They are dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door, —
What was 't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her lightsome laddies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart, —
"They are dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice, And pity's gathering tear;

"Come in, come in, my poor woman, Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,
Your weary lot to dree;
"I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:
'They are dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy,—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
What woman's misery,—
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:
"They are dear fish to me!"

ANONYMOUS.

CORONACH.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO III.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow:

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN -AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1261.

This was Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaëta.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east, And one of them shot in the west by the sea. Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the

And are wanting a great song for Italy free, Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,

And good at my art, for a woman, men said. But this woman, this, who is agonized here,

The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!

What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the
pain?

Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,

And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her knees Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat

Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little
coat!

To dream and to dote.

To teach them ... It stings there. I made them indeed

indeed
Speak plain the word "country," I taught
them, no doubt,

That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.

I prated of liberty, rights, and about The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes ' . . .

I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the

When one sits quite alone! — Then one weeps, then one kneels!

-God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and
how

They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from my brow With their green laurel-bough. Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the

With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.

— My Guido was dead!— I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; — friends soothed me: my grief looked

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained To be leant on and walked with, recalling the

When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, --- shorter, sadder, more strong.

Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.

One loved me for two . . . would be with me erelong:

And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
'Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware Of a presence that turned off the balls...was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear.

And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed, To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:— "Shot.

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,

They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe!

I think not. Themselves were too lately for-

Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so

The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray, How we common mothers stand desolate, mark, Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,

And no lest word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.

T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.

And when Italy's made, for what end is it
done

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaëta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at
her sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out or

When your guns at Cavalli with final retort Have cut the game short, —

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee, When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to

When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,

(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low.

And burn your lights faintly! — My country is there.

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow, My Italy's there, — with my brave civic pair, To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain in self-

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length

Into such wail as this! — and we sit on forlorn When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west, And one of them shot in the east by the sea! Both! both my boys! — If in keeping the feast

You want a great song for your Italy free, Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead! Sit and watch by her side an hour. That is her book-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium-flower, Beginning to die too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think; The shutters are shut, — no light may pass

Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —
It was not her time to love; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;

And now was quiet, now astir, —
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,

And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Male you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, — naught beside °

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, — in the years long still, —
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's
red, —

And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes; Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope, Either I missed or itself missed me,—And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!

What is the issue! let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold, —
There was place and to spare for the frank young
smile,

And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.

young gold.

So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.

There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT ESCOMMING.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die, Their place ye may not well supply, Though ye among a thousand try. With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the wormy bed And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside I shall it call; — if 't was not pride, It was a joy to that allied, She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool; But she was trained in nature's school, Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before To that unknown and silent shore! Shall we not meet as heretofore Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day, —
A bliss that would not go away, —
A sweet forewarning?
CHARLES LAMB.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
love,

I and my Annabel Lee, —
With a love that the winged scraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my
bride.

In her sepulchre there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POR

HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LIN-COLNSHIRE.

[TIME, 1571.]

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull! if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells!
Play uppe The Brides of Enderby!"

Men say it was a "stolen tyde," —
The Lord that sent it, he knows all,
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;

And dark against day's golden death She moved where Lindis wandereth, — My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,

"Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,

Faintly came her milking-song.

Mellow, mellow! Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow! Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot! Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,

Hollow, hollow!

Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow;

From the clovers lift your head!

Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!

Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow,

Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long—ay, long ago—
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are, Moved on in sunset's golden breath; The shepherde lads I heard afarre, And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth; Till, floating o'er the grassy sea, Came downe that kyndly message free, The Brides of Mavis Enderby.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderbu.

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys, warping down,—
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring The Brides of Enderby?

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe!
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, Ho, Enderby!
They rang The Brides of Enderby.

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed, Shook all her trembling bankes amaine; Then madly at the eygre's breast

Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then banks came downe with ruin and rout, –
Then beaten foam flew round about, —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
Aud all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high,

A lurid mark, and dread to see; And awsome bells they were to mee, That in the dark rang *Enderby*.

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed:
And I, — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O, come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love. Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?

Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare?
The waters laid thee at his doore

Ere yet the early dawn was clear:
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea, —
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourne his own (she sayth)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never hear her more

I shall never see her more. Where the reeds and rushes quiver, Shiver, quiver, Stand beside the sobbing river, -Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling, To the sandy, lonesome shore; I shall never hear her calling, "Leave your meadow grasses mellow, Mellow, mellow! Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ! Come uppe. Whitefoot! come uppe. Lightfoot! Quit your pipes of parsley hollow, Hollow, hollow! Come uppe, Lightfoot! rise and follow; Lightfoot! Whitefoot! From your clovers lift the head ; Come uppe, Jetty! follow, follow,

IEAN INCELOW.

Jetty, to the milking-shed!"

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Composed by Burns, in September, 1782, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest!
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

O, SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM!

O, SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.
LORD BYRON.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.

Forever now, O Yarrow Stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,

To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should nevermore behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough:
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
JOHN LOGAN.

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE.

Could be come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye, I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;— Sweet as your smile on me shoue ever, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not!

My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

FIRST SPRING FLOWERS.

I AM watching for the early buds to wake Under the snow:

From little beds the soft white covering take, And, nestling, lo! They lie, with pink lips parted, all aglow!

O darlings! open wide your tender eyes; See! I am here—

Have been here, waiting under winter skies
Till you appear —
You, just come up from where he lies so near.

Tell me, dear flowers, is he gently laid,
Wrapped round from cold;
Has spring about him fair green garments made,
Fold over fold:

Are sweet things growing with him in the mould?

Has he found quiet resting-place at last, After the fight ?

What message did he send me, as you passed
Him in the night,
Eagerly pushing upward toward the light?

I will not pluck you, lest his hand should be Close clasping you:

These slender fibres which so cling to me Do grasp him too—

What gave these delicate veins their bloodred hue?

One kiss I press, dear little bud, half shut, On your sweet eyes; For when the April rain falls at your foot, And April sun yearns downward to your root

From soft spring skies,

It, too, may reach him, where he sleeping lies.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

O, sing unto my roundelay!
O, drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead, etc.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
O, he lies by the willow-tree!

My love is dead, etc.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead, etc.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead, etc.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead, etc.

With my hands I 'll bind the briers Round his holy corse to gre; Ouphant fairy, light your tires; Here my body still shall be. My lore is dead, etc.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead, etc.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

[ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, OB. 1833]

GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel:
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain, A use in measured language lies; The sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er, Like coarsest clothes against the cold; But that large grief which these enfold Is given in outline and no more.

DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore Sailest the placid ocean-plains With my lost Arthur's loved remains, Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn In vain; a favorable speed Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead • Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex

Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above; Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow; Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now, My friend, the brother of my love; My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son.
More than my brothers are to me.

THE PEACE OF SORROW.

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Culm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold

And on these dews that drench the furze,

And all the silvery gossamers

That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on you great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

IF Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Through all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man; So that still garden of the souls In many a figured leaf enrolls The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole

As when he loved me here in Time,

And at the spiritual prime

Rewaken with the dawning soul.

PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

That each, who seems a separate whole, Should move his rounds, and fusing all The skirts of self again, should fall Remerging in the general Soul, Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast, Imaginations calm and fair, The memory like a cloudless air, The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

Do we indeed desire the dead Should still be near us at our side? Is there no baseness we would hide? No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove, I had such reverence for his blame, See with clear eye some hidden shame, And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:

Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be, How know I what had need of thee? For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,

The head hath missed an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds: What fame is left for human deeds In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame, Fade wholly, while the soul exults, And self-enfolds the large results Of force that would have forged a name.

THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullables of pain

May bind a book, may line a box,

May serve to curl a maiden's locks:

Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon' a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave Since I crossed this restless wave: And the evening, fair as ever, Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside, Sat two comrades old and tried, — One with all a father's truth, One with all the fire of youth. One on earth in silence wrought, And his grave in silence sought; But the younger, brighter form Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend, But that soul with soul can blend? Soul-like were those hours of yore; Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, Take, I give it willingly; For, invisible to thee, Spirits twain have crossed with me.

From the German of LUDWIG UHLAND Translation of SARAH AUSTEN.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

Home they brought her warrior dead: She nor swooned, nor uttered cry; All her maidens, watching, said, "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years, Set his child upon her knee,— Like summer tempest came her tears, "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,—
For I 've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break, —
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore, —
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary — kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;

And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, LADY DUFFERIN.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;

(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay, Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest, Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest, The thick sobs choking in his breast; And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"
CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last str ag agony
A dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,
That I — ha! ha! — must die.

"And what is Death? I've dared him oft Before the Paynim spear, — Think ye he's entered at my gate, Has come to seek me here? I've met him, faced him, scorned him, When the fight was raging hot, — I'll try his might — I'll brave his power; Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, —
And fire the culverin, —
Bid each retainer arm with speed, —
Call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall, —
The banquet-board prepare, —
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then, —
The banquet forth was spread, —
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and s

Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board.

While at its head, within his dark, Carved oaken chair of state. Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men, Pour forth the cheering wine : There's life and strength in every drop, -Thanksgiving to the vine! Are ve all there, my vassals true ? -Mine eyes are waxing dim :-Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword, -And let me hear your faithful steel Clash once around my board: I hear it faintly : - Louder vet !-What clogs my heavy breath? Up, all, - and shout for Rudiger, Defiance unto Death !"

Bowl rang to bowl, - steel clanged to steel, And rose a deafening cry That made the torches flare around, And shook the flags on high :-"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him? -Slaves, traitors! have ve flown? Ho! cowards, have ve left me To meet him here alone?

"But I defy him : -- let him come !" Down rang the massy cup, While from its sheath the ready blade Came flashing half-way up : And, with the black and heavy plumes Scarce trembling on his head, There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, Old Rudiger sat, dead. ALBERT G. GREENE

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

FAREWELL, - farewell to thee, Araby's daughter! (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea :) No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing, How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,

Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands, Shall maids and their lovers remember the

Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands. With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning, And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old.

The happiest there, from their pastime returning At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses

Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day, Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses, She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee, -Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start.

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee, Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! - be it ours to embellish thy pillow With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept; With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber.

We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slent.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie dark-

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head : We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,

And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell! — farewell! — until pity's sweet fountain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave. They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain.

They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

GRIEF.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK," ACT I. SC. 2.

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. And hushed all its music and withered its frame! Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust : Thou know'st 't is common, - all that live must

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET. Ay, madam, it is common. QUEEN.

If it be. Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAM. Seems, madam ! nav. it is : I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother. Nor customary suits of solemn black. Nor windy suspiration of forced breath, No. nor the fruitful river in the eve. Nor the dejected havior of the visage. Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief, That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem, For they are actions that a man might play: But I have that within, which passeth show; These, but the trappings and the suits of woe. SHAKESPEARE.

TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die On such an eve, when such a sky O'er-canopies the west; To gaze my fill on you calm deep, And, like an infant, fall asleep On Earth, my mother's breast.

There 's peace and welcome in you sea Of endless blue tranquillity: These clouds are living things: I trace their veins of liquid gold, I see them solemnly unfold Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey Us weary children of a day -Life's tedious nothing o'er -Where neither passions come, nor woes, To vex the genius of repose On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway With startling dawn and dazzling day; But gloriously serene Are the interminable plains: One fixed, eternal sunset reigns O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear; I know thy greeting is severe To this poor shell of clay: Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss Emancipates! thy rest is bliss! I would I were away!

From the German of GLUCK.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past," RUSSIAN PROVERS.

"Two hands upon the breast. And labor's done : Two pale feet crossed in rest. -The race is won: Two eyes with coin-weights shut, And all tears cease: Two lins where grief is mute. Anger at peace :" So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot : God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest Aye for his praise; Two feet that never rest Walking his ways: Two eves that look above Through all their tears: Two lips still breathing love, Not wrath, nor fears:" So pray we afterwards, low on our knees : Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these! DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

REST.

I LAY me down to sleen. With little care Whether my waking find Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head That only asks to rest, Unquestioning, upon A loving breast.

My good right-hand forgets Its cunning now: To march the weary march I know not how.

I am not eager, bold, Nor strong, — all that is past; I am ready not to do, At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done, And this is all my part. — I give a patient God My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still, Though all the blue be dim; These stripes as well as stars Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

Lore, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon.

Lore, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be soon.

Love. rest. and home! etc.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever I shall be soon; Beyond the rock waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task 's ended noo, Jean,
And I 'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn 's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean:
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal!
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

CARGLINAL BARONESS NAIRNE.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day,—
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, — sweet love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, forevermore, —
Forever — evermore, —
BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying." -- SHAKESPEARE'S Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc. 13.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions Bear their eagles high no more. And my wrecked and scattered galleys Strew dark Actium's fatal shore. Though no glittering guards surround me. Prompt to do their master's will. I must perish like a Roman, Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions Mock the lion thus laid low: "I was no foeman's arm that felled him. 'T was his own that struck the blow: His who, pillowed on thy bosom, Turned aside from glory's ray. His who, drunk with thy caresses. Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble Dare assail my name at Rome. Where my noble spouse, Octavia, Weeps within her widowed home, Seek her: say the gods bear witness -Altars, augurs, circling wings-That her blood, with mine commingled, Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eved Egyptian! Glorious sorceress of the Nile! Light the path to Stygian horrors With the splendors of thy smile. Give the Cæsar crowns and arches. Let his brow the laurel twine: I can scorn the Senate's triumphs, Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; Hark! the insulting foeman's cry. They are coming - quick, my falchion! Let me front them ere I die. Ah! no more amid the battle Shall my heart exulting swell; Isis and Osiris guard thee! Cleopatra — Rome — farewell! WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK," ACT III. SC. 1-

HAMLET. To be, or not to be, - that is the question: -

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And, by opposing, end them? - To die, to Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we sleep; -

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to. - 't is a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To die, - to sleep : -To sleep! perchance to dream : - av, there's the mb:

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come. When we have shuffled off this mortal coil. Must give us pause: there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life: For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely.

The pains of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes. When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear. To grunt and sweat under a weary life. But that the dread of something after death, -The undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveller returns, - puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have, Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all: And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought: And enterprises of great pith and moment, With this regard, their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

[" In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, the nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face, 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear? said he, and added, 'We don't, either, "]

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still:

The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call:

The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;

We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go.

do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day —

Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say,

Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be; Yet, O, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say — these vanished ones — and blessed is the thought.

"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;

We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death —

Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,

So those who enter death must go as little children sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE SECRET OF DEATH.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him; "come away; Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes -Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary; And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room, With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again — he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,

Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet
cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,

Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips, and breasts without breath,

Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense, But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear, I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead, And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring." Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!

Though he told me, who will believe it was said!

Who will believe that he heard her say, With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear, And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat
With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they
found it,

Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled — Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the coze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and
drabbled —
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And — that is all.

All else you may guess.

Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one — name or date!— none!
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they
found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue !
Or was there foul play !

Alas! who may tell? Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother, May recognize these when her child's clothes she

sees; hen — will it be well?

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis,—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last,—
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length,
But no matter!— I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead, —
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart,—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain,—
With the fever called "Living"
That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures

That torture the worst

Has abated, — the terrible

Torture of thirst

For the naphthaline river

Of Passion accurst!

I have drunk of a water

That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground, —
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed, —
And, to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses,
—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies, —
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,

Bathing in many

A dream of the truth

And the beauty of Annie, —

Drowned in a bath

Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast,—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished, She covered me warm, And she prayed to the angels

To keep me from harm, —

To the queen of the angels

To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
Now in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
That you fancy me dead;—
And I rest so contentedly
Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
That you fancy me dead,—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead:

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky;
For it sparkles with Annie,—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie,
With the thought of the light
Of the eves of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

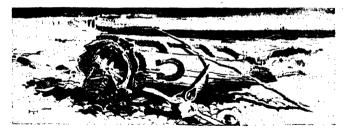
Addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childbed at the age of twenty-two.

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave:
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all,—
That in herself was so complete
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
And with his saints to reign,

T.



A horse-shoe nailed, for luck, upon a mast; That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore was cast! I saw, and thence no fetich I revered, But safe, through tempest, to my haven steered.

II.

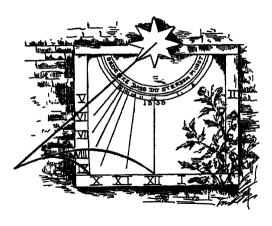


The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown, Yet Fear and Sorrow held it for their own. A garden then I sowed without one fear,—Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless all the year.

III.



Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand display. Not so mine own; yet mine is quick to-day. Once more in his I read Fate's idle jest, Then fold it down forever on his breast.



IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

IF I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night, Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—The way is lonely; let me feel them now. Think gently of me; I am travel-worn; My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn. Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead! When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Whom while on earth each one did prize The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
All soon or late in death shall sleep;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.
From the French of CHARLES DUKE OF ORLEANS.
Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

SONNET.

The funeral sermon was on the text, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee" (John x1. 28).

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast;—
She heard the call, and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and
soft:

But she hath made no answer, and the day From the clear west is fading fast away.

HENRY ALFORD.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.

TROM "CYMBELINE," ACT IV. SC 2.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's rages; Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages: Golden lads and girls all must, As chinney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field, And plant fresh laurels where they kill; But their strong nerves at last must yield; They tame but one another still:

Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

IAMES SHIRLEY.

SIC VITA.*

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood, —
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
'The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, — and man forget!

HENRY KING.

VIRTUE IMMORTAL.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridall of the earth and skie; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; For thou must die.

* Fields and Whipple, in their admirable Famuly Library of British Poets, add the following note: "This poem, of which there are nine imitations, is claimed for Francis Beaumont by some authorities." Sweet Rose, whose hue angrie and brave Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie, Thy musick shows ye have your closes, And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

The following poem was a particular favorite with Abraham Luncoin. It was first shown to him when a young man by a friend, and afterwards be cut it from a newspaper and learned it by heart. He said to a friend, "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." He did afterwards learn the name of the author.

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around, and together be laid; As the young and the old, the low and the high, Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved, The father that mother and infant who blest,— Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose check, in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by; And alike from the minds of the living erased Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;

The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;

The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, — Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap; The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, —

Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed, That withers away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been; We see the same sights our fathers have seen; We drink the same stream, we see the same sun, And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think:

From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;

To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling, But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved, — but the story we cannot unfold; They scorned, — but the heart of the haughty is cold;

They grieved, — but no wail from their slumbers will come:

They joyed, — but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, - ah! they died; - we, things that are now.

That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain: And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,

Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye; 't is the draught of a breath

From the blossom of health to the paleness of death.

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
WILLIAM KNOX

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—

RVPON.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth, The flower fades, the morning hasteth, The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes,—and man he dies'

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day;
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!

IF THOU WILT EASE THINE HEART.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love, and all its smart,—
Then sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart, —
Then die, dear, die!
'T is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou 'It meet her
In eastern sky.
THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

Hz who hath bent him o'er the dead Ere the first day of death is fied, The first dark day of nothingness, The last of danger and distress, (Before Decay's effacing fingers Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,) And marked the mild angelic air, The rapture of repose, that 's there,

The fixed vet tender traits that streak The languor of the placid cheek. And - but for that sad shrouded eve. That fires not, wins not, weeps not now, And but for that chill, changeless brow, Where cold Obstruction's anathy Appalls the gazing mourner's heart, As if to him it could impart The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ; Yes, but for these and these alone. Some moments, av., one treacherous hour. He still might doubt the tyrant's power : So fair, so calm, so softly sealed, The first, last look by death revealed ! Such is the aspect of this shore: 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more! So coldly sweet, so deadly fair. We start, for soul is wanting there. Hers is the loveliness in death, That parts not quite with parting breath; But beauty with that fearful bloom. That hue which haunts it to the tomb. Expression's last receding ray. A gilded halo hovering round decay, The farewell beam of Feeling past away ; Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth, Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

LIFE

" Animula, vagula, blandula."

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met!
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed
hour

To break thy trance and reassume thy power? Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be? O, say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee? Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
C'hoose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter

clime

Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

Husband and wife! no converse now ye hold, As once ye did in your young days of love, On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays, Its silent meditations and glad hopes, Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies; Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares Call you not now together. Earnest talk On what your children may be moves you not. Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence; Not like to that in which ye rested once Most happy, — silence eloquent, when heart With heart held speech, and your mysterious

Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,

Insensible, unheeding, folds you round,
And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in;
Away from all the living, here ye rest,
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now;
Dread fellowship! — together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love!
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know
no bounds,

But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought,—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
of uncreated light have visited, and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?— throne before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—
Souls that thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence,— are they
quenched?

Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes By that bright day which ends not; as the sun His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?
And do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And then soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue
give speech,

And make it send forth winning harmonies,
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance,
Are these the body's accidents, no more?
To live in it, and when that dies go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in From all the air! 'T is in the gentle moonlight; Is floating in day's setting glories; Night, Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step ('omes to our bed and breathes it in our ears; — Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse, As one vast mystic instrument, are touched By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords Quiver with joy in this great jubilee. The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
What holds it? Dust that cumbered those I mourn.

They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes, And put on those of light. They 're gone to dwell In love, —their God's and angels'! Mutual love, That bound them here, no longer needs a speech For full communion; nor sensations strong, Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain To be set free, and meet their kind in joy. Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each By natures new impart themselves, though silent. Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love, Affections sanctified, and the full glow Of being, which expand and gladden one, By union all mysterious, thrill and live In both immortal frames; — sensation ali,

And thought, pervading, mingling sense and Into its furrows shall we all be cast, thought!

In the sure faith that we shall ris

Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness Twofold, yet single, — this is love, this life! Why call we, then, the square-built monument, The upright column, and the low-laid slab Tokens of death, memorials of decay? Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man, And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest In these shaped stones and lettered tables figures Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God Brought to the old Judeans, — types are these Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
That at this simple grave on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.
RICHARD HENRY DANA.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade Who once were weary of the strife, And bent, like us, beneath the load Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here, From all that curses yonder town! So deep the peace, I almost long To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,

Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength

And heavenly light!

CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom, In the fair gardens of that second birth; And each bright blossom mingle its perfume With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod.

And spread the furrow for the seed we sow; This is the field and Acre of our God,

This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me-

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

[Hark! how the holy calm that breathes around Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease; In still small accents whispering from the ground The grateful earnest of eternal peace.]*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering

Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw-built
shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

* Removed by the author from the original poem.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocual did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
yault.

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; Chill penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood; Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest; Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse.

The place of fame and elegy supply; And many a holy text around she strews, That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some pious drops the closing eye requires; E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead, Dost in these lines their artless tale relate; If chance, by lonely contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:—
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove; Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill, Along the heath, and near his favorite tree; Another came, — nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he; "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne; —

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished)
a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, — (There they alike in trembling hope repose, 1 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth -— All this is ours.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language: for his gayer hours She has a voice of gladness, and a smile And eloquence of beauty : and she glides Into his darker musings with a mild And healing sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts Of the last bitter hour come like a blight Over thy spirit, and sad images Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall, And breathless darkness, and the narrow house, Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, Go forth under the open sky, and list To Nature's teachings, while from all around -Earth and her waters, and the depths of air -Comes a still voice : - Yet a few days, and thee The all-beholding sun shall see no more In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground, Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears, Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again; And, lost each human trace, surrendering up Thine individual being, shalt thou go To mix forever with the elements; To be a brother to the insensible rock, And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with
kings.

The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills, Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales Stretching in pensive quietness between; The venerable woods; rivers that move In majesty, and the complaining brooks, That make the meadows green; and, poured round all.

Old ocean's grav and melancholy waste. — Are but the solemn decorations all Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun, The planets, all the infinite host of heaven, Are shining on the sad abodes of death, Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread The globe are but a handful to the tribes That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness. Or lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound Save his own dashings, -yet the dead are there! And millions in those solitudes, since first The flight of years began, have laid them down In their last sleep, —the dead reign there alone! So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw In silence from the living, and no friend Take note of thy departure! All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave Their mirth and their employments, and shall

And make their bed with thee. As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men — The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes In the full strength of years, matron and maid, And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man — Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan that moves To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,

There lived a Man; — and who was HE?

— Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,

That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,

The land in which he died unknown:

His name has perished from the earth,

This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall,—
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er; Enjoyed, — but his delights are fied; Had friends, — his friends are now no more; And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:

O, she was fair, — but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN.

JAMES MONTGOM: RY.

FRAGMENTS.

THE LOT OF MAN.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Cupid and Death.

7. SHIRLEY.

A worm is in the bud of youth, And at the root of age. Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality.

COWPER.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head Must lie as low as ours.

A Funeral Thought, Book ii, Hymn 62.

WATTS.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell
king!

Richard II. Ad ii Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.

Old Fortunatus.

T. DEKKER.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.

Christabel, Part ii. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sure, 't is a serious thing to die!...

Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.

The Grave.

R. BLAIR.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

Night Thoughts, Night v. DR. E. YOUNG.

Our days begin with trouble here, Our life is but a span, And cruel death is always near, So frail a thing is man.

New England Primer.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set; — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Hour of Death.

MRS. HEMANS.

The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of strange adventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!

Lady of the Lake.

Scott.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone, And some before the speaker.

School and Schoolfellows.

W M. PRAED.

One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

How fast has brother followed brother, From sunshine to the sunless land! Extempore Effusion upon the Death of Fame Hogg. WORDSWORTH.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than
made.

Emblems, Rook ii. 13.

F. QUARLES.

With mortal crisis doth portend My days to appropringue an end. Hudibras, Part i. Cant iii.

Biiri Do

This fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest.

SHAKESPEARE.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

King John, Activ. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY DEATH.

Happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,

Break with the first fall.

RYPON.

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?" an echo answers, "Where?"

Bride of Abydos, Cant. ii.

BYRON.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

Curse of Kibama, Cant. x

R. So

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,

R. SOUTHEY.

At one fell swoop?

Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.
W. C. BRYANT.

Thy leaf has perished in the green.
In Memoriam, kxiv.

TENNYSON.

An untimely grave.
On the Duke of Buckingham.

T. CAREW.

DEATH'S CHOICE.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

Night Thoughts, Night v. Dr. E. Young.

Death aims with fouler spite

Divine Poems.

F. OUARLES

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

The Excursion, Book i.

WORDSWORTH.

The ripest fruit first falls.

SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH-BEDS.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

Night Thoughts, Night ii. Dr. E. Young.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years:
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Edipns, Ac' iv. Sc. 1.

DRYDEN.

Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died, As one that had been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he owed, As 't were a careless trifle.

Macheth, Act i. Sc. 4.

The Vision.

SHAKESPEARE.

BURNS

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.
The Dispensary, Cant iii.
S. GARTH.

And, like a passing thought, she fled In light away.

He was exhaled; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.

DRYDEN.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
The Christian Year: XXIV. Sunday after Trinty. KEBLE.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin. Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled; No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head. SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 1-

A death-hed's a detector of the heart: Here tired dissimulation drops her mask. Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene: Here real and apparent are the same. Night Thoughts, Night ii.

DR E. YOUNG.

The tongues of dving men Enforce attention, like deep harmony: When words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain:

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

Richard II. Act ii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE

DEATH AND SLEEP.

Death, so called, is a thing that makes men weep, And yet a third of life is passed in sleep. Byros. Den Juan, Canto xiv.

Let no man fear to die; we love to sleep all, And death is but the sounder sleen. Humorous Lieutenant. F. BEAUMONT.

Sleep is a death; O make me try By sleeping what it is to die, And as gently lay my head On my grave as now my bed.

Religio Medici, Part ii. Sec. 12.

SIR T. BROWNE.

Let guilt, or fear, Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them : Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die. Cate. Annisov

FRAR OF DEATH.

I fear to die . . . For oh! it goes against the mind of man To be turned out from its warm wonted home, Ere yet one rent admits the winter's chill. Rayner. JOANNA BAILLIE.

The sense of death is most in apprehension: And the poor beetle, that we tread upon, In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great As when a giant dies.

Measure for Measure, Act iii, Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Cowards die many times before their deaths: The valiant never taste of death but once. Julius Casar, Act il. Sc. 2. SULVUCUELUU Of all the wonders that I vet have heard. It seems to me most strange that men should

Seeing that death, a necessary end. Will come when it will come.

Subus Cosar, Act il. Sc. 2

CHAPPEDEADE

DEATH - CONVENTIONAL AND NATURAL.

Hark I from the tombs a doleful sound.

WATTS. A Funeral Thought, Book ii. Hymn 63. Whatever crazy sorrow saith.

No life that breathes with human breath Has ever truly longed for death. TENNYSON. Two Voices.

I fled, and cried out DEATH! Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH. Paradese Last. Rook ii. MILTON.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits Grim Death, my son and foe. Paradise Last. Rook ii.

MILTON.

Imagination's fool, and error's wretch, Man makes a death which nature never made; Then on the point of his own fancy falls; And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one. Night Thoughts. DR. E. YOUNG.

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop Into thy mother's lap.

Paradise Lost, Book xi.

MILTON.

THE GRAVE.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.

. . . nothing can we call our own but death. And that small model of the barren earth Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground, And tell sad stories of the death of kings. SHAKESPEARE. Richard II., Act ii. Sc. 2.

The Grave, dread thing! Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature, apnalled.

Shakes off her wonted firmness.

The Grave.

R. BLAIR.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. The Seasons: Winter. THOUSON.

Brave Percy, fare thee well! Ill-weaned ambition, how much art thou shrunk: When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound : But now, two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough.

Henry VI., Part I. Act v. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPEARE.

How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.
POPE.

The bad man's death is horror; but the just
Keeps something of his glory in the dust.
Custam.
W. Habingion.

And from his ashes may be made The violet of his native land.

In Memorium, xviii.

TENNYSON.

Lay her i' the earth; And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring!

Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet

maid,

And not t' have strewed thy grave.

Shakespeare.

May no rude hand deface it, And its forlorn hic jucet! Ellen Irwin.

WORDSWORTH.

THE PEACE OF DEATH.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

Hamle', Acti. Sc. 5.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no damnèd grudges; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Titus Andronicus, Act i. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

He gave his honors to the world again. His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. Henry VIII., Act. iv. Sc 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Macbeth, Act iii, Sc. 2.

SHAKESPFARE.

Here may the storme-bett vessell safely ryde; This is the port of rest from troublous toyle, The worlde's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

Faery Queene.

SPENS' K

LONGING FOR DEATH.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes, I woo thee, Death!

Death.

B. PORTEUS.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible, But how the wretched love to think of thee, O thou true comforter, the friend of all Who have no friend beside.

Joan of Arc.

R. SOUTHEY.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew; Or that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKE-PEARE.

I hear a voice you cannot hear, Which says I must not stay, I see a hand you cannot see, Which beckons me away.

Colin and Lucy.

T. TICKELL.

Thank God for Death! bright thing with dreary name.

Renedicam Domino.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

But an old age serene and bright, And lovely as a Lapland night, Shall lead thee to thy grave.

Shall lead thee to thy grave.

WORDSWORTH

AFTER DEATH.

The wisest men are glad to die; no fear Of death can touch a true philosopher. Death sets the soul at liberty to fly.

Continuation of Lucan.

T. MAY.

Alas! for love, if thou art all, And naught beyond, O Earth! The Graves of a Household.

MRS. HEMANS.

'T is not the whole of life to live: Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death. J. MONTGOMERY.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew.

DRYDEN.

MOURNING.

'T is better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all.

/n Memoriam, xxvii.

TENNYSON

Those that he loved so long and sees no more, Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before, —

He gathers round him.

Human l.ife.

ROGERS.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Macheth, Activ. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Mathetia, delay, So. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.

All's Well that Fuds Well Act v. Sc. 2.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.

Letter to his Friend under Affiction.

L. POMPRET.

He first deceased; she for a little tried To live without him, liked it not, and died. Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.

SIR H. WOTTON.

Speak me fair in death.

Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Patch grief with proverbs.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v. Sc. z. SHAKESPEARE.

Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.

Henry IV., Part I. Act v. Sc. 4. Shakespeare.

So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!

Henry VIII., Activ. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The very cypress droops to death —
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

The Giacur. Byrox

They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.

Mirra.

R. Baron.

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show!
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.
POPE.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

Night Thoughts, Night # DR. E. YOUNG



POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY.



"Twas Ever thus! - Euch hours that came, Mr. Gilmon Amini. Int rewestern of griff or hand In points, huger, I dish, here, but a social of social fitter, pours that its time court send the Rich is The say this day of the shirt! Michael Man Some newer case for Monghh of How are safe in command to the It'll unremitting, humphs. Phys he ruste & throws the still other Hulk fengers beaug of your

POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY.

RETROSPECTION.

FROM "THE PRINCESS"

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy autumn fields, And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail, That brings our friends up from the under world; Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge, — So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds To dying ears, when unto dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimmering square; So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,— O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,

To the haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON

MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES

Moan, moan, ye dying gales! The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life;
Nor have you e'er began
A theme so wild as man,
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!
Autumn sears not like grief,
Nor kills such lovely flowers;
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform,
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre, Silence, ye vocal-choir, And thou, mellifluous lute, For man soon breathes his last, And all his hope is past, And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing, And when the leaves are dying, And when the song is o'er, O, let us think of those Whose lives are lost in wees, Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

HENCE, ALL YE VAIN DELIGHTS.

FROM "THE NICE VALOUR," ACT III SC. 3.

Hence, all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't
But only melancholy,
O. sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes, A sigh that piercing mortifies, A look that's fastened to the ground, A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Tohn Fletcher.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT II. SC. 7

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere

folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly! This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER GOING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going, Crumbling away beneath our very feet; Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing In current unperceived, because so fleet; Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,—

But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat; Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blow-

And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet:

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize
them.

Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

ATTROOF THE VEDE

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Written in the spring of 1819, when suffering from physical depression, the precursor of his death, which happened soon after.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth,—

That I might drink, and leave the world un-

seen.

And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan; Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow And leaden-eyed despairs.

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breeze.

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murnurous haunt of flies on summer

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death.
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thysoul abroad,
In such an eestasy!—
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in facry lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision or a waking dream?

Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEAPS.

THE SUN IS WARM, THE SKY IS CLEAR.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my
emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ROSALIE.

O, FOUR upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain
That seems from other worlds to 'plain!
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No, never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this,
So like angelic bliss!

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play, —
So thought the gentle Rosalie
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze.
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;

What sound can break the silence of despair?

O doubting heart!

The sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past,

And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELADE ANNE PROCTER.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

MY SHIP.

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult and dust and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea, Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine, Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly, Many and fair, — but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight,—
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me;
"Who is her master, and what her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

O, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,
She sailed long since from the port of Youth,—
Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things, She faded in distance and doubt away,— With only a tremble of snowy wings She floated, swan-like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight, —
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate, Fate, —
And still I watch for her back again; —

Watch from the earliest morning light
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet, — she will never come
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore,

Knowing that tempest and time and storm Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark; Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form, And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse,—
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN (Florence Percy).

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert L love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fiel
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead,—

Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon, Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon; Attachments by fate or falsehood reft; Companions of early days lost or left; And my native land, whose magical name Thrills to the heart like electric flame; The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;

All the passions and scenes of that rapturous

When the feelings were young, and the world

Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view; All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone! And I, a lone exile remembered of none, My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone, Aweary of all that is under the sun, — With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,

I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride, With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side! When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life, With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and

The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear, The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear, And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly.

Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are
high.

And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, — O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride, Afar in the desert alone to ride!

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed, And to bound away with the eagle's speed,

With the death-fraught firelock in my hand, — The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest

And the kudu and eland unhunted recline By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild

Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood, And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood.

And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill. Afar in the desert I love to ride, With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,

O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan, —
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and
fear:

Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone. With the twilight bat from the yawning stone: Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root, Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot : And the bitter-melon, for food and drink. Is the pilgrini's fare by the salt lake's brink; A region of drought, where no river glides, Nor rippling brook with osiered sides; Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount, Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount, Appears, to refresh the aching eye; But the barren earth and the burning sky, And the blank horizon, round and round. Spread, - void of living sight or sound. And here, while the night-winds round me sigh, And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky, As I sit apart by the desert stone, Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone, "A still small voice" comes through the wild (Like a father consoling his fretful child), Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear, Saying, - Man is distant, but God is near ! THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE WORLD.

THE World's a bubble, and the Life of Man Less than a span:

In his conception wretched, from the womb, So to the tomb;

Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years With cares and fears.

Who then to frail mortality shall trust, But limns on water, or but writes in dust. Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools

ts are but only superficial school

To dandle fools:

The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men:

And where 's a city from foul vice so free, But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed, Or pains his head:

Those that live single, take it for a curse, Or do things worse:

Some would have children: those that have them, moan

Or wish them gone :

What is it, then, to have or have no wife, But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affection still at home to please Is a disease:

To cross the seas to any foreign soil, Peril and toil:

Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease.

We are worse in peace;—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?
FRANCIS. LORD BACON.

LOVE, NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay! Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers.—

Things that are made to fade and fall away

Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die, —
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by!
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN. (HON. MRS. NORTON.)

SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

O Loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O, worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have
eased.

Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

MILTON.

FROM "PARADISE LOST."

EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death ! Must I thus leave thee. Paradise? thus leave Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades, Fit haunt of gods: where I had hope to spend. Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day That must be mortal to us both? O flowers, That never will in other climate grow. My early visitation, and my last At even, which I bred up with tender hand From the first opening bud, and gave ye names! Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ! Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee How shall I part, and whither wander down Into a lower world, to this obscure And wild? how shall we breathe in other air Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

EVE TO ADAM.

BOOK XI.

With sorrow and heart's distress Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on; In me is no delay; with thee to go, Is to stay here; without thee here to stay, Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me Art all things under heaven, all places thou, Who for my wilful crime art banished hence. This further consolation, yet secure, I carry hence; though all by me is lost, Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed, By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

BOOK XII.

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them
soon;

The world was all before them, where to choose Their place of rest, and Providence their guide. They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow.

Through Eden took their solitary way.

WOLSEY'S FALL.

FROM "HENRY VIII.." ACT III. 5C 2.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honors thick upon him: The third day comes a frost, a killing frost: And - when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening - nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured. Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory: But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride At length broke under me; and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye : I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have : And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again. SHAKESPEAKE.

WOLSEY'S ADVICE TO CROMWELL.

FROM "HENRY VIII., ' ACT III. SC. 2.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of - say, I taught thee, Say. Wolsey - that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor-Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ; A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition . By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then. The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't? Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not: Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's. Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king; and - pr'ythee, lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies!

THE LATE SPRING.

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields, — Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and hare. "The spring is late," she said, "the faithless spring,

That should have come to make the meadows fair

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the

The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro ; For them no green boughs wait, — their memories Of last year's April had deceived them so."

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad

The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees. "Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she

"I wait my spring-time, and am cold like

"To them will come the fulness of their time; Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair :

Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed? i am his own, - doth not my Father care?" LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

A LAMENT.

O world! O Life! O Time! On whose last steps I climb. Trembling at that where I had stood before; When will return the glory of your prime? No more, - O nevermore!

Out of the day and night A joy has taken flight:

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight No more. - O nevermore!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BIT DIE ?"

Spring it is cheery. Winter is dreary. Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly; When he's forsaken, Withered and shaken. What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him, Maids will not lip him, Mand and Marian pass him by: Youth it is sunny, Age has no honey, -What can an old man do but die?

June it was jolly. O for its folly! A dancing leg and a laughing eye! Youth may be silly, Wisdom is chilly, -What can an old man do but die?

Friends they are scanty, Beggars are plenty, If he has followers, I know why; Gold 's in his clutches (Buying him crutches!) -What can an old man do but die? THOMAS HOOD.

PERISHED

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

WAVE after wave of greenness rolling down From mountain top to base, a whispering sea Of affinent leaves through which the viewless

Murmurs mysteriously.



THERE is such power even in smallest things

To bring the dear past back; a flower's tint,

A snatch of some old song, the fleeting glint

Of sunbeams on the wave — each vivid brings

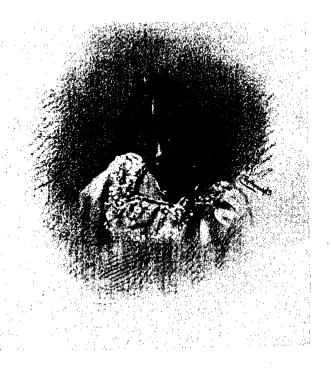
The lost days up, as from the idle strings
Of wind-harp sad a breeze evokes the hint
Of antique tunes. A glove which keeps imprint
Of a loved hand the heart with torture wrings

By memory of a clasp meant more than speech;
A face seen in the crowd with curve of cheek
Or sweep of eyelash our woe's core can reach.

How strong is love to yearn, and yet how weak

To strive with fate: the lesson all things teach,
As of the past in myriad ways they speak.

ARLO BATES.



LIFE.

LIFE, like a romping school-boy full of glee,

Doth bear us on his shoulders for a time:

There is no path too steep for him to climb,

With strong lithe limbs, as agile and as free

As some young roe, he speeds by vale and sea,

By flowery mead, by mountain-peak sublime,

And all the world seems motion set to rhyme,

Till, tired out, he cries, "Now carry me!"

In vain we murmur. "Come," Life says, "Fair play,"

And seizes on us. God! He goads us so.

He does not let us sit down all the day. At each new step we feel the burden grow, Till our bent backs seem breaking as we go, Watching for Death to meet us on the way. And towering up amid the lesser throng, A giant oak, so desolately grand, Stretches its gray imploring arms to heaven In agonized demand.

Smitten by lightning from a summer sky, Or bearing in its heart a slow decay, What matter, since inexorable fate Is pitiless to slav.

Ah, wayward soul, hedged in and clothed about, Doth not thy life's lost hope lift up its head, And, dwarfing present joys, proclaim aloud, — "Look on me, I am dead!"

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets, And he looks at all he meets So forlorn; And he shakes his feeble head, That it seems as if he said, "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin

For me to sit and grin

At him here,

But the old three-cornered hat,

And the breeches, — and all that,

Are so queer:

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

FROM " TALES OF THE HALL."

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching
white:

The blood, once fervid, now to cool began, And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man. I rode or walked as I was wont before. But now the bounding spirit was no more; A moderate pace would now my body heat, A walk of moderate length distress my feet. I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime, But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb." At a friend's mansion I began to dread The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed; At home I felt a more decided taste: And must have all things in my order placed. I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less, -My dinner more; I learned to play at chess. I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute Was disappointed that I did not shoot. My morning walks I now could bear to lose, And blessed the shower that gave me not to

In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peacnes, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat; Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding; Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat; Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding; There he sat!

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—
"Here's a fool!"

It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play, Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted, I remember well, too well, that day! Oftentimes the tears unbidden started, Would not stay

When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
O, to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel!

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core:

I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house! it is still the same;
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted

For the game.

Old stone school-house, it is still the same.

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninetv-three!

Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb When my mates and I were boys together, Thinking nothing of the flight of time, Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;

Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails, Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing.

Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;
Traps and trails!

There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing, —
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red
stable:

But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table;
Taken wing!

There 's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.

You green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said

When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!

I am fleeing, - all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!

You white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod. Guided thither by an angel mother: Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod : Sire and sisters, and my little brother. Gone to God!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways: Bless the holy lesson ! - but, ah, never Shall I hear again those songs of praise. Those sweet voices silent now forever! Peaceful days!

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing, Ere she hastened to the spirit-land. Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing ; Broken band! There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more, And the sacred place where we delighted, Where we worshipped, in the days of vore. Ere the garden of my heart was blighted To the core !

I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old: Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow, Now, why I sit here thou hast been told." In his eye another pearl of sorrow, Down it rolled!

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone, Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing: Still I marked him sitting there alone, All the landscape, like a page, perusing; Poor, unknown! By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine. Wheel me into the shadow. There must be leaves on the woodbine, Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow, Down to the little river, In sun or in shadow I shall not dazzle or shiver, I shall be happy anywhere, Every breath of the morning air Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will. By the mount or under the hill. Or down by the little river : Stay as long as you please. Give me only a bud from the trees, Or a blade of grass in morning dew. Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue. I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine, Wheel, wheel through the shadow: There must be odors round the pine. There must be balm of breathing kine. Somewhere down in the meadow Must I choose ! Then anchor me there Beyond the beckoning poplars, where The larch is snooding her flowery hair With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thickest hazels of the brake Perchance some nightingale doth shake His feathers, and the air is full of song : in those old days when I was young and strong, He used to sing on yonder garden tree, Beside the nursery. Ah. I remember how I loved to wake. And find him singing on the self-same bough (I know it even now) Where, since the flit of bat, In ceaseless voice he sat. Trying the spring night over, like a tune, Reneath the vernal moon : And while I listed long. I)ay rose, and still he sang, And all his stanchless song. As something falling unaware, Fell out of the tall trees he sang among, Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang, — Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

My soul lies out like a basking hound, --A hound that dreams and dozes; Along my life my length I lay, I fill to-morrow and yesterday, I am warm with the suns that have long since

I am warm with the summers that are not vet. And like one who dreams and dozes Softly afloat on a sunny sea, Two worlds are whispering over me, And there blows a wind of roses From the backward shore to the shore before. From the shore before to the backward shore. And like two clouds that meet and pour Each through each, till core in core A single self reposes, The nevermore with the evermore Above me mingles and closes;

As my soul lies out like the basking hound, And wherever it lies seems happy ground, And when, awakened by some sweet sound, A treamy eye uncloses, I see a blooming world around, And I lie amid primroses, —
Years of sweet primroses, Springs of fresh primroses, Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream, To feel I may dream and to know you deem My work is done forever. And the palpitating fever, That gains and loses, loses and gains, And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a thousand pains. Cooled at once by that blood-let Upon the parapet; And all the tedious tasked toil of the difficult long endeavor Solved and quit by no more fine Than these limbs of mine, Spanned and measured once for all By that right-hand I lost. Bought up at so light a cost As one bloody fall

On the soldier's bed.

Among the thirstless dead.

And three days on the ruined wall

O, to think my name is crost From duty's muster-roll: That I may slumber though the clarion call. And live the joy of an embodied soul Free as a liberated ghost. O, to feel a life of deed Was emptied out to feed That fire of pain that burned so brief awhile, -That fire from which I come, as the dead come Forth from the irreparable tomb, Or as a martyr on his funeral pile Heaps up the burdens other men do bear Through years of segregated care, And takes the total load Upon his shoulders broad, And steps from earth to God.

O, to think, through good or ill, Whatever I am you 'll love me still; O, to think, though dull I be, You that are so grand and free, You that are so bright and gay, Will pause to hear me when I will, As though my head were gay; A single self reposes,

The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses,
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

O. to lie a-dream, a-dream, To feel I may dream and to know you deem My work is done forever, And the palpitating fever, That gains and loses, loses and gains, And she. Perhaps, O even she May look as she looked when I knew her In those old days of childish sooth, Ere my boyhood dared to woo her. I will not seek nor sue her. For I'm neither fonder nor truer Than when she slighted my lovelorn youth, My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth, And I only lived to rue her. But I'll never love another, And, in spite of her lovers and lands, She shall love me yet, my brother !

As a child that holds by his mother, While his mother speaks his praises, Holds with eager hands. And ruddy and silent stands In the raddy and silent daisies, And hears her bless her boy, And lifts a wondering joy, So I'll not seek nor sue her, But I'll leave my glory to woo her, And I'll stand like a child beside, And from behind the purple pride I'll lift my eyes unto her, And I shall not be denied. And you will love her, brother dear, And perhaps next year you'll bring me here All through the balmy April tide. And she will trip like spring by my side, And be all the birds to my ear. And here all three we'll sit in the sun, And see the Aprils one by one, Primrosed Aprils on and on, Till the floating prospect closes In golden glimmers that rise and rise, And perhaps are gleams of Paradise, And perhaps too far for mortal ayes,

New springs of fresh primroses. Springs of earth's primroses. Springs to be, and springs for me Of distant dim primroses.

SIDNEY DORELL.

FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, APRIL, 1845.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim. And the world is growing dim: Thronging shadows cloud the light. Like the advent of the night. --Colder, colder, colder still. Upward steals a vapor chill : Strong the earthy odor grows, -I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives! Strength returns and hope revives : Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn Fly like shadows at the morn, -O'er the earth there comes a bloom : Sunny light for sullen gloom, Warm perfume for vapor cold. -I smell the rose above the mould!

THUMAS HOOD

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear:

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year, -

Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its merriest day:

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, thev sav:

So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake.

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:

But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, aud garlands gay;

For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ve should Tisee But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the

hazel-tree ? He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave

him vesterday. -

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Oueen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white:

And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say.

For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, - but that can never be:

They say his heart is breaking, mother, - what is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad'll woo me any summer day ;

And I'm to be Oueen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,

And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Oucen:

For the shepherd lads on every side 'Il come from far away;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

wavy bowers.

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and

hill,

glance and play.

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Oneen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-vear:

To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,

be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early. mother dear,

It is the last new-year that I shall ever see. -Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set, - he set and left

The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;

And the new-year's coming up, mother; but I shall never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day, --

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,

Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills, - the frost is on the pane;

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.

I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high, -

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree.

And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow

And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily | Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine.

In the early, early morning the summer sun'll shine.

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill, -

When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light

For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night :

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new- You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass.

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll for. give me now :

You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;

You should not fret for me, mother - you have another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;

Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good night! good night! when I have said good night forevermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green, -

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary

Let her take 'em - they are hers; I shall never garden more.

But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose- | I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the bush that I set

About the parlor window and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother! Call me before the day is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ; But I would see the sun rise upon the glad newvear. -

So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I

And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies:

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise :

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow;

And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun.

And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done!

But still I think it can't be long before I find release;

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of neace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!

O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin;

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there 's One will let me in.

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be:

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

death-watch beat. -There came a sweeter token when the night and

morning meet :

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine.

And Effic on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call. -

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all:

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,

And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear:

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer

With all my strength I prayed for both, - and so I felt resigned.

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my

And then did something speak to me, - I know not what was said;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them, - it 's mine;"

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars;

Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I know

The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-

But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;

There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.

If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have She called me once to her sleeping-place, been his wife;

A strange, wild look was upon her face,

But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in a glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine, --

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun. —

Forever and forever with those just souls and

And what it life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home, And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come. —

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast. —

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood Made her wish only for solitude:
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook, For innermost shame, on another's to look; And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—She still was young, and she had been fair; But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care, That frost and fever that wear the heart, Had made the colors of youth depart From the sallow cheek, save over it came The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea-foam, Far from her country, far from her home; And all she had left for her friends to keep Was a name to hide and a memory to weep! And her future held forth but the felon's lot,—To live forsaken, to die forgot! She could not weep, and she could not pray, But she wasted and withered from day to day, Till you might have counted each sunken vein, When her wrist was prest by the iron chain; And sometimes I thought her large dark eye Had the glisten of red insanity.

A strange, wild look was upon her face, Her eye flashed over her cheek so white. Like a gravestone seen in the nale moonlight: And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone, -The sound from mine ear hath never gone ! -"I had last night the loveliest dream : My own land shone in the summer beam, I saw the fields of the golden grain. I heard the reaper's harvest strain ; There stood on the hills the green pine-tree, And the thrush and the lark sang merrily. A long and a weary way I had come : But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet home. I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there, With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair !

With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!
The Bible lay open upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one to my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since
fled,

And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!

— We have not spoken, but still I have hung On the Northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.

To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by Memory's pall!
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him."....

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept over the surge;
The corpse was east to the wind and wave, —
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LETTIM ELIZABETH LANDON

THE DREAMER.

FROM "POEMS BY A SEAMSTRESS.

Not in the laughing bowers, Where by green swinging elms a pleasant shade At summer's noon is made,

And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea;
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from Earth to Heaven!

Not on a couch of ease,
With all the appliances of joy at hand, —
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command;
Viands that might a godlike palate please.

And music's soul-creative ecstasies,
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on Earth!

But where the incessant din Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats, Join their unmingled notes,

While the long summer day is pouring in, Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin, Dream I,—as in the corner where I lie, On wintry nights, just covered from the sky!— Such is my fate,—and, barren though it seem, Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream!

And yet I dream, —
Dream what, were men more just, I might have
been:

How strong, how fair, how kindly and serenc, Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien; The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene, In just and equal brotherhood to glean, With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen,— Such is my dream!

And yet I dream, —
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eyes,
Bright with the lustre of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,
And the last rage of Destiny defy;
Resolved alone to live, — alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery!

And yet I dream, —
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall
come,
My last, my first, my only welcome home!
Rest, unbeheld since Life's beginning stage,

Sole remnant of my glorious heritage, Unalienable, I shall find thee yet, And in thy soft embrace the past forget! Thus do I dream!

ANONYMOUS.

A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

THE merry brown hares came leaping Over the crest of the hill, Where the clover and corn lay sleeping, Under the moonlight still. Leaping late and early,

Till under their bite and their tread,

The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley

Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank.
Where, under the gloomy fir-woods,
One spot in the lea throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or have never ran,
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares, and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of God:

- "I am long past wailing and whining, I have wept too much in my life: I 've had twenty years of pining As an English laborer's wife.
- "A laborer in Christian England,
 Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
 And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
 For a few more brace of game.
- "There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
 There's blood on your pointer's feet;
 There's blood on the game you sell, squire,

And there's blood on the game you eat.

- "You have sold the laboring man, squire, Both body and soul to shame, To pay for your seat in the House, squire, And to pay for the feed of your game.
- "You made him a poscher yourself, squire, When you'd give neither work nor meat, And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden At our starving children's feet;
- "When, packed in one recking chamber, Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay; While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-bed, And the walls let in the day;
- "When we lay in the burning fever,
 On the mud of the cold clay floor,
 Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
 At the cursed workhouse door:
- "We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
 What self-respect could we keep,
 Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
 Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?"

- "Our daughters, with base-born babies,
 Have wandered away in their shame;
 If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,
 Your misses might do the same.
- "Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking, With handfuls of coals and rice, Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting A little below cost price?
- "You may tire of the jail and the workhouse, And take to allotments and schools, But you've run up a debt that will never Be repaid us by penny-club rules.
- "In the season of shame and sadness, In the dark and dreary day, When scrofula, gout, and madness Are eating your race away;
- "When to kennels and liveried variets
 You have east your daughters' bread,
 And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
 Your heir at your feet lies dead;
- "When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,

Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave, You will find in your God the protector Of the freeman you fancied your slave."

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping Over the uplands still, Where the clover and corn lay sleeping On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.*

A DIRGE

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Gilbert Burns, the brother of the poet, says: "He (Burns) used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, Man was made to mourn, was composed."

- "Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
 Began the reverend sage;
- "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, Or youthful pleasures rage? Or haply, prest with cares and woes, Too soon thou hast began To wander forth, with me, to mourn The miseries of man!
- "The sun that overhangs you moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride, —
 I've seen you weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return;
 And every time has added proofs

That man was made to mourn.

- "O man, while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway:
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.
- "Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported in his right;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.
- "A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, O, what crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn!
 Through weary life this lesson learn, —
 That man was made to mourn.
- "Many and sharp the numerous ills,
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!
- "See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight, So abject, mean, and vile, Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, 'though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed, —
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But O, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"
ROBERT BURNS.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe —
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold, Some of proud honors told, Some spake of friends that were their trust no more; And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead —
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wreeks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo,—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
"Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

LONDON CHURCHES.

I stoop, one Sunday morning. Before a large church door. The congregation gathered. And carriages a score. -From one out sterned a lady I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book, And held a vinaigrette: The sign of man's redemption Clear on the book was set, -But above the Cross there glistened A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle The inner door flung wide : Lightly, as up a ball-room, Her footstens seemed to glide, -There might be good thoughts in her, For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman Peeped wistfully within, On whose wan face was graven Life's hardest discipline. -The trace of the sad trinity Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded Where she could rest and pray; With her worn garb contrasted Each side in fair array. -"God's house holds no poor sinners," She sighed, and crept away.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON.)

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow. Filling the sky and the earth below! Over the house-tops, over the street. Over the heads of the people you meet, Dancing.

Flirting,

Skimming along. Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong. Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek; Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak; Beautiful snow, from the heavens above, Pure as an augel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go! | Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!

Whitling about in its maddening fun, It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing.

Laughing. Hurrying by.

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye; And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound. Snap at the crystals that eddy around. The town is alive, and its heart in a glow, I'o welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song! flow the gay sledges like meteors flash by, -Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!

Ringing. Swinging,

Dashing they go Over the crest of the beautiful snow: Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by ; To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet

Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, - but I fell : Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven — to hell: Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street: Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

Pleading.

Cursing,

Dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy. Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead. Merciful God! have I fallen so low? And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow:

Once I was loved for my innocent grace, — Flattered and sought for the charm of my face. Father.

Mother.

Sisters all.

God, and myself, I have lost by my fall. The veriest wretch that goes shivering by Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh; For of all that is on or about me, I know There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful

How strange it would be, when the night comes again.

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting.

Freezing,
Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down:
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

JAMES W. WATSON.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned: '- HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care! Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments Clinging like cerements, Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her clothing; Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully! Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly, — Not of the stains of her; All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny, Rash and undutiful; Past all dishonor, Death has left on her Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, —
One of Eve's family, —
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb, —
Her fair aubura tresses, —
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father '
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other!

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly, Fatherly, motherly Feelings had changed, — Love, by harsh evidence, Thrown from its eminence; Even God's providence Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly, — No matter how coldly The rough river ran — Over the brink of it! Picture it — think of it, Dissolute man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care! Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly, Stiffen too rigidly. Decently, kindly. Smooth and compose them; And her eves, close them, Staring so blindly ! Dreadfully staring Through muddy impurity. As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily, Spurred by contumely, Cold inhumanity. Burning insanity, Into her rest ! Cross her hands humbly. As if praying dumbly, Over her breast!

Owning her weakness. Her evil behavior. And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

ON WOMAN.

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly, And finds too late that men betray. What charm can soothe her melancholy? What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover. To hide her shame from every eye, To give repentance to her lover. And wring his bosom, is - to die. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street;

The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on her feet.

The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,

By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north.

But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one look- Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel eth forth.

Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces For the pressure on her bosom, and the weight

And happy hearts are watching out the old year's But she struck one little match on the wall so latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day.

And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows every way.

She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom, --

There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the room :

And children with grave faces are whispering one another

Of presents for the New Year, for father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak ;

No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire.

But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet.

And she curleth up beneath her for warmth her little feet :

And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky.

And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.

She hears the clock strike slowly, up high in a church-tower.

With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

She remembered her of stories her mother used

And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell.

Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,

Who was cradled in a manger when winter was most wild :

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone:

And she thought the song had told her he was ever with his own,

And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones were his. -

"How good of him to look on me in such a place as this !"

it now.

upon her brow;

sold and bare,

That she might look around her, and see if he And she folded both her thin white hands and was there.

The single match was kindled; and, by the light And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, it threw.

It seemed to little Maggie that the wall was rent

And she could see the room within, the room all warm and light.

With the fire-glow red and blazing, and the tapers burning bright.

richly spread.

With heaps of goodly viands, red wine, and pleas- They lifted her up fearfully, and shuddered as ant bread.

hear them talk and play;

Then all was darkness once again - the match The angels sang their greeting for one more rehad burned away.

She struck another hastily, and now she seemed. Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one

Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christ- And they shivered as they spoke of her, and

The branches all were laden down with things How much of happiness there was after that that children prize:

Bright gifts for boy and maiden they showed before her eves.

And she almost seemed to touch them, and to ioin the welcome shout:

Then darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried, - they will not light :

Then all her little store she took, and struck with all her might.

And the whole place around her was lighted with the glare:

And lo! there hung a little Child before her in the air !

There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spearwound in his side,

And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.

And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known

Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow, - ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas-tree,

Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eveballs swim,

And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn:

turned from that bright board.

with thee. O Lord !"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies

On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garments, with her back against the wall,

And kindred there were gathered round the table She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.

they said.

She could smell the fragrant odor; she could "It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."

deemed from sin:

let her in ?"

sighed: they could not see miserv.

From the Danish of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn, With eyelids heavy and red, A woman sat, in unwomanly rags, Plying her needle and thread, -Stitch! stitch! stitch! In poverty, hunger, and dirt; And still with a voice of dolorous pitch She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work While the cock is crowing aloof! And work — work — work Till the stars shine through the roof It's, O, to be a slave Along with the barbarous Turk, Where woman has never a soul to save, If this is Christian work!

" Work — work — work Till the brain begins to swim! Work — work — work Till the eyes are heavy and dim! Seam, and gusset, and band, Band, and gusset, and seam, -Till over the buttons I fall asleep, And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death, —
That phantom of grisly bone '
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own, —
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags,
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work
From weary chime to chime!
Work — work — work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band, —
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work
In the dull December light!
And work — work — work
When the weather is warm and bright!
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O, but for one short hour, —
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
THOMAS HOOD.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH PAMINE.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother,—
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn..
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,—
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,—
A wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother, —
How could I look to you
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother, —
The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold, —
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,—
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,—
The great men and the high,—
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the Channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound, Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry! And I'll give thee a silver pound, To row us o'er the ferry."

- "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, And this Lord Ullin's daughter.
- "And fast before her father's men Three days we've fled together, For should he find us in the glen, My blood would stain the heather.
- "His horsemen hard behind us ride; Should they our steps discover, Then who will cheer my bonny bride When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace, The water-wraith was shricking; And in the scowl of heaven each face Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armed men, Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, His child he did discover: One lovely hand she stretched for aid, And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'T was vain; — the loud waves lashed the shore, Return or aid preventing; The waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!

She is not mad who kneels to thee;

For what I 'm now too well I know,

And what I was, and what should be.

I 'll rave no more in proud despair;

My language shall be mild, though sad;

But yet I firmly, truly swear,

I am not mad, I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail,—
O jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O, haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see,—
'T is gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!
Life, all thy conforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad; no, no,—not mad!

'T is sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! I, the child of rank and wealth, —
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which nevermore my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 't is not mad! no. 't is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how — I'll drive such thoughts away!
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child,
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?

His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes, — I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.

Help! Help!— He's gone!— O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain,— I know, I know
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon; — for, lo you! while I speak, —
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror! — the reptile strikes his tooth '
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends; — I feel the truth;
Your task is done, — I'M MAD! I'M MAD!

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS

THE BEGGAR.

Pirry the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span, O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,

These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened

vears:

And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,

Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,

For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes, — why should we repine?

'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see:

And your condition may be soon like mine, The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,

Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the
morn;

But ah! oppression forced me from my cot; My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, —once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, — sweet soother of my care! — Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree, Fell, — lingering fell, a victim to despair, And left the world to wretchedness and me. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that, —
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, —
As come it will for a' that, —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that, —
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Thead softly, — bow the head, —
In reverent silence bow, —
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold, No smiling courtiers tread; One silent woman stands, Lifting with meagre hands A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed, — again
That short deep gasp, and then —
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars, —
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now, —
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God!
CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot, —

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot; The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;

And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings;
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none; He has left not a gap in the world, now he 's gone,—

ROBERT BURNS.

Not a tear in the eve of child, woman, or man: To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din !

The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels. how they spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world! Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach To gentility, now that he 's stretched in a coach ! He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;

But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast: Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveved.

Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!

And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low.

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!

Rattle his bones over the stones ! He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad. To think that a heart in humanity clad

Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end, And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear soft his bones over the stones! Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Over the hill to the poor-house I 'm trudgin' my weary way -

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray -I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I 've told,

As many another woman that 's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house - I can't quite make it clear !

Over the hill to the poor-house - it seems so horrid queer !

Many a step I 've taken a-toilin' to and fro, But this is a sort of journey I never thought I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?

Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame? True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout; But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest wav:

For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound.

If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some - I was, upon my soul -

Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as

And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say.

For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'T ain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free, But many a house an' home was open then to me;

Many a han'some offer I had from likely men, And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,

But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;

For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong.

And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay,

With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way

Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,

An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;

Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;

Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn.

But every couple's child'rn 's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little

for my sons :

And God he made that rule of love; but when I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was we're old and grav.

I 've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work | And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was the other wav.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown.

And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone:

When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be.

The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall -

Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now mv all:

And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown.

Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' had n't a pleasant

She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style:

But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know:

But she was hard and proud, an' I could n't make

She had an edication, an' that was good for

But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin' things too fur :

An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),

That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 't was only a few days before the thing was

They was a family of themselves, and I another one :

And a very little cottage one family will do,

But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,

An' it made me independent, an' then I did n't

But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a

When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

small.

for us all:

And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'rn three.

'T was easy to discover that there was n't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I 've

For Thomas's buildings'd cover the half of an acre lot:

But all the child'rn was on me - I could n't stand their sauce --

And Thomas said I need n't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West.

And to Isaac, not far from her - some twenty miles at best:

And one of 'em said 't was too warm there for any one so old.

And t' other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about ---

So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out :

But still I've borne up pretty well, an' was n't much put down.

Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house - my child'rn dear, good by !

Many a night I 've watched you when only God was nigh :

And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays

That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day WILL M. CARLETON.

THE BLIND BOY.

O, SAY, what is that thing called Light, Which I must ne'er enjoy? What are the blessings of the sight, O, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see You say the sun shines bright; I feel him warm, but how can he Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make Whene'er I sleep or play; And could I ever keep awake With me't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear You mourn my hapless woe; But sure with patience I can bear A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.
COLLEY CIBBER

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WARSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done, —the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends, —
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As flits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
That fate erelong shall bid you play;
Good night! — with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!—I'd say the guets, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men,—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At torty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys, —
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift,—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift:
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! — whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill, Let young and old accept their part. And bow before the awful will, And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses, or who wins the prize, —
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead,—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

FRAGMENTS.

THE LOT OF MANKIND.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

In Memoriam vi. TENNYSON.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour

The bad affright, afflict the best!

Hymn to Adversity.

T. GRAY.

O suffering, sad humanity! O ye afflicted ones, who lie Steeped to the lips in misery, Longing, and yet afraid to die, Patient, though sorely tried!

LONGFELLOW.

 When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions.

Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5.

SHAKESPEARE.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel So fast they follow.

Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 7.

SHAKESPEARE.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

Night Thoughts, Night iii. DR. E. Young.

O life! thou art a galling load, Along a rough, a weary road, To wretches such as I!

BURNS.

A man I am, crossed with adversity.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act w. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.

Comedy of Errors, Act B. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

SYMPATHY AND SCORN.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Removand Juliet, Act 11. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARF

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
Findyman.
Lon.

LONGFELLOW.

What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
Conquest of Granada, Part II. Act III. Sc. 1. DRYDEN

'T is all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. I. SHAKESPEARE.

Every one can master · grief, but he that has it.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act in. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

()ne writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

Romeo and Fullet, Act v. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Press not a falling man too far.

King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,

Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

London.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

Here I and sorrows sit; Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it. King John, Act III. Sc. 1. Shakespeare-

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand, No son of mine succeeding.

Macheth, Act iii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 7.

Shakpspeare.

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.

King Richard II., 4ct ii. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

Paradist Lost. Book i. MILTON.

Wolsey. I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,

And from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting: I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more.

King Henry VIII., Act in Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARH.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

Eury Heary VIII., Act w. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Macbeth, Act ii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

WORLD-WEARINESS.

I gin to be a-weary of the sun.

SHAKESPEARI.

O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this world! Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE

Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither.

Hamiet, Act il. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARL

THE MEMORY OF SORROWS.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.

The Course of Time, Book i. POLLOK.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.

Ode on the Plasure arising from Vicistitude.

T. GRAY.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan, Sorrow calls no time that's gone: Violets plucked, the sweetest rain

Makes not fresh nor grow again.

The Queen of Corunth, Act ill. Sc. 2.

J. FLETCHER.

THE MEMORY OF JOYS.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.

Inferno, Cant. v. DANTE.

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

R. BLAIR.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Romeo and Paties, dat. So. . Shakespeare.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast!
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

King Richard II. Act. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

BAD NEWS.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.

Kus Henry IV., Part II. Act i. St. SHAKESPEARE.

VARIED MISERY.

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

King Lear, Act ul. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

King Richard II., Act III. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Ring Fohn. Acti. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!

Macheth, Act iv. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

Moping melancholy,

And moonstruck madness.

Paradise Lost, Book xi.

MILTON.

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks.

King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPEARE.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark
at me.

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 6.

SHAKESPEARE.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass: he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

King Lear, Act v. Sc. iii.

SHAKESPEARE.

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.

Epistic from Esopus to Maria.

Burns.

CONSOLATION IN ADVERSITY.

Cheered up himself with ends of verse. And savings of philosophers. Hudibras, Part I. Cant. iii.

BITTI DD

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE .

I am not merry : but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. Othello, Act ii. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes. But most chastises those whom most he likes. Verses to his Friend under Affliction. I. POMERET.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life. That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1.

CUAUPCDUADU

Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul. I. ARMSTRONG. Art of Preserving Health, Book iv.

Loss of Property.

Who goeth a borrowing Goeth a sorrowing.

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry · June's Abstract.
T. TUSSER.

You take my house when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house: you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live. Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt. As sages in all times assert: The happy man 's without a shirt. Be Merry, Friends.

J. HEYWOOD.

If ever you have looked on better days: If ever been where bells have knolled to church. SHAKESPEARE. As You Like II, Act ii. Sc. 7.

We have seen better days. Timon of Athens, Act iv. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

My pride fell with my fortunes. As You Like It. Act i. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE HIGH AND THE LOW.

He that is down needs fear no fall. Pilgrim's Progress. Part II.

BUNYAN.

I am not now in fortune's power; He that is down can fall no lower. Hudibras, Part I. Cant. ili.

BUTLER.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt, And oftener changed their principles than shirt. Epistle to Mr. Pope. E. YOUNG.

'T is better to be lowly born. And range with humble livers in content. Than to be perked up in a glistering grief. And wear a golden sorrow.

Kıng Henry VIII., Act ii. Sc. 2.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure. He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor! O. W. HOLNES

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat. And none could be unhappy but the great. The Fair Pentient : Prologue.

None think the great unhappy, but the great. Love of Fame, Sattre i. DR. E. VOUNG

HOPE IN MISERY.

The wretch condemned with life to part. Still, still on hope relies : And every pang that rends the heart Bids expectation rise. The Captivity, Act ii.

GOLDSMITH.

The worst is not So long as we can say, This is the worst. King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE

The miserable have no other medicine. But only hope.

Measure for Measure. Act iii. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

MACE. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased.

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain. And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff. Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCT. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself. Macheth, Act v. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

BRIEFNESS OF JOYS.

What though my winged hours of bliss have been, Like angel-visits, few and far between. Pleasures of Hope, Part II. T. CAMPBELL.

How fading are the joys we dote upon ! Like apparitions seen and gone; But those which soonest take their flight Are the most exquisite and strong; Like angels' visits, short and bright, Mortality's too weak to bear them long. The Parting. J. NORRIS.

DESPAIR.

I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incensed, that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

Macoeth, Act iii. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!

Kana Lear. Act L Sc. L

SHAKESPEARE.

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPEARE.

I would that I were low laid in my grave; I am not worth this coil that 's made for me. King John, Actil. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I am a tainted wether of the flock.

Merchant of Venue. Act iv. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

No words suffice the secret soul to show, For truth denies all eloquence to woe. The Cornair, Cant. iii.

BYRON.

Where neace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes, That comes to all.

Paradise Lost, Book i.

MILTON.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.

Paradist Lost, Book ii. MILTON.

RESIGNATION.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

Addressed to Str G. H. B. WORDSWORTH.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.

Night Thoughts, Night iv. Dr. E. Young.

HEAVEN A REFUGE FOR THE WRETCHED.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate, Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours Weeping upon his bed has sate,

He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

Hyperion, Book .: Motto: from Goethe's Wilhelm Meis'er.

LONGFELLOW.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
The Lord of the Isles, Cant. i.

SCOTT.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

To an Afficial Protestant Lady.

COMPER.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Sacred Songs: Come, ye Disconsolate. MOORE

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

As You Like It, Act i Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them. Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out, There wisdom will not enter, nor true power, Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Philip Van Artevelde, Part I. Act L. Sc. 5. H. TAYLOR.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

S. ROGERS.

As aromatic plants bestow

No spicy fragrance while they grow;

But, crushed or trodden to the ground,

Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

The Captivity, Act. GOLDSMITH.

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

Fire Worshippers. Moore.

The losses and crosses
lie lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae otherwhere.

Haville to Davie.

BURNS

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
On the Earl of Southampton.
S. DANIEL.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged To hearse or mute, though fallen on evil days, On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

Paradite Last. Book vil. MILTON.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.

Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honor, Sc. 1.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,

Like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 't was thrown
So in affliction's violence, he that 's wise
The more he 's cast down will the higher rise.

Microcomes.

NABB.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

The Light of Stars.
LONGFELLOW



POEMS OF RELIGION



The angel wrote, and venished. The west night of came again, with a great wakening light, lind shows the names whom love of god had blessed. And lo! Ben adhere's name led all the vest. Leigh Stant

Here on this bless thanksging chights, ofher air to The our gratistic coice; For when thou doess, Lord, is right One Thus believing, Our rejoices."

All Sale and

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean. Fears from the depth of some durine despoise hise in the heart & gather to the eyes In looking on the happy autumn fields, and thinking on the days that are no more.

Mmyson

POEMS OF RELIGION.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY

The poem De Contemptu Munds was written in dactylic hexameter Latin verse by Bernard de Moriaix, Monk of Clini, who lived in the earlier half of the twelfth century. It contained three thousand lines divided into three books. The poem commences:—

Hora novissima, tempora pessima Sunt, vigiliemus.

Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter Ille supremus. Imminet, imminet et mala terminet, Æqua coronet.

Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, Æthera donet, Auterat aspera duraque pondera Mentes onustæ

Sobria muniat, improba puniat, Utraque juste,

Which have been rendered :-

Hours of the latest I times of the basest!

Our vigil before us I

Judgment eternal of Being supernal

Now hanging o'er us I

Fill to terminate, equity vindicate,

Cometh the Kingly;

Righteousness seeing, anxious hearts freeing.

Crowning each singly,

Bearing life's weariness, tasting life's bitterness,

Life as it must be,

Th' righteous retaining, sinners arraigning,

Judging all justly.

The translation following is of a portion of the poem distinguished by the sub-title "LAUS PATRIÆ CŒLESTIS."

The world is very evil,

The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,

The Judge is at the gate, —

The Judge that comes in mercy,

The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,

To diadem the right.

When the just and gentle Monarch

Shall summon from the tomb,

Let man, the guilty, tremble,

For Man, the God, shall doom!

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,—
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER,
Whose own it was before,
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion! O Paradise of Jov. Where tears are ever banished. And smiles have no alloy ! Beside thy living waters All plants are, great and small, The cedar of the forest. The hyssop of the wall: With jaspers glow thy bulwarks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze, The sardius and the topaz Unite in thee their rays; Thine ageless walls are bonded With amethyst unpriced; Thy Saints build up its fabric. And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
"Jesus, the Gem of Beauty.
True God and Man," they sing,
"The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port!"

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower!

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is he to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And he himself the Mansion,
And he the Architect.

The only art thou needest —
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest —
The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
In sweetest accente, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them, My spirit fails and faints; And vainly would it image The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion, Conjubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene; The pastures of the Blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David, And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are cled in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes Of that eternal hymn! O sacred, sweet reflection, And peace of Seraphim! O thirst, forever ardent, Yet evermore content! O true peculiar vision Of God cunctipotent! Ye know the many mansions For many a glorious name, And divers retributions That divers merits claim: For midst the constellations That deck our earthly sky. This star than that is brighter — And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!

The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

O none can tell thy bulwarks, How gloriously they rise! O none can tell thy capitals Of beautiful device! Thy loveliness oppresses All human thought and heart; And none, O peace, O Zion, Can sing thee as thou art!

New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite!
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!

And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes.
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kent the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state, —
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I;
But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

The best and dearest FATHER, Who made me and who saved. Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
Then grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold!
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult! O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

From the Latin of BERNARD DE MORLAIX.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

DIES IRÆ.

[A Latin poem by THOMAS OF CELANO (a Neapolitan village), about A.D. 1250. Perhaps no poem has been more frequently translated. A German collector published eighty-seven versions in German. Dr. Coles, of Newark, N. J., has made thirteen. Seven are given in the "Seven Great Hymns of the Medizeval Church," Randolph & Co., N. Y. The version here given preserves the measure of the original.]

DIES IR.A, DIES ILLA, dus tribulationis et angustiæ, dies calamitais et miserae, dies teuebrarum et caligums, dies nebulæ et turbuns dies tube et clangoris super civicatis munitas, et super angulos excelsos !— Sophonas 1. 15, 16.

> Dies iræ, dies illa! Solvet sæclum in favillå, Teste David cum Sybillå.

Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum Per sepulcra regionum, Coget omnes ante thronum. THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the freed cities, and against the high lowers!—Zephaniah 1. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow! Earth shall end in flame and sorrow, As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending, When the Judge is seen descending, And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding, Through the sepulchres resounding, Summons all, with voice astounding. Mors stupebit, et natura, Quum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur, In quo totum continetur, Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet, apparebit: Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis, Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuæ viæ; Ne me perdas illå die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus, Redemisti, crucem passus : Tantus labor non sit cassus !

Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpâ rubet vultus meus; Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ, Sed tu bonus fac benigne Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis!

Lacrymosa dies illa, Qua resurget ex favillà Judicandus homo reus; Huic ergo parce, Dens! Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking, When, the grave's long slumber breaking, Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages, Life is shown in all its stages — Judgment-record of past ages.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning, Darkest mysteries explaining, Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended, By no advocate attended, When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous, By thy saving grace defend us, Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing, For my sins the death-crown wearing, Save me, in that day, despairing!

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me; By thy cross and passion bought me— Spare the hope thy labors brought me!

Righteous Judge of retribution, Give, O give me absolution Ere the day of dissolution!

As a guilty culprit groaning, Flushed my face, my errors owning, Hear, O God, my spirit's meaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition, Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning, Yet on me thy favor turning, Save my soul from endless burning!

Give me, when thy sheep confiding Thou art from the goats dividing, On thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded, And by bitter flames surrounded, Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning, Heart as though to ashes turning; Save, O save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,— Guilty, trembling with contrition, Save him, Father, from perdition!

THOMAS A CELANO.

JOHN A. DIX.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

[A Latin poem, written in the thirteenth century by JACOPONE, a Franciscan friar, of Umbria. Of this and the two preceding poems Dr. Neale says: "The De Contemptic is the most lovely, the Dies Irve the most sublume, and the Stabat Mater the most pathetic, of meditival poems."]

STABAT Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta, Fuit illa benedicta Mater unigeniti, Quæ mærebat et dolebat, Pia mater, dum videbat Nati pænas inclyti!

Quis est homo qui non fleret, Christi matrem si videret In tanto supplicio ? Quis non posset contristari Piam matrem contemplari Dolentem cum filio ?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum,
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut illi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas Cordi meo valide. Tui nati vulnerati, Tam dignati pro me pati, Penas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et tibi me sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Stoop the afflicted mother weeping, Near the cross her station keeping Whereon hung her Son and Lord; Through whose spirit sympathizing, Sorrowing and agonizing, Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh! how mournful and distressed Was that favored and most blessed Mother of the only Son, Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving, While perceiving, scarce believing, Pains of that Illustrious One!

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child?

For his people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield his spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
Tender mother, fount of love!
Make my heart with love unceasing.
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
I may be to him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the slain one's wounds be planted
Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of him wounded, all astounded —
Depths unbounded for me sounded —
All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union;
With the Crucified, communion
In his grief and suffering give;
Near the cross, with tears unfailing,
I would join thee in thy wailing
Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!
Be not bitter, me repelling;
Make thou me a mourner too;
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share his passion, shame defying;
All his wounds in me renew.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruore filii;
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

FRA JACOPONE.

Wound for wound be there created; With the cross intoxicated
For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the cross be warded, By the death of Christ be guarded, Nourished by divine supplies. When the body death hath riven, Grant that to the soul be given Glories bright of Paradise.

AHRAHAM COLES.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

[This hymn was written in the tenth century by ROBERT II., the gentle son of HUGH CAPET. It is often mentioned as second in rank to the Dass [res.]

VENI, Sancte Spiritus, Et emitte cœlitus Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni, pater pauperum, Veni, dator munerum, Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime, Dulcis hospes animæ, Dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies, In æstu temperies, In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima! Reple cordis intima, Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine, Nihil est in homine, Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum, Riga quod est aridum, Sana quod est saucium.

Flecte quod est rigidum, Fove quod est frigidum, Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus, In te confidentibus, Sacrum septenarium;

Da virtutis meritum, Da salutis exitum, Da perenne gaudium!

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE

COME, Holy Ghost! thou fire divine! From highest heaven on us down shine! Comforter, be thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth; Come, with thy gifts of precious worth; Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest The heart where thou art constant guest, Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, thou in whom our toil is sweet, Our shadow in the noonday heat, Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! thy sunshine dart On all who cry to thee apart, And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without thy aid is wrought, Or skilful deed, or wisest thought, God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more; O'er parched souls thy waters pour; Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways; O melt the frozen with thy rays; Call home the lost in error's maze,

And grant us, Lord, who cry to thee, And hold the Faith in unity, Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with thee in lasting bliss!

CATHARINE WINKWORTH

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

[This hymn, one of the most important in the service of the l.atin Church, has been sometimes attributed to the EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE. The better opinion, however, inclines to POP' G & GORY I., called the Great, as the author, and fixes its origin somewhere in the sixth century.]

VENI, Creator Spiritus, Mentes tuorum visita, Imple superna gratia, Quæ tu creasti pectora.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid, Come visit every pious mind, Come pour thy joys on human kind; From sin and sorrow set us free, And make thy temples worthy thee.

Qui diceris Paraclitus, Altissimi donum Dei, . Fons vivus, ignis, caritas, Et spiritalis unctio. O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Tu septiformis munere, Dextræ Dei tu digitus Tu rite promissum Patris, Sermone ditans guttura. Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Accende lumen sensibus, Infunde amorem cordibus, Infirma nostri corporis Virtute firmans perpeti.

Refine and purge our earthly parts; But, O, inflame and fire our hearts! Our frailties help, our vice control, Submit the senses to the soul; And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay thy hand and hold 'em down.

Hostem repellas longius, Pacemque dones protinus: Ductore sic te prævio Vitemus omne noxium.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us on the way.

Per te sciamus da Patrem, Noscamus atque Filium; Te utriusque Spiritum Credamus omni tempore.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe; Give us thyself, that we may see The Father and the Son by thee.

Deo Patri sit gloria Et Filio qui a mortuis Surrexit, ac Paraclito, In sæculorum sæcula.

Immortal honor, endless fame, Attend the Almighty Father's name; The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died; Aud equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

JOHN DRYDEY.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,—
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But every soul shines as the sun, For God himself gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl, —
O God! if I were there!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?—
The King sitting upon thy throne,
And thy felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with pleasing sound The flood of life doth flow; And on the banks, on every side, The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit;
Forevermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place Full sore I long to see; O that my sorrows had an end, That I might dwell in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful,
None ill can thee befall.

No candle needs, no moon to shine, No glittering star to light; For Christ the King of Righteousness Forever shineth bright.

O, passing happy were my state, Might I be worthy found To wait upon my God and King, His praises there to sound!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to thee!

DAVID DICKSON.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee Low we bend the adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, — O, by all thy pains and woe Suffered once for man below, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power, —
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept O'er the grave where Lazarus slept; By the boding tears that flowed Over Salem's loved abode; By the anguished sigh that told Treachery lurked within thy fold, — From thy seat above the sky Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thy deep expiring groan; By the sad sepulchral stone; By the vault whose dark abode Held in vain the rising God; O, from earth to heaven restored, Mighty, reascended Lord,— Listen, listen to the ery Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress, When temptations me oppress, And when I my sins confess, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed, Sick at heart, and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep, And the world is drowned in sleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees No one hope but of his fees, And his skill runs on the lees, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill Has or none or little skill, Meet for nothing but to kill,— Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll, And the Furies, in a shoal, Come to fright a parting soul, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue, And the comforters are few, And that number more than true, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed, And I nod to what is said Because my speech is now decayed, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about Either with despair or doubt, Yet before the glass be out, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th With the sins of all my youth, And half damns me with untruth, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed, —
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

DESIRE.

Thou, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know thine own;
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave,
Save. O. save!

From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave, —
Save, O, save!

When the soul, growing clearer, Sees God no nearer; When the soul, mounting higher, To God comes no nigher : But the arch-fiend Pride Mounts at her side, Foiling her high emprize, Sealing her eagle eyes, And, when she fain would soar, Makes idols to adore ; Changing the pure emotion Of her high devotion, To a skin-deep sense Of her own eloquence; Strong to deceive, strong to enslave, -Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
—
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, O, save!

From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
O, set us free!

O, let the false dream fly Where our sick souls do lie, Tossing continually. O, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, O, save!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MY GOD. I LOVE THEE.

My God, I love thee! not because I hope for heaven thereby; Nor because those who love thee not Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me Upon the cross embrace! For me didst bear the nails and spear, And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony, Yea, death itself,—and all for one That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, Should I not love thee well? Not for the hope of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward; But as thyself hast loved me, O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love, And in thy praise will sing, — Solely because thou art my God, And my eternal King.

From the Latin of ST FRANCIS XAVIER.
Translation of EDWARD CASWALL.

DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS.

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace!
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never crase;

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin but through my tears.
Phineas Fletcher.

DARKNESS IS THINNING

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are retreating; Morning and light are coming in their beauty; Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,

God the Almighty!

So that our Master, having mercy on us, May repel languor, may bestow salvation, Granting us, Father, of thy loving-kinduess Glory hereafter!

This, of his mercy, ever blessed Godhead, Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us, — Whom through the wide world celebrate forever Blessing and glory!

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE

DELIGHT IN GOD.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth,—
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air, — her dainty sweets refresh

My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite

me;

Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh.

And with their polyphonian notes delight me: But what's the air, or all the sweets that she Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee!

I love the sea, — she is my fellow-creature, My careful purveyor; she provides me store; She walls me round; she makes my diet greater; She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore: But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee, What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky
But what is heaven, great God, compared to
thee?
Without the presence heaven's

Without thy presence, heaven 's no heaven to

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heaven's itself no pleasure:

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee, What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
But dying sparkles of thy living fire;
The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet — sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness:

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be, Nor have their being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?

Not having thee, what have my labors got?

Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?

And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be

Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of
thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer, No other balm will there be given; Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer, Travelleth towards the land of Heaven, Over the silver mountains Where spring the nectar fountains:

There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day, More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, That have cast off their rags of clay, And walk apparelled fresh like me. I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we Are filled with immortality, Then the blest paths we'll travel, Strewed with rubies thick as gravel, -Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors, High walls of coral, and nearly bowers. From thence to Heaven's bribeless hali. Where no corrupted voices brawl; No conscience molten into gold, No forged accuser, bought or sold. No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey, For there Christ is the King's Attorney: Who pleads for all without degrees, And he hath angels, but no fees; And when the grand twelve-million jury Of our sins, with direful fury, 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give, Christ pleads his death, and then we live. Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader, Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder! Thou giv'st salvation even for alms. --Not with a bribed lawyer's palms. And this is mine eternal plea To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea, That, since my flesh must die so soon, And want a head to dine next noon, Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread. Set on my soul an everlasting head: Then am I, like a palmer, fit To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell, Who oft doth think, must needs die well. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 't is a fast to dole Thy sheaf of wheat. And meat. Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife. From old debate And hate. -To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent; To starve thy sin. Not bin, -And that's to keep thy Lent. ROBERT HERRICK.

BRIEFS.

WATER TURNED INTO WINE. THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land, Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand: The other's wanton wealth foamshigh, and brave ; The other cast away, she only gave.

"TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY." Two went to pray? O. rather say. One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high. Where the other dares not lend his eye;

One nearer to God's altar trod. The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Long pored St. Austin o'er the sacred page, And doubt and darkness overspread his mind; On God's mysterious being thought the Sage, The Triple Person in one Godhead joined. The more he thought, the harder did he find To solve the various doubts which fast arose; And as a ship, caught by imperious wind, Tosses where chance its shattered body throws, So tossed his troubled soul, and nowhere found repose.

Heated and feverish, then he closed his tome, And went to wander by the ocean-side, Where the cool breeze at evening loved to come, | Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace, Murmuring responsive to the murmuring tide : That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

And as Augustine o'er its margent wide Strayed, deeply pondering the puzzling theme, A little child before him he espied : In earnest labor did the urchin seem. Working with heart intent close by the sounding

He looked, and saw the child a hole had scooped, Shallow and narrow in the shining sand. O'er which at work the laboring infant stooped, Still pouring water in with busy hand. The saint addressed the child in accents bland : "Fair boy," quoth he, "I pray what toil is thine? Let me its end and purpose understand." The boy replied: "An easy task is mine, To sweep into this hole all the wide ocean's brine."

"O foolish boy!" the saint exclaimed, "to hope That the broad ocean in that hole should lie!" "O foolish saint!" exclaimed the boy; "thy scope

Is still more hopeless than the toil I ply, Who think'st to comprehend God's nature high In the small compass of thine human wit! Sooner, Augustine, sooner far, shall I Confine the ocean in this tiny pit. Than finite minds conceive God's nature in-. finite!"

I WOULD I WERE AN EXCELLENT DIVINE.

ANONYMOUS.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine That had the Bible at my fingers' ends : That men might hear out of this mouth of mine How God doth make his enemies his friends: Rather than with a thundering and long prayer Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be, But a religious servant of my God ; And know there is none other God but he. And willingly to suffer mercy's rod, -Joy in his grace, and live but in his love, And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer, For all estates within the state of grace, That careful love might never know despair. Nor servile fear might faithful love deface : And this would I both day and night devise To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life; Persuade the troubled soul to patience; The husband care, and comfort to the wife, To child and servant due obedience ;

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRITTON.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK V.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Almighty, thine this universal frame. Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then! Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens To us invisible, or dimly seen In these thy lowest works; yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine. Speak, ve who best can tell, ve sons of light, Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs And choral symphonies, day without night, Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven, On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night. If better thou belong not to the dawn, Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere, While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul, Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st. And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest, With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies, And we five other wandering fires that move In mystic dance not without song, resound His praise, who out of darkness called up light. Air, and ve elements, the eldest birth Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change Vary to our great Maker still new praise. Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray, Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold, In honor to the world's great Author rise, Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky. Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, Rising or falling, still advance his praise. His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow, Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines, With every plant, in sign of worship wave. Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise. foin voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,

That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise;
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fie;
Or, if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse: there is no such thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb destilled, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O, raise me then! poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.
GEORGE HERBERT.

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTL

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home, — Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see . The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on:

I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on ;

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

FROM "THE CHURCH PORCH."

Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power),

Be sure to doe it, though it be but small; Constancie knits the bones, and make us stowre, When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself: What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his
minde.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the

Wisdome's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave. Say not then, This with that lace will do well; But. This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing; Nothing, with labor; folly, long a doing.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare. God is more there than thou; for thou art there Only by his permission. Then beware, And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state:

All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O, be drest!
Stay not for th' other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest

Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee, Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good: if αll want sense.

. God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence.
GEORGE HERBERT.

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,

If he be my Guide?

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,

And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,

That his brow adorns:
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,

What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor.

Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,

What hath he at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,

Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me. Will he say me nay? "Not till earth, and not till heaven Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is he sure to bless? "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, Answer, Yes.

From the Latin of ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFI SAINT.

To heaven approached a Sufi Saint. From growing in the darkness late. And, tapping timidly and faint, Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?" "'T is I, dear Friend,"-the Saint replied, And trembling much with hope and fear. "If it be thou, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turned. To bear the scourging of life's rods; But aye his heart within him yearned To mix and lose its, love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years, By cruel men still scorned and mocked. Until from faith's pure fires and tears Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?" "It is thyself, beloved Lord," Answered the Saint, in doubt no more, But clasped and rapt in his reward. From the Persian of DSCHELLALEDDIN RUMI. Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame! Quit, O quit this mortal frame! Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, O, the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away ! What is this absorbs me quite? Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death !

The world recedes; it disappears! Heaven opens on my eyes! my cars

With sounds seraphic ring : Lend. lend your wings! I mount! I fiv! O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

PRAYER.

O Gop! though sorrow be my fate, And the world's hate

For my heart's faith pursue me, My peace they cannot take away; From day to day

Thou dost snew imbue me : Thou art not far; a little while Thou hid'st thy face, with brighter smile Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done; If I sink down

When men to terrors leave me. Thy father-love still warms my breast: All's for the best:

Shall man have power to grieve me, When bliss eternal is my goal, And thou the keeper of my soul, Who never will deceive me?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word. Christ Jesus, Lord,

Thou standest pitying by me, And lookest on each grief of mine And if 't were thine:

What, then, though foes may try me, Though thorns be in my path concealed? World, do thy worst! God is my shield! And will be ever nigh me.

Translated from MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds. Or on the waters cast, The martyrs' ashes, watched, Shall gathered be at last: And from that scattered dust, Around us and abroad, Shall spring a plenteous seed Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received Their latest living breath; And vain is Satan's boast Of victory in their death: Still, still, though dead, they speak, And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim To many a wakening land The one availing name.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER. Translation of W. J. FOX.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[The author of this poem, one of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. It was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

LIKE as the armed Knighte, Appointed to the fielde, With this world wil I fight, And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge, Which wil not faile at nede; My foes therefore amonge, Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe; And forces of Christes waye, It wil prevaile at lengthe, Though all the devils saye naye.

Faithe of the fathers olde Obtained right witness, Which makes me verye bolde To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoice in harte, And hope bides me do so; For Christ wil take my part, And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whose knocke, To them wilt thou attende; Undo, therefore, the locke, And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have Than heeres upon my head; Let them not me deprave, But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast, For all their cruell spight; I set not by their hast, For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list My anker to let fall For every drislinge mist; My shippe's substancial.

Not oft I use to wright In prose, nor yet in ryme; Yet wil I shewe one sight, That I sawe in my time:

I sawe a royall throne, Where Justice shulde have sitte; But in her steade was One Of moody cruell witte. Absorpt was rightwisness, As by the raginge floude; Sathan, in his excess, Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I, — Jesus, Lorde, When thou shalt judge us all, Harde is it to recorde On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire, For that they doe to me, Let them not taste the hire Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ACCESSE

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

SAID I NOT SO?

SAID I not so, — that I would sin no more?
Witness, my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do?—make vows and break them still?

'T will be but labor lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow,
thou mayst
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all. Whilst he permits thee but to call. Call to thy God for grace to keep Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep. Ween for thy broken vows, and vow again : Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

> Then once again I vow to mend my ways: Lord, say Amen. And thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure Of an eternal pleasure! Thy throne is seated far Above the highest star, Where thou preparest a glorious place. Within the brightness of thy face, For every spirit To inherit That builds his hopes upon thy merit, And loves thee with a holy charity. What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes Clear as the morning rise, Can speak, or think, or see That bright eternity, Where the great King's transparent throne Is of an entire jasper stone? There the eye O' the chrysolite, . And a sky Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase, -And above all thy holy face. -Makes an eternal charity. When thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day Remember us, we pray, -That where the beryl lies, And the crystal 'bove the skies, There thou mayest appoint us place Within the brightness of thy face. -And our soul In the scroll Of life and blissfulness enroll, That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah! JEREMY TAYLOR.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Such hymns are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plough with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy. — HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Roox of ages, eleft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sung. Fell the words unconsciously From her girlish, gleeful tongue; Sang as little children sing ; Sang as sing the birds in June ; Fell the words like light leaves down On the current of the tune. -"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee:" Felt her soul no need to hide, -Sweet the song as song could be. And she had no thought beside: All the words unheedingly Fell from lips untouched by care, Dreaming not that they might be On some other lips a prayer. -"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," 'T was a woman sung them now. Pleadingly and prayerfully: Every word her heart did know. Rose the song as storm-tossed bird Beats with weary wing the air, Every note with sorrow stirred, Every syllable a prayer. -" Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," -Lips grown aged sung the hymn . Trustingly and tenderly, Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim, -"Let me hide myself in Thee." Trembling though the voice and low, Rose the sweet strain peacefully Like a river in its flow: Sung as only they can sing Who life's thorny path have passed; Sung as only they can sing Who behold the promised rest. — "Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," Sung above a coffin lid; Underneath, all restfully, All life's joys and sorrows hid. Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul! Nevermore from wind or tide. Nevermore from billow's roll, Wilt thou need thyself to hide. Could the sightless, sunken eyes, Closed beneath the soft gray hair, Could the mute and stiffened lips Move again in pleading prayer, Still, aye still, the words would be, -"Let me hide myself in Thee."

PROF. EDWARD H. RICE.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
We wander in the country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

HEAVEN.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies, Beyond death's cloudy portal, There is a land where beauty never dies, Where love becomes immortal:

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade, Whose fields are ever vernal; Where nothing beautiful can ever fade, But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air, How bright and fair its flowers; We may not hear the songs that echo there, Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky A fiery sunset lingers, Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly, Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar, Gleams from the inner glory Stream brightly through the azure vault afar, And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal!
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

"ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices fer away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCE LAUGHTON MACE.

THE SOUL.

·Come, Brother, turn with me from pining thought

And all the inward ills that sin has wrought;
Come, send abroad a love for all who live,
And feel the deep content in turn they give.
Kind wishes and good deeds, — they make not
poor;

They 'Il home again, full laden, to thy door; The streams of love flow back where they begin, For springs of outward joys lie deep within.

Even let them flow, and make the places glad Where dwell thy fellow-men. Shouldst thou be sad, And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press

Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear The music of those waters running near; And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream, And thine eye gladden with the playing beam That now upon the water dances, now Leans up and dances in the hanging bough.

Is it not lovely? Tell me, where doth dwell The power that wrought so beautiful a spell 'In thine own bosom, Brother? Then as thine Guard with a reverent fear this power divine.

And if, indeed, 't is not the outward state, But temper of the soul by which we rate Sadness or joy, even let thy bosom move With noble thoughts and wake thee into love; And let each feeling in thy breast be given An honest aim, which, sanctified by Heaven, And springing into act, new life imparts, Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.

Sin clouds the mind's clear vision;
Around the self-starved soul has spread a dearth.
The earth is full of life; the living Hand
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers and raise him from the
brute.

And shall the earth of higher ends be full, —
Earth which thou tread'st, — and thy poor mind
be dull?

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep?
Thon "living dead man," let thy spirit leap
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. Wouldst
thou know

Something of what is life, shake off this death; Have thy soul feel the universal breath With which all nature 's quick, and learn to be Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see; Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance; Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse; Love, joy, even sorrow, — yield thyself to all! They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall. Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind To dust and sense, and set at large the mind! Then move in sympathy with God's great whole, And be like man at first, a living soul.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

SIT down, sad soul, and count The moments flying; Come, tell the sweet amount That's lost by sighing! How many smiles?—a score? Then laugh, and count no more; For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same;
We love, — forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame, —
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then — hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.
(Barry Cornwall.)

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, — "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs, —
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—
"No."

That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, — "No."

And thou, serenest moon,

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death '
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest '
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals
given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—
"Yes, in heaven!"

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds, — lo! tares and weeds:
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so, Bearing our withered leaves? The Saviour looks for perfect fruit, We stand before him, humbled, mute; Waiting the words he breathes,— "Nothing but leaves?"

LUCY E. AKERMAN.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age, In every clime adored, By saint, by savage, and by sage, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood.
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate, To see the good from ill; And, binding nature fast in fate, Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do, This, teach me more than hell to shun, That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives Let me not cast away; For God is paid when man receives, To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand Presume thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart Still in the right to stay; If I am wrong, O, teach my heart To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride And impious discontent At aught thy wisdom has denied, Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so, Since quickened by thy breath; O, lead me wheresoe'er I go, Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space, Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, One chorus let all Being raise, All Nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

WRESTLING JACOB.

FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free; I never will unloose my hold: Art thou the Man that died for me? The secret of thy love unfold; Wrestling, I will not let thee go Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall feil

And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak, But confident in self-despair; Speak to my heart, in blessings speak; Be conquered by my instant prayer; Speak, or thou never hence shalt move, And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace Unspeakable I now receive; Through faith I see thee face to face; I see thee face to face and live! In vain I have not wept and strove; Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art, Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend; Nor wilt thou with the night depart, But stay and love me to the end; Thy mercies never shall remove; Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WELLEY.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with equal hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
From the German of MARTIN LUTHER. Translation of FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

"Urit me Patrize decor."

IT kindles all my soul. My country's leveliness! Those starry choirs That watch around the pole. And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires Through golden halls that roll. O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn The music of the spheres To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn To rest till day appears! Me, for celestial homes of glory born, Why here, O, why so long, Do ye behold an exile from on high? Here, O ye shining throng, With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie: Here let me drop my chain, And dust to dust returning, cast away The trammels that remain: The rest of me shall spring to endless day! From the Latin of CASIMIR OF POLAND.

JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.

Gon of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of Desolation flow;
Father of vengeance, that with purple feet
Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below;
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till thou hast marked the guilty land for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam, And the sad City lift her crownless head, And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam

In streets where broods the silence of the dead.

The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers, On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers, And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for

With fettered steps we left our pleasant land, Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves. The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep, And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep, In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep, Where the pale willows shade Euphrates'

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender prattling boy

Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come; And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear, And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare, And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,

Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

FROM "IVANHOE."

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceiful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE DYING SAVIOUR.

O MACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest, In other days the world All feared when thou appearedst; What shame on thee is hurled! How art thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn! How does that visage languish Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me!
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely — through thy love.
PAUL GERHARDT.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love In heavenly spirits to these creatures base, That may compassion of their evils move? There is: — else much more wretched were the

Of men than beasts: but 0 the exceeding grace Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so, And all his workes with mercy doth embrace, That blessed angels he sends to and fro, To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us
plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward;
O, why should heavenly God to men have such
regard!

EDMUND SPENSER.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Üpward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

SARAII FLOWER ADAMS

O, HOW THE THOUGHT OF GOD

O, now the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

God only is the creature's home;
Though long and rough the road,
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

O, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye, Can win their way above; If mountains can be moved by faith, Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul,

How little hast thou gone!

Take heart, and let the thought of God

Allure thee farther on.

Dole not thy duties out to God, But let thy hand be free; Look long at Jesus; his sweet blood, How was it dealt to thee?

The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!
FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart, Although it knew and loved the better part, Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife, And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me, My trial-tests of faith and love to be, It seemed as if I never could be sure That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight," Doubting, and almost yielding to despair, The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

"Far heavier its weight must surely be Than those of others which I daily see; Oh! if I might another burden choose, Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reigned on all around, E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound; The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell, And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, — and then a heavenly light Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight; Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere, And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see, One to whom all the others bowed the knee, Came gently to me, as I trembling lay, And, "Follow me," he said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above, And there, beneath a canopy of love, Crosses of divers shape and size were seen, Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,—
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little cross I quickly took, But all at once my frame beneath it shook; The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see, But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again, To see if there was any here could ease my pain; But, one by one, I passed them slowly by, Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined, And grace and beauty seemed in it combined. Wondering, I gazed, —and still I wondered more, To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me; Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair; Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around, —
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gentlysaid, "No cross,—no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart; He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart; "Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me; My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet, Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet; With forward footsteps, turning not aside, For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there — in the prepared, appointed way, Listening to hear, and ready to obey — A cross I quickly found of plainest form, With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest, And joyfully acknowledged it the best, — The only one, of all the many there, That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed, I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest; And as I bent, my burden to sustain, I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be, Now I had learned its preciousness to see! No longer could I unbelieving say, "Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That he who knows me best should choose for
me:

And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, — because he knows the end.
HON. MRS. CHARLES HOBART.

FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it.
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,
Forgive its weakness!

We see thy hand, — it leads us, it supports us; We hear thy voice, — it counsels and it courts us; And then we turn away; and still thy kindness Forgives our blindness.

O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal, And spring eternal.

JOHN BOWRING.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way Is night — with Thee alone is day: From out the torrent's troubled drift, Above the storm our prayers we lift, Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint, But who are we to make complaint, Or dare to plead, in times like these, The weakness of our love of ease? Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less, And count it joy that even we May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee, Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line, We trace Thy picture's wise design, And thank Thee that our age supplies Its dark relief of sacrifice.

Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy lottier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansious be; Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea; Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But the waves of that silent sea Roll dark before my sight That brightly the other side Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think, —

Father, perfect my trust!

Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

PIREBE CARY.

ODE.

FROM "THE SPECTATOR."

THE spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim; The unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though no real voice or sound Amid their radiant orbs be found? In Reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON

LORD! WHEN THOSE GLORIOUS LIGHTS I SEE.

HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS
LORD! when these glorious lights I see
With which thou hast adorned the skies,
Observing how they moved be,
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,

Methinks it is too large a grace,
But that thy love ordained it so, —
That creatures in so high a place
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there In size and lustre doth exceed
The noblest of thy creatures here,
And of our friendship hath no need.
Yet these upon mankind attend
For secret aid or public light;
And from the world's extremest end
Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced
Which first on us thy hand had set,
How highly should we have been graced.
Since we are so much honored yet!
Good God, for what but for the sake
Of thy beloved and only Son,
Who did on him our nature take,
Were these exceeding favors done?

As we by him have honored been,
Let us to him due honors give;
Let his uprightness hide our sin,
And let us worth from him receive.
Yea, so let us by grace improve
What thou by nature doth bestow,
That to thy dwelling-place above
We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star In his steep course ! So long he seems to pause On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blane! The Arve and Arveiron at thy base Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form, Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines How silently! Around thee and above. Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black, -An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it. As with a wedge! But when I look again, It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine, Thy habitation from eternity! O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee, Till thou, still present to the bodily sense, Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, So sweet we know not we are listening to it, Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,— Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy, —
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake, Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake! Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale! O, struggling with the darkness all the night, And visited all night by troops of stars, Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, Companion of the morning-star at dawn, Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn Co-herald, — wake, O, wake, and utter praise! Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth? Who filled thy countenance with rosy light? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your

Joy, Unceasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded (and the silence came), Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice, And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge! Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun Clothe you with rainbows! Who, with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome
voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice, you piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost! Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest! Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm! Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! Ye signs and wonders of the elements! Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering through the pure

serene.

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambussador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERINGE.

AMAZING. BEAUTEOUS CHANGE!

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine,
Be thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play Amidst the burning sands; The river's winding way Shines through the thirsty lands; New grass is seen, And o'er the meads Its carpet spreads Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
Intwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn, —
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood All bare and disarrayed, See the wide-branching wood Diffuse its grateful shade; Tall cedars nod,

And oaks and pines, And elms and vines Confess thee God. The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er, —
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord!
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wandering eyes!
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallowed day! Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear, — the

Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on you unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling

Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from you lowly roof, whose circling smokeO'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dovelike wings Peace o'er you villagebroods;

The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness. Less fearful on this day, the limping hare Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free, Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large; And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls, His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

IANES GRAHAME

THE MEETING.

THE elder folk shook hands at last. Down seat by seat the signal passed. To simple ways like ours unused, Half solemnized and half amused. With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest His sense of glad relief expressed. Outside, the hills lay warm in sun; The cattle in the meadow-run Stood half-leg deep; a single bird The green repose above us stirred. "What part or lot have you," he said, "In these dull rites of drowsy-head! Is silence worship? Seek it where It soothes with dreams the summer air : Not in this close and rude-benched hall, But where soft lights and shadows fall, And all the slow, sleep-walking hours Glide soundless over grass and flowers! From time and place and form apart, Its holy ground the human heart, Nor ritual-bound nor templeward Walks the free spirit of the Lord! Our common Master did not pen His followers up from other men; His service liberty indeed, He built no church, he framed no creed: But while the saintly Pharisee Made broader his phylactery, As from the synagogue was seen The dusty-sandaled Nazarene Through ripening cornfields lead the way Upon the awful Sabbath day, His sermons were the healthful talk That shorter made the mountain-walk. His wayside texts were flowers and birds, Where mingled with his gracious words The rustle of the tamarisk-tree And ripple-wash of Galilee."

."Thy words are well, O friend," I said; "Unmeasured and unlimited, With noiseless slide of stone to stone, The mystic Church of God has grown. Invisible and silent stands The temple never made with hands, Unheard the voices still and small Of its unseen confessional. He needs no special place of prayer Whose hearing ear is everywhere; He brings not back the childish days That ringed the earth with stones of praise, Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid The plinths of Phile's colonnade. Still less he owns the selfish good And sickly growth of solitude, —

The worthless grace that, out of sight, Flowers in the desert anchorite; Dissevered from the suffering whole, Love hath no power to save a soul. Not out of Self, the origin And native air and soil of sin, The living waters spring and flow, The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will;
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

"Yet rarely through the charmed repose Unmixed the stream of motive flows, A flavor of its many springs, The tints of earth and sky it brings; In the still waters needs must be Some shade of human sympathy; And here, in its accustomed place, I look on memory's dearest face; The blind by-sitter guesseth not What shadow haunts that vacant spot: No eyes save mine alone can see The love wherewith it welcomes me! And still, with those alone my kin, In doubt and weakness, want and sin, I bow my head, my heart I bare As when that face was living there, And strive (too oft, alas! in vain) The peace of simple trust to gain. Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken, Nor less the words of fitness spoken, — Such golden words as hers for whom Our autumn flowers have just made room; Whose hopeful utterance through and through The freshness of the morning blew ; Who loved not less the earth that light Fell on it from the heavens in sight. But saw in all fair forms more fair The Eternal beauty mirrored there. Whose eighty years but added grace And saintlier meaning to her face, -The look of one who bore away Glad tidings from the hills of day. While all our hearts went forth to meet The coming of her beautiful feet! Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread Is in the paths where Jesus led: Who dreams her childhood's sabbath dream By Jordan's willow-shaded stream, And, of the hymns of hope and faith, Sung by the monks of Nazareth, Hears pious echoes, in the call To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall, Repeating where His works were wrought The lesson that her Master taught, Of whom an elder Sibyl gave, The prophesies of Cumæ's cave !

"I ask no organ's soulless breath To drone the themes of life and death, No altar candle-lit by day, No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play, No cool philosophy to teach Its bland audacities of speech To double-tasked idolaters, Themselves their gods and worshippers, No pulpit hammered by the fist Of loud-asserting dogmatist, Who borrows for the hand of love The smoking thunderbolts of Jove. I know how well the fathers taught, What work the later schoolmen wrought; I reverence old-time faith and men, But God is near us now as then; His force of love is still unspent, His hate of sin as imminent; And still the measure of our needs Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds; The manna gathered yesterday Already savors of decay; Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown Question us now from star and stone; Too little or too much we know, And sight is swift and faith is slow; The power is lost to self-deceive With shallow forms of make-believe. We walk at high noon, and the bells Call to a thousand oracles,

But the sound deafens, and the light Is stronger than our dazzled sight; The letters of the sacred Book Glimmer and swim beneath our look; Still struggles in the Age's breast With deepening agony of quest The old entreaty: 'Art thou He, Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is least; So, where is neither church nor priest, And never rag of form or creed To clothe the nakedness of need. -Where farmer-folk in silence meet. -I turn my bell-unsummoned feet; I lay the critic's glass aside, I tread upon my lettered pride, And, lowest-seated, testify To the oneness of humanity; Confess the universal want. And share whatever Heaven may grant. He findeth not who seeks his own. The soul is lost that's saved alone. Not on one favored forehead fell Of old the fire-tongued miracle. But flamed o'er all the thronging host The baptism of the Holy Ghost: Heart answers heart : in one desire The blending lines of prayer aspire : 'Where, in my name, meet two or three,' Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense The feeling which is evidence That very near about us lies The realm of spiritual mysteries. The sphere of the supernal powers Impinges on this world of ours. The low and dark horizon lifts, To light the scenic terror shifts; The breath of a diviner air Blows down the answer of a prayer: -That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt A great compassion clasps about, And law and goodness, love and force, Are wedded fast beyond divorce. Then duty leaves to love its task. The beggar Self forgets to ask; With smile of trust and folded hands. The passive soul in waiting stands To feel, as flowers the sun and dew, The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought The innermost of truth is taught, The mystery dimly understood, That love of God is love of good, And, chiefly, its divinest trace In Him of Nazareth's holy face; That to be saved is only this, -Salvation from our selfishness. From more than elemental fire. The soul's unsanctified desire. From sin itself, and not the pain That warns us of its chafing chain ; That worship's deeper meaning lies In mercy, and not sacrifice, Not proud humilities of sense And posturing of penitence, But love's unforced obedience: That Book and Church and Day are given For man, not God. - for earth, not heaven. -The blessed means to holiest ends. Not masters, but benignant friends ; That the dear Christ dwells not afar, The king of some remoter star. But flamed o'er all the thronging host The baptism of the Holv Ghost: Heart answers heart : in one desire The blending lines of prayer aspire; 'Where, in my name, meet two or three, Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be !'" JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A PRAYER FOR LIFE.

O FATHER, let me not die young!
Earth's beauty asks a heart and tongue
To give true love and praises to her worth;
Her sins and judgment-sufferings call
I'or fearless martyrs to redeem thy Earth
From her disastrous fall.

For though her summer hills and vales might seem

The fair creation of a poet's dream, —
Ay, of the Highest Poet,
Whose wordless rhythms are chanted by the

Of constellate star-choirs,

That with deep melody flow and overflow it, —

The sweet Earth, — very sweet, despite

The rank grave-smell forever drifting in

Among the odors from her censers white

Of wave-swung lilies and of wind-swung

roses, —

The Earth sad-sweet is deeply attaint with sin!

The pure air, which encloses
Her and her starry kin,
Still shudders with the unspent palpitating
Of a great Curse, that to its utmost shore
Thrills with a deadly shiver
Which has not ceased to quiver
Down all the ages, nathless the strong beating
Of Angel-wings, and the defiant roar
Of Earth's Titanic thunders.

Fair and sad,
In sin and beauty, our beloved Earth
Has need of all her sons to make her glad;
Has need of martyrs to refire the hearth
Of her quenched altars, — of heroic men
With Freedom's sword, or Truth's supernal pen,
To shape the worn-out mould of nobleness again.
And she has need of Poets who can string

Their harps with steel to catch the lightning's fire,

And pour her thunders from the clanging wire.

To cheer the hero, mingling with his cheer, Arouse the laggard in the battle's rear, Daunt the stern wicked, and from discord wring Prevailing harmony, while the humblest soul

Who keeps the tune the warder angels sing In golden choirs above,

And only wears, for crown and aureole,
The glow-worm light of lowliest human love,
Shall fill with low, sweet undertones the
chasms

Of silence, 'twixt the booming thunder-spasms.

And Earth has need of Prophets fiery-lipped

And deep-souled, to announce the glorious

dooms

Writ on the silent heavens in starry script,

And flashing fitfully from her shuddering tombs,—

Commissioned Angels of the new-born Faith, To teach the immortality of Good, The soul's God-likeness, Sin's coeval death, And man's indissoluble Brotherhood.

Yet never an age, when God has need of him, Shall want its Man, predestined by that need, To pour his life in fiery word or deed,— The strong Archangel of the Elohim!

Earth's hollow want is prophet of his coming: In the low murmur of her famished cry, And heavy sobs breathed up despairingly,

Ye hear the near invisible humming
Of his wide wings that fan the lurid sky
Into cool ripples of new life and hope,
While far in its dissolving ether ope
Deeps beyond deeps, of sapphire calm, to cheer
With Sabbath gleams the troubled Now and Here.

Father! thy will be done!

Holy and righteous One!

Though the reluctant years

May never crown my throbbing brows with

white,

Nor round my shoulders turn the golden light Of my thick locks to wisdom's royal ermine: Yet by the solitary tears,

Deeper than joy or sorrow, —by the thrill, Higher than hope or terror, whose quick germin, In those hot tears to sudden vigor sprung, Sheds, even now, the fruits of graver age, — By the long wrestle in which inward ill

Fell like a trampled viper to the ground, — By all that lifts me o'er my outward peers

To that supernal stage
Where soul dissolves the bonds by Nature
bound. —

Fall when I may, by pale disease unstrung, Or by the hand of fratricidal rage,

I cannot now die young!

WHEN.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,

That the next sun

Which sinks should bear me past all fear and
sorrow

For any one,

All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter, But just go on,

Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter Aught that is gone;

But rise and move and love and smile and pray

For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping, Say in that ear

Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping How should I fear?

And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still, Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender, My soul would lie

All the night long; and when the morning splendor

Flushed o'er the sky,

I think that I could smile — could calmly say, "It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonger Held out a scroll,

On which my life was writ, and I with wonder Beheld unroll

To a long century's end its mystic clue, What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master, Other than this;

Still to go on as now, not slower, faster, Nor fear to miss

The road, although so very long it be, While led by thee? Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen,

Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide thee,

Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth
Thy connsels wise:

Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies

To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing Thy will always,

Through a long century's ripening fruition Or a short day's:

Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait

If thou come late.

SARAH WOOLSEY (Susan Cookage).

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A BALLAD.

THERE'S a legend that's told of a gypsy who dwelt

In the lands where the pyramids be; And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt

With devices right wondrous to see; And she lived in the days when our Lord was a

On his mother's immaculate breast; When he fled from his foes, — when to Egypt

He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks, And the future was given to her gaze;

For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx On her threshold kept vigil always. She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen

In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs,
I ween.

Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,

With a maid on a mule by that road; And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way Led them straight to the gypsy's abode; And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome

path, From thence many, many a league, — From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath, Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed

That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile.

And she fondled the babe with affection's caress, And she begged the old man would repose;

"Here the stranger," she said, "ever fluds free

And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led

To a seat in her grotto so cool;

Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and a shed,

With a manger, was found for the mule; With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly culled,

All the toil of the day she beguiled; And with song in a language mysterious she lulled On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand Took the infant's diminutive palm,

O, 't was fearful to see how the features she scanned Of the babe in his slumbers so calm!

Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed

O'er the tracings of destiny's line:

"WHENCE CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment lost,

"For this Child is of lineage Divine!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew,

We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed

In the gore of the children he slew:
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigners' land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles!) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and
knelt.

And adored him at once; then a smile Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt With him lost on the tanks of the Wile:

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."— DEUT xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
'Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name, Whence his uncoffined clay Shall break again — O wondrous thought! — Before the judgment-day, And stand, with glory wrapped around, On the hills he never trod, And speak of the strife that won our life With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CFCIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

GEORGE III. AND A DYING WOMAN IN WINDSOR FOREST

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade Of Windsor forest's deepest glade, A dying woman lay;

Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,

"O mother, mother! do not die,
And leave us all alone."
"My blessèd babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away

In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggled hard with death, And fast and strong she drew her breath, And up she raised her head; And, peering through the deep wood maze With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And, following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek, -"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there, —
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But O, my heart was fit to break, —
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me, I ran back, fast as fast could be, To come again to you; And here — close by — this squire I met, Who asked (so mild) what made me fret; And when I told him true, —

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed,' —
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached,—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister,
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole, (God's words were printed on his soul!)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 't were an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil, Endured but for a little while

In patience, faith, and love, —
Sure, in God's own good time, to be Exchanged for an eternity

Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then — the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise, Who reined their coursers back, Just as they found the long astray, Who, in the heat of chase that day, Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood,—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band;
And, central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.
ROBERT and CAROLINE SOUTHEY

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESO.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure; Nor grandeur hear, with a disdamful smile, The short but simple annals of the poor." — GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend, No mercenary bard his homage pays: With honest pride I scorn each selfish end; My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier
there. I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their

renose:

The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes, —
This night his weekly moil is at an end, —
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher
through

To meet theirdad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,

His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee, Does a' his weary carking cares beguile, And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve* the elder bairns come drapping in, At service out amang the farmers roun; Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie t

A cannie errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bra' new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet, An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers: The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet: Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears; The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent * hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jank or
play;

"An' O, he sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might;

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anyious care inquires his

Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his

While Jenny hafflins t is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's e'e; Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
grave;

Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale, Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart, A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth, That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art, Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

By and by.

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,

Then paints the ruined maid, and their distrac-

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie * does afford,
That'yout the hallan + snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck ‡
fell.

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid; The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell, How't was a towmond \(\) auld, sin' lint was i' the

bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace, The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets || wearing thin an' bare: Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, He wales a portion with judicious care;

He wales a portion with judicious care; And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim:

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name; Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame, The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame; The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise; Nae unison has they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, — How Abram was the friend of God on high; Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the secred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, — How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; How He, who bore in heaven the second name, Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

Cow. † Partition ; Cheese. § Twelvemonth. [Gray locks.

How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear.
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the

And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of
God!"

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp?— a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content!

And. O. may Heaven their simple lives prevent His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; From luxury's contagion, weak and vile ! Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent. A virtuous populace may rise the while. And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved 'Though single. iele

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide, That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart:

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride. Or nobly die, the second glorious part. (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art. His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)

O, never, never Scotia's realm desert : But still the patriot and the patriot bard In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard! ROBERT BURNS.

THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS. FROM "HUDIBRAS," PART I.

HE was of that stubborn crew Of errant saints, whom all men grant To be the true church militant : Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun : Decide all controversies by Infallible artillery. And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows and knocks: Call fire, and sword, and desolation A godly, thorough Reformation. Which always must be carried on And still be doing, never done ; As if religion were intended For nothing else but to be mended. A sect whose chief devotion lies In odd perverse antipathies: In falling out with that or this, And finding somewhat still amiss; More peevish, cross, and splenetic, Than dog distract, or monkey sick; That with more care keep holiday The wrong than others the right way : Compound for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to ; Still so perverse and opposite, As if they worshipped God for spite; The self-same thing they will abhor

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE FAITHFUL ANGEL. FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK V.

One way, and long another for.

THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found Among the faithless, faithful only he; Among innumerable false, unmoved, Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,

Nor number, nor example with him wrought To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.

From amidst them forth he passed,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained

Superior, nor of violence feared aught: And with retorted scorn his back he turned On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.

MILTON.

THE OTHER WORLD.

IT lies around us like a cloud, -A world we do not see : Yet the sweet closing of an eve May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek : Amid our worldly cares Its gentle voices whisper love. And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat. Sweet helping hands are stirred, And palpitates the veil between With breathings almost heard.

The silence - awful, sweet, and calm -They have no power to break : For mortal words are not for them To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide. So near to press they seem. -They seem to lull us to our rest. And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring 'T is easy now to see How lovely and how sweet a pass The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear, Rapt in a trance of bliss. And gently dream in loving arms To swoon to that - from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep, Scarce asking where we are, To feel all evil sink away, All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still. Press nearer to our side. Into our thoughts, into our prayers, With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught. A dried and vanished stream: Your joy be the reality. Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass

Except the love of God, which shall live and last for ave.

The forms of men shall be as they had never been; The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green :

The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant

And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long.

The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that

And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.

The goat and antiered stag, the wolf and the fox, The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks.

And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie :

And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale, shall die.

And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be

And they shall bow to death, who ruled from shore to shore ;

And the great globe itself, so the holy writings

With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell.

Shall melt with fervent heat, - they shall all pass away,

Except the love of God, which shall live and last

From the Provencal of BERNARD RASCAS. Translation of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard; In the rough marble beauty hides unseen: To make the music and the beauty, needs The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand; Let not the music that is in us die! Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let, Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt! Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred: Complete thy purpose, that we may become Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord! HORATIUS BONAR.

DIFFERENT MINDS.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear And wholly bright to view, If one small speck of dark appear In their great heaven of blue : And some with thankful love are filled If but one streak of light. One ray of God's good mercy, gild The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask, In discontent and pride. Why life is such a dreary task, And all good things denied : And hearts in poorest huts admire How Love has in their aid (Love that not ever seems to tire) Such rich provision made. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

CANA.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the house. Whose gracious word benign, Could once, at Cana's wedding feast, Change water into wine;

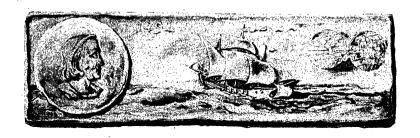
Come, visit us! and when dull work Grows weary, line on line, Revive our souls, and let us see Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy, Earth's hopes grow half divine. When Jesus visits us, to make Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire, The homely household shrine, Grow bright with angel visits, when The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love, Not knowing mine nor thine. The miracle again is wrought, And water turned to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE



FAITH.

O World, thou choosest not the better part! It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.



Drawn by Thomas R. Manley.

POEMS.

PRESENTIMENT is that long shadow on the lawn Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spake with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

EMILY DICKINSON.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and
woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their
way,

Stumbling and falling in disastrous night, Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of
heaven!

And they who dearest hope and deepest pray, Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high, Home of my soul! how near, At times, to faith's foreseeing eye Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene, And all my prospect flies; Like Noah's dove, I flit'between Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he, Remembered or forgot, The Lord, is never far from me, Though I perceive him not.

In darkness as in light, Hidden alike from view, I sleep, I wake, as in his sight Who looks all nature through.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

"Forever with the Lord:"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Unto thy child fulfil!

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
IAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares, Of earth and folly born; Ye shall not dim the light that streams From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

EDWIN AND PAULINUS:

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA

The black-haired gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:

"Bow down, O king of Deira,
Before the blessed Rood!
Cast out thy heathen idols,
And worship Christ our Lord."

— But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake:
"God offers life immortal
For his dear Son's own sake!
Wilt thou not hear his message,
Who bears the keys and sword?"
— But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior
Was fivescore winters old;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath rolled:—
"At Yule-time in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cold and howling round us
Lies the black land of Night.

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door:
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash, — and no more!
We see it come from darkness,
And into darkness go: —
So is our life, King Edwin!
Alas. that it is so!

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell;
Some news of Whence and Whither,
And where the soul will dwell;
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine;
He makes life worth the living!
I take his God for mine!"

So spake the wise old warrior;
And all about him cried,
"Paulinus' God hath conquered!
And he shall be our guide:—
For he makes life worth living
Who brings this message plain,
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again."

ANONYMOUS.

THE LOVE OF GOD SUPREME.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove.

Yet hindrances strew all the way; I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'T is mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee.
Yet while I seek but find thee not
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to-thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee

Oh! hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live.
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there.
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Ah! no; ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am.
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.
Oh! help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call.
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love is all my choice.

JOHN WESLEY.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take his part Upon this battle-field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he descrts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change To ill with greatest ease; Aud, worst of all, the good with good Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

A DYING HYMN.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills, Recedes and fades away; Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills; Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song, —
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are full of life and light.

The while my pulses fainter beat, My faith doth so abound; I feel grow firm beneath my feet The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives, —
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father's house." — HEINRICH STILLING.

Not as you meant, O learned man, and good!

Do I accept thy words of truth and rest;
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what he could,
Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's house, and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face, —
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,—
Not for ourselves, but for the dear One's sake.
And at his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our Beloved One.

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand;
In it how many, many mansions are!
And, far beyond the light of sun or star,
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
Are walking hand in hand!
Think you I love not, or that I forget
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
With weeping in this balmy summer air:
Yet I'm not homesick, and the children here
Have need of me, and so my way is clear.

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore,
And I who wait his coming, shall not I
On his sure word rely?
And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
Let me remember these are things to be,
To work his blessed will until he come
To take my hand, and lead me safely home.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

WHY THUS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing For the far off, unattained, and dim, While the beautiful, all round thee lying, Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching, All thy restless yearnings it would still; Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw, —
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten, —
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou caust lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses, Not by works that gain thee world-renown, Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses, Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely, Every day a rich reward will give; Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only, And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the Lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes you fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest, Proud proprietors in pomp may shine; But with fervent love if thou adorest, Thou art wealthier, —all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest, Sighing that they are not thine alone, Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest, And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

O YET WE TRUST THAT SOMEHOW GOOD.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

O YET we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood; That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all, And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?

An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face, And wander wide and long, Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace, O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim, Our wayward steps to win; We know thee by a dearer name, O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;

Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place!
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

I SAW THEE.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

I saw thee when, as twilight fell, And evening lit her fairest star, Thy footsteps sought you quiet dell, The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone, Where drooping branches thick o'erhung, Thy still retreat to all unknown, Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound Of bleating flock or woodland bird, Kneeling, as if on holy ground, Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,

And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face Stole with a soft, suffusing glow, As if, within, celestial grace Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw — what thou didst not— above Thy lowly head an open heaven; And tokens of thy Father's love With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
With firm and peaceful soul depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee, — doubt it not, —
And read the secrets of thy heart!
RAY PALMER.

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade; Thou madest Life in man and brute; Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries, Confusions of a wasted youth; Forgive them where they fail in truth, And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE SOUL'S CRY.

"I cry unto thee daily." - PS. lxxxvi. 3.

O, EVER from the deeps
Within my soul, oft as I muse alone,
Comes forth a voice that pleads in tender tone;
As when one long unblest
Sighs ever after rest;
Or as the wind perpetual murmuring keeps.

I hear it when the day
Fades o'er the hills, or 'cross the shimmering sea;
In the soft twilight, as is wont to be,
Without my wish or will,
While all is hushed and still,
Like a sad, plaintive cry heard far away.

Not even the noisy crowd,
That like some mighty torrent rushing down
Sweeps clamoring on, this cry of want can drown;
But ever in my heart
Afresh the echoes start;
I hear them still amidst the tumult loud.

Each waking morn anew
The sense of many a need returns again;
I feel myself a child, helpless as when
I watched my mother's eye,
As the slow hours went by,
And from her glance my being took its hue.

I cannot shape my way
Where nameless perils ever may betide,
O'er slippery steeps whereon my feet may slide;
Some mighty hand I crave,
To hold and help and save,
And guide me ever when my steps would stray.

There is but One, I know,
That all my hourly, endless wants can meet;
Can shield from harm, recall my wandering feet;
My God, thy hand can feed
And day by day can lead
Where the sweet streams of peace and safety flow.

RAY PALMER.

FRAGMENTS

DEITY.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

The Rambler, No. 7. DR. S. IGHNSON.

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.

Good Husbandry Lessons.

T. TUSSER.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours.

A Fable.

COWPER.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

In Memoriam, Conclusion.

TENNYSON.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor; And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away. The Task: Winter Morning Walk. COWPER.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.

Of Immortality.

M. F. TUPPER.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Paradise Lost, Book x. MILION.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Essay on Man. Esistic I.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end.

Translation of Due Ira. EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt scraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all!

Essay on Man, Epistle I. POPE.

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, three in one; Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven. Giory to the Father and the Son.

Dr. I. WATTS.

ATHEISM

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place. (Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism. Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon. Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close, And, hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven. Cries out. "Where is it?" Feners in Solitude.

COLERIDGE.

An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange For Deity offended!

Epistle to a Young Friend

BURNS.

PREACHING AND MISSIONS.

I preached as never sure to preach again. And as a dving man to dying men. Love breathing Thanks and Praise.

R. BANTER.

What in me is dark Illumine, what is low raise and support: That to the height of this great argument I may assert eternal Providence, And justify the ways of God to men. Paradise Lost, Book i. MILTON-

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites.

Hell threatens.

Night Thoughts, Night il.

DR. E. YOUNG

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness May toss him to my breast. The Pulley.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land, Ready to pass to the American strand.

The Church Militant. GEORGE HERBERT.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand. Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand. Missionary Hymn.

BISHOP HEBER.

SIN.

I see the right, and I approve it too. Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue. Metamorphoses, vii. 20. Tr of Tate & Stonestreet.

Where is the man who has not tried How mirth can into folly glide, And folly into sin! The Bridal of Triermain, Casit. i.

SCOTT.

There is a method in man's wickedness, It grows up by degrees. giuws up ~, -... A King and no King, Act v. Sc. 4. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold The righteous man, to make him daily fall. Faerie Queene, Book i. SPENSER. Of man's first disobedience and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world and all our woe. Paradise Lost. Book i. MILTON

Though every prospect pleases. And only man is vile. Missionary Hymn.

Hamlet, Act iii, Sc. 2.

BISHOP HEREP.

SHAKESPEARE.

And he that does one fault at first. And lies to hide it, makes it two. Divine Sones. DR. I. WATTS

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin. Weep to record, and blush to give it in. Pleasures of Hope. T. CAMPBELL.

About some act. That has no relish of salvation in 't.

Long is the way And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. Paradise Lost, Book ii. MILTON.

Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. Henry IV., Part II Act IV. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear, Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost. Evil. be thou my good. Paradise Lost, Book iv. MILTON.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien As to be hated, needs but to be seen. Essay on Man, Epistle II.

O shame, where is thy blush? Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPEARE

POPE.

CONSCIENCE.

Servant of God, well done. Paradise Lost, Book vi.

MILTON.

As ever in my great taskmaster's eye. On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three. MILTON.

And sure the eternal Master found His single talent well employed. Verses on Robert Levet. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Consideration, like an angel, came And whipped the offending Adam out of him. Henry V., Act i, Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Leave her to Heaven, And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, To prick and sting her. Hamlet, Act i. Sc 5. SHAKESPEARE

Why should not conscience have vacation, As well as other courts o' th' nation? Hudibras, Part II. Cant. ii. DR. S. BUTLER.

REMORSE.

Now conscience wakes despair That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory Of what he was, what is, and what must be. MILTON. Paradise Lost, Book iv.

What exile from himself can flee? To zones though more and more remote Still, still pursues, where'er I be, The blight of life - the demon Thought. BURON Childe Harold, Cant. L.

Patrize quis exsul Se quoque fugit.

Oder Rock ii Ode vali

HORACE.

FLEETING GOOD.

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view. The Traveller. GOLDSMITH.

The good he scorned Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost, Not to return; or, if it did, in visits Like those of angels, short and far between. The Grave, Part II. R. BLAIR.

HELL.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here. Inferno Cant. iii.

DANTE.

Which way shall I fly Infinite wrath, and infinite despair? Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell; And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep, Still threatening to devour me. onens wide. To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. Paradise Lost, Book iv. MILTON.

When all the world dissolves, And every creature shall be purified. All places shall be hell that are not heaven. Faustus. C. MARLOWE.

THE DEVIL.

The devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape. Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths; Win us with honest trifles, to betray us In deepest consequence.

Macheth, Ad i. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all. Paradise and the Peri. MOORE.

RESPECTABILITY.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

HYPOCRISY.

That practised falsehood under saintly shew. Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge. MITTON Paradise Lost. Book iv.

With devotion's visage, And nious action, we do sugar o'er The devil himself.

Hamlet Act iii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

I waive the quantum o' the sin. The hazard of concealing : But, och! it hardens a' within. And petrifies the feeling. Edustle to a Young Friend.

BIIDNO

Built God a church, and laughed his word to COWPER.

Patiennani f

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture Tell them that God bids us do good for evil: And thus I clothe my naked villany With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ. And seem a saint when most I play the devil. SHAKESPPARE. King Richard III., Act i. Sc. 3

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin Is pride that apes humility.

The Devil's Thoughts.

COLERIDGE.

ECCLESTASTICISM.

Christians have burnt each other, quite per-

That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

Don Juan, Cant. i.

BYRON.

Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn, And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. The Dunciad, Book iii. POPE

With crosses, relics, crucifixes, Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes; The tools of working out salvation By mere mechanic operation. DR. S. BUTLER.

Hudibras, Part III. Cant. 1.

When pious frauds and holy shifts Are dispensations and gifts.

Hudibras, Part I. Cant. 3.

DR. S. BUTLER.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell. Childe Harold, Cant. i.

Spires whose "silent fingers point to heaven." The Excursion, Book vi. WORDSWORTH

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite. Who never mentions hell to ears polite. Morai Essays, Epistle IV. POPE Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

BYRON.

The enormous faith of many made for one.

Essay on Man, Epistle III. POPE.

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery
Paradise Lost, Book iii. MILTON

THROLOGY

In Adam's fall We sinned all.

My Book and Heart Must never part.

Young Obadias, David, Josias, — All were pious.

Peter denyed His Lord, and cryed.

Young Timothy Learnt sin to fly.

Xerxes did die, And so must I.

Zaccheus he Did climb the tree Our Lord to see.

New England Primer

SCOTT.

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.
In Memorian.
Tennyson.

O Star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there, To waft us home the message of despair? Pleasures of Hope. T. CAMPBELL.

THE BIBLE.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,

And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.

Education and Government.

T. GRAY.

Just knows, and knows no mere, her Bible true.

Truth.

COWPER.

Within that awful volume lies The mystery of mysteries!

And better had they ne'er been born, Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. The Monastery. BELIEF AND DOUBT.

One in whom persuasion and belief Had ripened into faith, and faith become A passionate intuition.

The Excursion, Book vi.

WORDSWORTH.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers Which of themselves our minds impress; That we can feed this mind of ours In a wise passiveness.

Expostulation and R. ply.

WORDSWORTH.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored
ne'er shall be.

Childe Harold, Cant. in.

BYRON.

Whose faith has centre everywhere, Nor cares to fix itself to form.

TENNYSON

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Lalla Rooth: Veilal Prophet of Khorassan. Moure.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Essay on Man, Epistle III.

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

JESUS CHRIST.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.

Epiphany

BISHOP HEBER.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, The bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike.

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Hamlet, Ac i Sc. 1. Shakespeare.

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

Henry IV. Part I. del i. Sc. 1.
SHAKESPEARE

He was the Word, that spake it; He took the bread and brake it; And what that Word did make it, I do believe and take it.

Divine Poems: On the Sacrament.

DR. J. DONNE.

VIRTUE.

Do well and right, and let the world sink.

Country Parson. George Herbert.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

The Mourning Bride, Act v. Sc. 12. W. CONGREVE.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Essay on Man, Epsite IV. POPF.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alus:

And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;

Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Night Thoughts, Night vi. Dr. E. Young.

Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.

Paradise Lost, Book iv. MILTON.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Art of Reading. [Bartlett, p. 666.] STANIFORD.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

Tiracinum.

COWPER.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

Paradise Last, Book v. MILTON.

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right. On the Death of Crashaw. A. COWLEY.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Excey on Man, Epistle IV.

POPE.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.

The Last Day, Book HL. DR. E. YOUNG.

The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive.

Thoughts Suggested on the Banks of Nith.

WORDSWORTH.

TRITTIL.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manuples Tale CHAUCER

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Henry [V., Part I. Act hi. Sc. 1 SHAKESPEARE.

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

The Frankelenes Tale. CHAUCER.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The Hind and Panther.

DRYDEN.

CHARITY.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree, But all mankind's concern is charity.

Essay on Man, Epistle III. POPE.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad, How many poor I see! What shall I render to my God For all his gifts to me? Divine Songe.

DR. I. WATTS.

Who will not mercie unto others show, How can he mercy ever hope to have? Facric Queene, Book vi. Spenser.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Sound XXXV. WORDSWORTH.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

The Reception. Book ix. WORDSWORTH.

And learn the luxury of doing good.

The Traveller. GOLDSMITH.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

IVhat is Prayer?

J. MONTGOMERY.

And Satan trembles when he sees.
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Enhoration to Prayer...

COWPER.

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise The Facursion, Book L. WORDSWORTH.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. In Memorian

TEVVVEOV

O limed soul! that, struggling to be free, Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay : Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel.

Re soft as sinews of the new-horn habe Hamlet, Act in Se. 1 SHAKESPRADE

RELIGIOUS MEDITATION.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days. Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise. The Hermit T. PARNELL.

Or if Sion hill Delight three more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed Fast by the oracle of God.

Paradise Lost, Book i

MILTON.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I held it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things. In Memoriam. TENNYOON

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said. That of our vices we can frame A ladder, if we will but tread Beneath our feet each deed of shame! The Ladder of St. Augustine. LONGFELLOW.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love. We should agree as angels do above. Divine Love, Cant. iii. E. WALLER.

A Christian is the highest etyle of man. Night Thoughts, Night iv. DR. E. YOUNG.

HEAVEN.

If God bath made this world so fair. Where sin and death abound, How beautiful, beyond compare, Will paradise be found! The Earth full of Got's Goodness. I. MONTGOMERY.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Hamlet, Act v. Sc. s.

SHALESPHARE.

Lo. the poor Indian! whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind : His soul, proud Science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk or milky way.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company. Essay on Man, Epistle I.

This world is all a fleeting show. For man's illusion given: The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, -There's nothing true but Heaven! Sacred Songs : The world is all a fleeting show. MOOPE.

There is a life above. Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love. J. MONTGOMERY.

The Issues of Life and Death

Beyond this vale of tears

For all we know Of what the blessed do above Is, that they sing and that they love. E. WALLER. While I listen to thy voice.

Of all that is most beauteous imaged there In happier beauty; more pellucid streams, An ampler ether, a diviner air, And fields invested with purpureal gleams. Laodamia. WORDSWORTH.

Other heights in other lives God willing. One Word More. R. BROWNING

With a giry in his brown that transpipers you On the hearty of the dies bluish ness born as he did to make mon but, ale wo die to and mi make mon per While last is marching on.



POEMS OF NATURE.





POEMS OF NATURE.



Hat Milman The crown and teeming garalise, so for for of fines accommentation, Freedom's and Laws and I brift's society, Dense, joyons modern soletus.
With won interlease, composte,
By all The world contribute. A newer gowden of creation The Prairie States.

POEMS OF NATURE.

SONNET.

THE World is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; Little we see in nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! This sea that bares her bosom to the moon; The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers; For this, for everything, we are out of tune; It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn; Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by, Because my feet find measure with its call; The birds know when the friend they love is nigh, For I am known to them, both great and small. The flower that on the lonely hillside grows Expects me there when spring its bloom has given; And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows, And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven; For he who with his Maker walks aright, Shall be their lord as Adam was before; His ear shall catch each sound with new delight, Each object wear the dress that then it wore; And he, as when erect in soul he stood, Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

COME to these scenes of peace, Where, to rivers murmuring. The sweet birds all the summer sing, Where cares and toil and sadness cease! Stranger, does thy heart deplore Friends whom thou wilt see no more? Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, severed love?
Thee the stream that gushes clear,
Thee the birds that carol near
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their wild lullaby;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares and toil and sadness cense.

TINTERN ABBEY.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters ! and again I hear These waters, *rolling from their mountain-springs With a soft inland murmur. - Once again Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs. That on a wild, secluded scene impress Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect The landscape with the quiet of the sky. The day is come when I again repose Here, under this dark sycamore, and view These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts, Which at this season, with their unripe fruits, Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves Mid groves and copses. Once again I see These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms, Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke Sent up, in silence, from among the trees ! With some uncertain notice, as might seem Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms, Through a long absence, have not been to me As is a landscape to a blind man's eye; But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din Of towns and cities, I have owed to them, In hours of weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart; And passing even into my purer mind,

* The River Wye.

With tranquil restoration : -- feelings too Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps, As have no slight or trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life. His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust. To them I may have owed another gift. Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood. In which the burden of the mystery. In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world, Is lightened, - that serene and blessed mood. In which the affections gently lead us on, Until, the breath of this corporeal frame And even the motion of our human blood Almost suspended, we are laid asleep In body, and become a living soul: While with an eye made quiet by the power Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, O, how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought.

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when

I came among these hills: when like a roe I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams. Wherever nature led: more like a man Flying from something that he dreads, than one Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days And their glad animal movements all gone by) To me was all in all. — I cannot paint What then I was. The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colors and their forms, were then to me An appetite; a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm By thoughts supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye. - That time is past,

And all its aching jovs are now no more,. And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts Have followed : for such loss, I would believe. Abundant recompense. For I have learned To look on nature, not as in the hour-Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns. And the round ocean, and the living air. And the blue sky, and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold From this green earth; of all the mighty world Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,* And what perceive; well pleased to recognize In nature and the language of the sense, The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nuise, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance. If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay: For thou art with me here upon the banks Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend, My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. O, yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make. Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy: for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men. Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ; And let the misty mountain-winds be free

[&]quot;This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect. — THE AUTHOR.



Drawn by Thomas R. Manley.

THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS.

THE windy forest, rousing from its sleep,
Voices its heart in hoarse Titanic roar;
The ocean bellows from its rocky shore;
The cataract, that haunts the rugged steep,
Makes mighty music in its headlong leap;
The clouds have voices, and the rivers pour
Their floods in thunder down to ocean's floor;
The hills alone mysterious silence keep.
They cannot rend the ancient chain that bars
Their iron lips, nor answer back the sea
That calls to them far off in vain; the stars
They cannot hail, nor their wild brooks. Ah me!
What cries from out their stony hearts will break,
In God's great day, when all that sleep shall wake!

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.



Drawn by Thomas R. Manley.

EVENING.

FROM upland slopes I see the cows file by,
Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions; flickering high,
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
Beats up into the lucent solitudes,
Or drops with griding wing; the stilly woods
Grow dark and deep, and gloom mysteriously.
Cool night-winds creep and whisper in mine ear;
The homely cricket gossips at my feet;
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear
With ebb and change the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus; one by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O, then,
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance, —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, — O, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

FOR A COPY OF THEOCRITUS.

VILLANELLE.

FROM "ESSAYS IN OLD FRENCH FORMS OF VERSE."

O SINGER of the field and fold, Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine, — Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mould, The beehives and the murmuring pine, O Singer of the field and fold!

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old, — The beechen bowl made glad with wine: Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told, Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine, O Singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever laughing, rolled The blithe and blue Sicilian brine: Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us! Our songs are cold; Our Northern suns too sadly shine:— O Singer of the field and fold, Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

NATURE'S CHAIN.

FROM "THE ESSAY ON MAN."

LOOK round our world : behold the chain of love Combining all below and all above, See plastic nature working to this end. The single atoms each to other tend. Attract, attracted to, the next in place, Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace. See matter next, with various life endued. Press to one centre still, the general good. See dving vegetables life sustain. See life dissolving vegetate again : All forms that perish other forms supply (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die): Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne. They rise, they break, and to that sea return. Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole: One all-extending, all-preserving Soul Connects each being, greatest with the least; Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast; All served, all serving: nothing stands alone: The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good, Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food? Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn, For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn. Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings? Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings. Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat? Loves of his own and raptures swell the note. The bounding steed you pompously bestride Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride. Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain? The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain. Thine the full harvest of the golden year? Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call, Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care; The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear. While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" "See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose: And just as short of reason he must fall Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

ALEXANDER POPE

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown.

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;

Nor knowest thou what argument Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent. All are needed by each one; Nothing is fair or good alone. I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, Singing at dawn on the alder bough ; I brought him home, in his nest, at even ; He sings the song, but it pleases not now, For I did not bring home the river and sky; -He sang to my ear, - they sang to my eye. The delicate shells lay on the shore: The bubbles of the latest wave Fresh nearls to their enamel gave ; And the bellowing of the savage sea Greeted their safe escape to me. I wiped away the weeds and foam, I fetched my sea-born treasures home ; But the poor, unsightly, noisome things Had left their beauty on the shore, With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. The lover watched his graceful maid, As mid the virgin train she strayed, Nor knew her beauty's best attire Was woven still by the snow-white choir. At last she came to his hermitage, Like the bird from the woodlands to the care : The gay enchantment was undone, A gentle wife, but fairy none. Then I said. "I covet truth: Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat; I leave it behind with the games of youth." -As I spoke, beneath my feet The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath, Running over the club-moss burrs; I inhaled the violet's breath: Around me stood the oaks and firs: Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ; Over me soared the eternal sky, Full of light and of deity; Again I saw, again I heard, The rolling river, the morning bird ; -Beauty through my senses stole; I yielded myself to the perfect whole. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RETIREMENT.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave,
And while the maple dish is mine, —
The beechen cup, unstained with wine, —
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still, The blackbird pipes in artless trill; Fast by my couch, congenial guest, The wren has wove her mossy nest: From busy scenes and brighter skies, To lurk with innocence, she flies, Here hopes in safe repose to dwell, Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round, To mark how buds yon shrubby mound, And every opening primrose count, That trimly paints my blooming mount; Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude, That grace my gloomy solitude, I teach in winding wreaths to stray Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed;
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings, bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THOMAS WARTON.

ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

O UNSEEN Spirit! now a calm divine Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air! Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine, And thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky Stands clear and strong, with darkened rocks and dells,

And cloudless brightness opens wide and high A home aerial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life: The ship's white sail glides onward far away. Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife. IOHN STERLING.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

FROM "PARADISE LOST." BOOK III.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born ! Or of the Eternal coeternal beam May I express thee unblamed? since God is light. And never but in unapproached light Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, Bright effluence of bright essence increate! Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream, Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun, Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest The rising world of waters dark and deep, Won from the void and formless infinite. Thee I revisit now with bolder wing, Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight Through utter and through middle darkness

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre, I sung of Chaos and eternal Night, Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe, And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn; So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs, Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow, Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget Those other two equalled with me in fate, So were I equalled with them in renown, Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old: Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year Seasons return, but not to me returns Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn, Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine; But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark, Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men

Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair Presented with a universal blank Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased, And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. So much the rather thou, celestial Light. Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

Irradiate: there plant eves, all mist from thence Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell Of things invisible to mortal sight. MILTON.

FROM THE "HYMN TO LIGHT."

SAY, from what golden quivers of the sky Do all thy winged arrows fly ? Swiftness and Power by birth are thine: From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and Dost thy bright wood of stars survey :

And all the year dost with thee bring Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands The Sun's gilt tent forever move.

And still, as thou in pomp dost go. The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn The humble glow-worms to adorn, And with those living spangles gild (O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright, And Sleep, the lazy owl of night; Ashamed, and fearful to appear, They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said To shake his wings, and rouse his head: And cloudy Care has often took A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, fear itself grows bold; Thy sunshine melts away his cold. Encouraged at the sight of thee To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened head

Out of the morning's purple bed, Thy quire of birds about thee play, And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou
go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colored coat.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,

Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close
channels slide.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In the empyrean heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last
must flow.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea, And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on, Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away, Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout! Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing, And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer, Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn, "Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower, "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MORNING SONG.

Up! quit thy bower! late wears the hour, Long have the rooks cawed round the tower; O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee, And the wild kid sports merrily. The sun is bright, the sky is clear; Wake, lady, wake! and hasten here.

Up, maiden fair! and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air!
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam.
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay:
Leave thy soft couch and haste away!

Up! Time will tell the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay:
Lo! while thou sleep'st they haste away!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow, Shadows, nursed by night, retire: And the peeping sunbeam now, Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge, See the chattering swallow spring; Darting through the one-arched bridge, Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top Gently greets the morning gale: Kidlings now begin to crop Daisies, on the dewy dale. From the balmy sweets, uncloyed (Restless till her task be done), Now the busy bee's employed Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 't is sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious; — whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng, On the white emblossomed spray! Nature's universal song Echoes to the rising day.

IOHN CUNNINGHAM.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

To claim the Arctic came the sun
With banners of the burning zone.
Unrolled upon their airy spars,
They froze beneath the light of stars;
And there they float, those streamers old,
Those Northern Lights, forever cold!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

DAWN.

THE night was dark, though sometimes a faint

A little while a little space made bright. The night was long and like an iron bar Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea Slowly, within the East, there grew a light Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be The herald of a greater. The pale white Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East, Where slowly the rose gathered and increased. It was as on the opening of a door By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold, Whose flame is hidden by the garment's fold, — The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned Dark and more dark against the brightening

Sharper against the sky the long sea line.
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.

From rose to red the level heaven burned;
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim.
RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You petty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

MORNING.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

But who the melodies of morn can tell?

The wild brook babbling down the mountainside;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark; Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;

The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, bark!

Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;

Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;

Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour; The partridge bursts away on whirring wings; Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower, And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn:
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose:
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

RÈVE DU MIDI.

When o'er the mountain steeps
The hazy noontide creeps,
And the shrill cricket sleeps
Under the grass;
When soft the shadows lie,
And clouds sail o'er the sky,
And the idle winds go by,
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass,—

Then, when the silent stream
Lapses as in a dream,
And the water-lilies gleam
Up to the sun;
When the hot and burdened day
Rests on its downward way,
When the moth forgets to play,
And the plodding ant may dream her work is
done,—

Then, from the noise of war
And the din of earth afar,
Like some forgotten star
Dropt from the sky,—
The sounds of love and fear,
All voices sad and clear,
Banished to silence drear,—
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs;
And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,
Where its sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
To the red flowers, —
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight,
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.
ROSE TERRY COOKE.

A SUMMER NOON.

Who has not dreamed a world of bliss On a bright sunny noon like this, Couched by his native brook's green maze. With comrade of his bovish days. While all around them seemed to be Just as in joyous infancy ? Who has not loved, at such an hour, Upon that heath, in birchen bower, Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood, Its wild and sunny solitude? While o'er the waste of purple ling You mark a sultry glimmering: Silence herself there seems to sleep, Wrapped in a slumber long and deep, Where slowly stray those lonely sheep Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom, And gleaming of the scattered broom. Love you not, then, to list and hear The crackling of the gorse-flowers near, Pouring an orange-scented tide Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ? To hear the buzzard's whimpering shrill, Hovering above you high and still? The twittering of the bird that dwells Among the heath's delicious bells? While round your bed, o'er fern and blade, Insects in green and gold arrayed, The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed; And sweeter sound their humming wings Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings. WILLIAM HOWITT.

NOONTIDE.

BENEATH a shivering canopy reclined,
Of aspen-leaves that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir;
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,
When peers in scattered tufts the yellow bloom;
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'errun,
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill:

Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye, To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest, Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy rest, Oft-have I listening mused the sultry day, And wondered what thy chirping song might say, When naught was heard along the blossomed lea, To join thy music, save the listless bee.

IOHN LEVDEN

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their a ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

DAY IS DYING.

FROM "THE SPANISH GYPSY."

Day is dying! Float, O song, Down the westward river, Requiem chanting to the Day, — Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds, Melted rubies sending Through the river and the sky, Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure, —
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.
MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (George Elico)

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice: thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high
their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone, — a thousand bosoms round Inhale thee in the fulness of delight; And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound Livelier, at coming of the wind of night; And languishing to hear thy welcome sound, Liesthevast inland, stretched beyond the sight. Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth, — God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest; Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse The wide old wood from his majestic rest, Summoning, from the innumerable boughs, The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.

The strange deep narmones that naunt his breast.

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows.

The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep
the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,

Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown, Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men, And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more
deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep, And softly part his curtains to allow Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go. - but the circle of eternal change, Which is the life of nature, shall restore, With sounds and scents from all thy mighty rauge.

Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more. Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange, Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore; And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem

He hears the rustling leaf and running stream. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee, And sett'st the weary laborer free! If any star shed peace, 't is thou, That send'st it from above. Appearing when heaven's breath and brow Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies. Whilst the landscape's odors rise, Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard, And songs when toil is done. From cottages whose smoke unstirred Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews, Parted lovers on thee muse: Their remembrancer in heaven Of thrilling vows thou art, Too delicious to be riven By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks, When the long day was nearly done; The waves had ceased their sullen shocks, And lapped our feet with murmuring tone, And o'er the bay in streaming locks Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars Still to a deeper glory grew; Above our heads the faint, few stars Looked out from the unfathomed blue; And the fair city's clamorous jars Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky! O purple tide! O friends to friends that closer pressed! Those glories have in darkness died. And ye have left my longing breast. I could not keep you by my side, Nor fix that radiance in the west. WILLIAM BEICHER GLAZIER.

SUNSET.

FROM "QUEEN MAB."

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps To the wild ocean's echoing shore, And thou hast lingered there Until the sun's broad orb Seemed resting on the burnished wave, Thou must have marked the lines Of purple gold that motionless Hung o'er the sinking sphere : Thou must have marked the billowy clouds. Edged with intolerable radiancy. Towering like rocks of jet Crowned with a diamond wreath. And yet there is a moment. When the sun's highest point Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge. When those far clouds of feathery gold, Shaded with deepest purple, gleam Like islands on a dark-blue sea : Then has thy fancy soared above the earth, And furled its wearied wing Within the Fairy's fane. Yet not the golden islands Gleaming in von flood of light. Nor the feathery curtains Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch. Nor the burnished ocean's waves Paving that gorgeous dome, So fair, so wonderful a sight As Mab's ethereal palace could afford. Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall ! Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread Its floors of flashing light, Its vast and azure dome, Its fertile golden islands Floating on a silver sea ; Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted Through clouds of circumanibient darkness, And pearly battlements around Looked o'er the immense of heaven. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon: A mellow lustre lights the scene; And from its smiling beauty soon The purpling shade will chase the sheen. The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedars long, black pictures show;
And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out — the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat —
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle, dart
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork and plough cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks:
In mottled gloss the straw is spread;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn;
A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star — and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night:
A gauzy mist slow settles round;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits:
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing;
One rears and fans, then, settling, sits;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file, The ragged patriarch at the head; Then, screaming, flutter off awhile, Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air; Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend; Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-drooping frame around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plough,
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank

Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar;

One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank.

With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark Glimmers across the pillared scene, With the grouped geese, — a pallid mark, — And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone;
And now the heavens are set with stars,
And night and quiet reign alone.

ALFRED B. STREET

EVENING IN PARADISE.

FROM "PARADISE LOST." BOOK IV.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray Had in her sober livery all things clad; Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, They to their grassy couch, these to their nests, Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale; She all night long her amorous descant sung. Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon, Rising in clouded majesty, at length Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light, And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON.

EVENING.

FROM "DON JUAN,"

AVE Maria! o'er the earth and sea, That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power

Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with
prayer.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! O that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty

What though 't is but a pictured image?--

That painting is no idol. - 't is too like.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,

Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me, How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

Making their summer lives one ceaseless song, Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,

And vesper bells that rose the boughs along; The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,

His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng

Which learned from this example not to fly From a true lover, — shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's
breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first day When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;

Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay:
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.
LORD BYRON.

TO DELIA.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night, Brother to Death, in silent darkness born: Relieve my languish and restore the light; With dark forgetting of my care, return, And let the day be time enough to mourn The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth: Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn Without the torment of the night's untruth. Cease dreams, the images of day desires, To model forth the passions of the morrow; Never let rising sun approve you liars, To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow. Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain, And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SAMURI, DANIEL.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

FROM "THE ILIAD," BOOK VIII.

THE winds transferred into the friendly sky Their supper's savor; to the which they sat delightfully,

And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shined.

As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,

And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows

Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,

And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to dis-

close her light,

And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart;

So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,

Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showed.

A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed

Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn,

And all did wishfully expect the silver-throned morn.

From the Greek of HOMER. Translation of GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought;
B'.nd with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Aiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand,—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee!

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon, —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night, —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NIGHT.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IL"
'T IS night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a
friend.

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend.

When Youth itself survives young Love and joy?

Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be
a boy?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell.

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess, And roam along, the world's tired denizen, With none who bless us, none whom we can bless:

Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!

None that, with kindred consciousness endued,

If we were not, would seem to smile the less

Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;

This is to be alone: this, this is solitude!

LORD BYRON.

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, — This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came, And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such darkness lay con-

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! Why do we then shun death with anxious strife! If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

NIGHT.

FROM "QUEEN MAB."

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear Were discord to the speaking quietude

That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,

Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love has spread To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills, Robed in a garment of untrodden snow; You darksome rocks, whence icicles depend, So stainless that their white and glittering spires Tinge not the moon's pure beam; you castle steep, Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it A metaphor of peace — all form a scene Where musing solitude might love to lift Her soul above this sphere of earthliness; Where silence undisturbed might watch alone, So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day In southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath Steals o'er the unruffled deep: the clouds of eve Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day; And vesper's image on the western main Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes: Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass, Rolls o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar Of distant thunder mutters awfully: Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend, With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey; The torn deep yawns, - the vessel finds a grave Beneath its jaggèd gulf. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest:
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:

The gay romance of life,

When truth that is, and truth that seems,

Blend in fantastic strife;

Ah! visions, less beguiling far

Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil:

To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep:
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of Memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch:
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care:
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse when, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight; and, with expanding views.
Beyond the starry pole
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for Death:

When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends;—such death be mine!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night Sweep through her marble halls! I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might, Stoop o'er me from above; The calm, majestic presence of the Night, As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear What man has borne before!Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care, And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer! Descend with broad-winged flight, The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair, The best-beloved Night!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HVMN.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love. Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; And every sense and every heart is joy. Then comes thy glory in the summer months. With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun Shoots full perfection through the swelling year; And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks. And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve, By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales. Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined. And spreads a common feast for all that lives. In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled. Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore. And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine, Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train, Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art, Such beauty and beneficence combined; Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade; And all so forming an harmonious whole, That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze, Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand, That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming,

thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
breathes:

O, talk of him in solitary glooms; Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine Fills the brown shade with a religious awe. And ye whose bolder note is heard afar, Who shake the astonished world, lift high to

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, — whose greater
voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers.

In mingled clouds to him, — whose sun exalts, Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him; Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, As home he goes beneath the joyous moon. Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams, Ye constellations, while your angels strike, Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. Great source of day! best image here below Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide, From world to world, the vital ocean round, On Nature write with every beam his praise. The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world:

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless
day.

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep, Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,

The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyie, Still sing the God of seasons as they roll. For me, when I forget the darling theme, Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams, Or winter rises in the blackening east, — Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more, And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, Rivers unknown to song, — where first the sun Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam Flames on the Atlantic isles, — 't is naught to

Since God is ever present, ever felt, In the void waste as in the city full: And where he vital breathes there must be joy. When even at last the solemn hour shall come, And wing my mystic flight to future worlds, I cheerful will obev : there, with new powers. Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go Where Universal Love not smiles around, Sustaining all you orbs, and all their suns: From seeming evil still educing good, And better thence again, and better still, In infinite progression. But I lose Myself in him, in light ineffable! Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise. IAMES THOMSON.

MARCH.

SLAYER of winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I die ere June, Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise, Striving to swell the burden of the tune That even now I hear thy brown birds raise, Unmindful of the past or coming days; Who sing, "O joy! a new year is begun! What happiness to look upon the sun!"

O, what begetteth all this storm of bliss,
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
Even from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and, while ye live.
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give."

WILLIAM MORRIS

MORNING IN MAY.*

FROM "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS: THE KNIGHTES TALE."

THE busy larke, messager of dave. Salueth in hire song the morwe grave : And fvrv Phebus ryseth up so brighte, That al the orient laugheth of the lighte. And with his stremes dryeth in the greyes t The silver dropes, hongvng on the leeves. And Arcite, that is in the court rval With Theseus, his squver principal, Is risen, and loketh on the merye day. And for to doon his observaunce to May. Remembryng on the poynt of his desir, He on his courser, stertyng as the fir, ‡ Is riden, into the feeldes him to pleve, & Out of the court, were it a myle or tweve. And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde, By aventure his wey he gan to holde. To maken him a garland of the greves. Were it of woodebynde or hawethorn leves. And lowde he song ayens the sonne scheene : "May, with alle thy floures and thy greene, Welcome be thou, wel faire fressche May. I hope that I som grene gete may."

CHAUCER.

SPRING.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

DIP down upon the northern shore, O sweet new-year, delaying long: Thou doest expectant Nature wrong; Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons, Thy sweetness from its proper place? Can trouble live with April days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long, Delayest the sorrow in my blood, That longs to burst a frozen bud, And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow; Now bourgeons every maze of quick About the flowering squares, and thick By ashen roots the violets blow.

* Text of the Clarendan Series.
† Groves. 1 Fire. § Play.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drowned in yonder living blue The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea, The flocks are whiter down the vale, And milkier every milky sail On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives In yonder greening gleam, and fly The happy birds, that change their sky To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Alfred Tennyson.

DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY.

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me live; And come, blue deeps, magnificently strewn With colored clouds,—large, light, and fugitive.—

By upper winds through pompous motions blown. Now it is death in life, — a vapor dense Creeps round my window, till I cannot see The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens Shagging the mountain-tops. O God! make free This barren shackled earth, so deadly cold, — Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold, While she performs her customed charities; I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare, — O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air!

DAVID GRAY.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing, Longing for the May,— Longing to escape from study To the young face fair and ruddy, And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May:
Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary,
Waiting for the May!

Denis Florence Maccarthy.

WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,

With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a depret of waters, and with might:

With a clamor of waters, and with might; Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet, Over the splendor and speed of thy feet! For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers, Round the feet of the day and the feet of the

mid the feet of the day and the feet of a night. Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring
to her.

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind
sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins!
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered its grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Hor bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE WINTER BEING OVER.

THE winter being over, In order comes the spring, Which doth green herbs discover, And cause the birds to sing. The night also expired, Then comes the morning bright, Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.
This may learn
Them that mourn
To put their grief to flight:
The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth Affliction or distress
Which every member paineth, And findeth no release,—
Let such therefore despair not, But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not, And therefore must have end.

They that faint
With complaint
Therefore are to blame;
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience Awhile possess the mind, By inward consolations
They might refreshing find,
To sweeten all their crosses,
That little time they 'dure;
So might they gain by losses,
And sharp would sweet procure.
But if the mind

Be inclined
To unquietness,
That only may be called
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,
Detesting all delight,
His wits by sottish folly
Are ruinated quite.
Sad discontent and murmurs
To him are incident;
Were he possessed of honors,
He could not be content.

Sparks of joy
Fly away;
Floods of care arise;
And all delightful motion
In the conception dies.

But those that are contented However things do fall, Much anguish is prevented, And they soon freed from all They finish all their labors With much felicity; Their joy in trouble savors Of perfect picty. Cheerfulness
Doth express
A settled pious mind,
Which is not prone to grudging,
From murmuring refined.

ANNE COLLINS.

SPRING.

WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

THE Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.
No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill, Bespangled o'er with livery gay Of silver droplets, wind their way. All in their new apparel vie, For Time hath laid his mantle by.

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

RETURN OF SPRING.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring!
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,
And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more!

God shield ye, bright embroidered train
Of butterflies, that on the plain
Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow
To kiss them with your lip!

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all!
This season how I love —
This merry din on every shore —
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.
From the French of PIERRE RONSARD.

SPRING.

AGAIN the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb!
And thou shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn

the morn,
Whose dewdrops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech O'ercanopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current akim,
Some show their gayly gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone, —
We frolic while 't is May.

THOMAS GRAY.

SWEETLY BREATHING, VERNAL AIR.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of the East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky '
Whose dishevelled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant, flowery birth,
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our halls or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain,
To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW.

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! The palm and may make country-houses gay, Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day, And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet, Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit, In every street these tunes our ears do greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! Spring! the sweet spring! THOMAS NASH.

SPRING.

Behold the young, the rosy spring Gives to the breeze her scented wing, While virgin graces, warm with May, Fling roses o'er her dewy way.

The murmuring billows of the deep Have languished into silent sleep; And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave Their plumes in the reflecting wave; While cranes from heary winter fly To flutter in a kinder sky.

Now the genial star of day Dissolves the murky clouds away, And cultured field and winding stream Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the centh prelific swells.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine;
Clusters bright festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.

From the Greek of ANACREON. Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose. Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire Mirth and youth and warm desire; Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing. Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

SPRING IN CAROLINA.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air Which dwells with all things fair, Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain, Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns Its fragrant lamps, and turns Into a royal court with green festoons The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree The blood is all aglee, And there's a look about the leafless bowers As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand Of Winter in the land, Save where the maple reddens on the lawn, Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find That age to childhood bind, The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn, The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know That, not a span below, A thousand germs are groping through the gloom, And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass Along the budding grass, And weeks go by, before the enamored South Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn In the sweet airs of morn; One almost looks to see the very street Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by, And brings, you know not why, A feeling as when eager crowds await Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start.

If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD.

MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of screner hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;

They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside:

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;

Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree.

Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;

And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;

It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;

And mark how with thine own thin locks they now are silvery gray —

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of you sky

But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;

And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.

God bless them all, those little ones, who, fur above this earth.

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, — from yonder wood it came!

The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;—

Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,

Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again, — his notes are void of art:

But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thoughtcrazed wight like me,

To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!

To suck once more in every breath their little souls away.

And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy

Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, — I have had cause; but O,
I'm proud to think

That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,

Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold.

I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, —a heart that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

JUNE.

PROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

EARTH gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us.
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay, Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten:

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers

And, groping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice, And there 's never a leaf or a blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun, Atilt like a blossom among the leaves, And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives; His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings, And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, — In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best !

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay:

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, We are happy now because God wills it; No matter how barren the past may have been, 'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green; We sit in the warm shade and feel right well How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell; We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

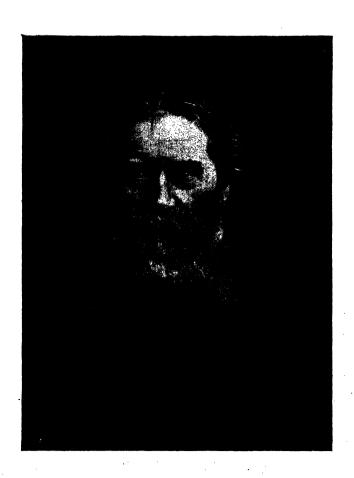
That skies are clear and grass is growing; The breeze comes whispering in our ear, That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by you heifer's lowing, — And hark! how clear held chanticleer, Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty caewing:



Maurles

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'T is as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —

'T is the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deen 'neath a silence pure and smooth.

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

TAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat —
Away! I will not think of these —
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long, summer hours
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or song of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne, O'er the meadow swift we fly; Now we sing, and now we mourn, Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing At the frolic things we say, While aside her cheek we're rushing, Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming graves we rustle, Kissing every bud we pass, — As we did it in the bustle, Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain, O'er the yellow heath we roam, Whirling round about the fountain, Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows, While our vesper hymn we sigh; Then unto our rosy pillows On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming, Scarce from waking we refrain, Moments long as ages deeming Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY.

O PERFECT Light, which shaid away The darkness from the light, And set a ruler o'er the day, Another o'er the night;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies, More vively does appear, Than at midday unto our eyes The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon Removes and drawis by, While in the east, when it is gone, Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks, The lapwing and the snipe, And time their sougs, like Nature's clerks, O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Our hemisphere is polished clean, And lightened more and more; While everything is clearly seen, Which seemed dim before;

Except the glistering astres bright, Which all the night were clear, Offuskèd with a greater light No longer do appear.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abread.

For joy the birds with boulden throats Against his visage sheen Take up their kindly music notes In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops, Like pearles white and round, Or like to melted silver drops, Refreshes all the ground.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain From tops of mountains skails, Clear are the highest hills and plain, The vapors take the vales.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure, In cleanness does surpass The crystal and the silver pure, Or clearest polished glass.

The time so tranquil is and still, That nowhere shall ye find, Save on a high and barren hill, The air of peeping wind. All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers, Through Phœbus' fostering heat, Refreshed with dew and silver showers, Cast up an odor sweet.

The cloggèd, busy humming-bees, That never think to drone, On flowers and flourishes of trees, Collect their liquor brown.

The sun, most like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends;
The beauty of the heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends.

Not guided by a Phaëthon, Not trained in a chair, But by the high and holy One, Who does allwhere empire.

The burning beams down from his face So fervently can beat, That man and beast now seek a place To save them from the heat.

The herds beneath some leafy tree, Amidst the flowers they lie; The stable ships upon the sea Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings, The cock his courage shows; With claps of joy his breast he dings, And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue, The winds can fast collect, Her purple pens turn many a hue Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went; gone is midday, The heat does slake at last, The sun descends down west away, For three o'clock is past. The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength,
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is settling down,
The reek throws right up in the air
From every tower and town.

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauty try,
Are nothing like the color red
And beauty of the sky.

Our west horizon circular,
 From time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies, as it were,
Or roses red o'erfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see, Endlong a river clear, The perfect form of every tree Within the deep appear.

O, then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm!

All laborers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Which sent this summer day!

ALEXANDER HUME.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn, A spirit on slender ropes of mist Was lowering its golden buckets down Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens, — Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers, Dipping the jewels out of the sea, To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed The white of their leaves, the amber grain Shrunk in the wind, — and the lightning now Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

THOMAS BALLEY ALDRICH. SIGNS OF BAIN.*

FORTY REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING AN INVITATION OF A FRIEND TO MAKE AN EXCURSION WITH HIM.

- 1 THE hollow winds begin to blow:
- 2 The clouds look black, the glass is low,
- 3 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
- 4 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
- 5 Last night the sun went pale to bed.
- 6 The moon in halos hid her head :
- 7 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
- 8 For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
- 9 The walls are damp, the ditches smell.
- 10 Closed is the pink-eved pimpernel.
- 11 Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
- 12 Old Betty's nerves are on the rack :
- 13 Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry.
- 14 The distant hills are seeming nigh.
- 15 How restless are the snorting swine!
- 16 The busy flies disturb the kine,
- 17 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings.
- 18 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
- 19 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
- 20 Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
- 21 Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
- 22 And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
- 23 The glow-worms, numerous and light, 24 Illumed the dewy dell last night;
- 25 At dusk the squalid toad was seen.
- 26 Hopping and crawling o'er the green :
- 20 Hopping and clawing o'er me gree
- 27 The whirling dust the wind obeys,
- 28 And in the rapid eddy plays;
- 29 The frog has changed his yellow vest,
- 30 And in a russet coat is dressed.
- 31 Though June, the air is cold and still.
- 32 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill:
- 33 My dog, so altered in his taste,
- 34 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
- 35 And see you rooks, how odd their flight!
- 36 They imitate the gliding kite,
- 37 And seem precipitate to fall,
- 38 As if they felt the piercing ball.
- 39 'T will surely rain; I see with sorrow,
- 40 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. EDWARD JENNER.

SUMMER MOODS.

I LOVE at eventide to walk alone,
Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,
Where from the long grass underneath, the snail,
Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid
horn.

I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,

" 'Verified by Darwin," says C. C Bombaugh in his "Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature," though his version of the lines varies somewhat from this.

Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air; Where bees search round, with sad and weary drone,

In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there:

While in the juicy corn the hidden quail Cries, "Wet my foot;" and, hid as thoughts

The fairy-like and seldom-seen land-rail Utters "Craik, craik," like voices underground, Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil, And see the light fade into gloom around.

IOHN CLARE.

INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine, —
To drink thy freshress once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee — for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams, And soften all the hills with mist, O falling dew! from burning dreams By thee shall herb and flower be kissed, And Earth shall bless thee yet again, O gentle, gentle summer rain.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs, Like the tramp of hoofs! How it gushes and struggles out From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks At the twisted brooks; He can feel the cool Breath of each little pool; His fevered brain Grows calm again, And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The shewery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told, —
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

HERRY WADSWORTH LONGERLLOW.

SUMMER STORM.

Untremulous in the river clear.

Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases.
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.
On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses

On the water marsh the purple-noissoned grasses

Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,

Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence

passes

Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side:

But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge, Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened

Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge, And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs alway. Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow;
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap, —
We shall not see the sun go down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest
beat.

As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the Earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,

Look! look! that livid flash!

And instantly follows the rattling thunder,

The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return nevermore?

Hush! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
All is so bodingly still;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gouts,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,

And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle-song,—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon!

No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form;
—
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room The sunshine pours an airy flood; And on the church's dizzy vane The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves, Antiquely carven, gray and high, A dormer, facing westward, looks Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 't was born)
Round in itself encloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,

Like its own tear,

Because so long divided from the sphere;

Restless it rolls, and unsecure,

Trembling, lest it grow impure,

Till the warm sun pities its pain,

And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray

Of the clear fountain of eternal day,

Could it within the human flower be seen,

Remembering still its former height,

Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,

And, recollecting its own light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express

The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go!
How girt and ready to ascend!
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill,—
Congealed on earth, but does, dissolving, run

ANDREW MARVELL

A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine." - YOUNG.

'I s past, — the sultry tyrant of the South
'I as spent his short-lived rage; more grateful
hours

Move silent on; the skies no more repel The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams Of tempered lustre, court the cherished eye To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft, Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow, New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns Impatient for the night, and seems to push Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood Of softened radiance with her dewy locks. The shadows spread apace; while meekened Eve. Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires Through the Hesperian gardens of the West, And shuts the gates of Day. 'T is now the hour When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts, The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth Of unpierced woods, where rapt in solid shade She mused away the gaudy hours of noon, And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun, Moves forward and with radiant finger points

To you blue concave swelled by breath divine, Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling

And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,
And worthy of the Master, — He whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile
Inscribed the mystic tablet, hung on high
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man!
The finger of thy God. From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so filled? — these friendly
lamps.

Forever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres,
And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil
Their destined courses! Nature's self is hushed,
And but a scattered leaf, which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the raised

Intently listening, drinks in every breath.

How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!

But are they silent all? or is there not

A tongue in every star that talks with man,

And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain:

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

At this still hour the self-collected soul

Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there

Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;

An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,

Which must burn on for ages, when the sun

(Fair transitory creature of a day!)

Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,

Forgets his wonted journey through the East.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods!

Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back.

With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that soothed
Her infant hours, — O, be it lawful now
To tread the hallowed circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines! Seized in
thought.

thought,
On Fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous, fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf,

To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system, Where cheerless Saturn midst his watery moons Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp. Sits like an exiled monarch : fearless thence I launch into the trackless deeps of space, Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear, Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light From the proud regent of our scanty day; Sons of the morning, first-born of creation, And only less than Him who marks their track And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop. Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen Impels me onward through the glowing orbs Of habitable nature, far remote. To the dread confines of eternal night, To solitudes of waste unneopled space. The deserts of creation, wide and wild: Where embryo systems and unkindled suns Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops, And Thought, astonished, stops her bold career. But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word Said. "Thus let all things be," and thus they were.

Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblamed Invoke thy dread perfection? Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee! Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion Support thy throne? O, look with pity down On erring, guilty man; not in thy names Of terror clad: not with those thunders armed That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled The scattered tribes; thou hast a gentler voice, That whispers comfort to the swelling heart. Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker! But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers In flight so daring, drops her weary wing, And seeks again the known accustomed spot, Drest up with sun and shade and lawns and streams.

A mansion fair and spacious for its guests,
And all replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies: the hour will come
When all these splendors bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravished sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!

How lovely and joyful the course that he run, Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun, And there followed some droppings of rain! But now the fair traveller's come to the west, His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best: He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest, And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins, Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins.

And melts into tears; then he breaks out and

And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

ISAAC WATTS

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MOONLIGHT IN SUMMER.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,
The rising vapors catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky still more serene)
Others, detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're

Scattered immensely wide from east to west. The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest. These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name: And thus the loiterer's utmost stretch of soul Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that

And loosed imagination soaring goes High o'er his home and all his little woes.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

MOONLIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest.

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden

of the garden Poured out their souls in odors, that were their

prayers and confessions Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent

Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,

As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens.

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel!
O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor.

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"



GOLDENROD.

When the wayside tangles blaze
In the low September sun,
When the flowers of Summer days
Droop and wither, one by one,
Reaching up through bush and brier,
Sumptuous brow and heart of fire,
Flaunting high its wind-rocked plume,
Brave with wealth of native bloom,—
Goldenrod!

When the meadow, lately shorn,
Parched and languid, swoons with pain,
When her life-blood, night and morn,
Shrinks in every throbbing vein,
Round her fallen, tarnished urn
Leaping watch-fires brighter burn;
Royal arch o'er Autumn's gate,
Bending low with lustrous weight,—
Goldenrod!

In the pasture's rude embrace,
All o'errun with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unfettered loveliness,
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all,
Goldenrod!

Nature lies disheveled, pale,
With her feverish lips apart,—
Day by day the pulses fail,
Nearer to her bounding heart;
Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
Store of pure and genuine gold;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all the wealth to be,—
Goldenrod!

ELAINE GOODALE [EASTMAN].



From Painting by L. Matifas.

Berlin Phot. Co.

A TWILIGHT FANCY.

I sit here and the earth is wrapped in snow. And the cold air is thick with falling night: I think of the still, dewy summer eves, When cows came slowly sauntering up the lane, Waiting to nibble at the juicy grass; When the green earth was full of changing life. When the warm wind blew soft, and slowly passed, Caressing now and then some wayside flower, Stopping to stir the tender maple-leaves. And breathing all its fragrance on the air! I think of the broad meadows, daisy-white, With the long shade of some stray apple-tree Falling across them,—and the rustlings faint When evening breezes shook along the grass. I think of all the thousand summer sounds.— The cricket's chirp, repeated far and near: The sleepy note of robins in their nest; The whippoorwill, whose sudden cry rang out, Plaintive, yet strong, upon the startled air. And so it was the summer twilight fell, And deepened to the darkness of the night: And now I lift my heart out of my dream And see instead the pale, cold, dying lights, The dull gray skies, the barren, snow-clad fields, That come to us when winter evenings come.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods: and anon, through

the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGERLIOW.

SEPTEMBER.

SWEET is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dving.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows full
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar-trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.

THE autumn is old; The sear leaves are flying; He hath gathered up gold, And now he is dying: Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have ne riches for reaping:
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane; There is nothing adorning; The night has no eve, And the day has no morning; Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!

THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain, — it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring;
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening

leaves;
The robins only mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened

It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

JONES VERY

THE AUTUMN.

The autumn time is with us! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine. And now, 't is here,
And what a change hath passed upon the face
Of Nature, where thy waving forests spread,
Then robed in deepest green! All through the

The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art,
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the wings of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing
leaves.

And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors, bursts upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the maple rears its yellow creet,
A golden glory; yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!
WILLIAN D GALLAGHER.

INDIAN SUMMER.

When leaves grow searall things take sombre hue; The wild winds waltz no more the woodside through,

And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky, The golden bee supinely buzzes by, In silent flocks the bluebirds southward fly.

The forest's cheeks are crifnsoned o'er with shame, The cynic frost enlaces every lane, The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad, With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad, While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the sombre hill, The naked woodbine climbs the window-sill, The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day, Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay, And bandit squirrels smuggle them away. Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere, Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear, The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail, Mocking the threshers with an echo fiail, The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Inconstant Summer to the tropics flees, And, as her rose-sails catch the amorous breeze, Lo! bare, brown Autumn trembles to her knees!

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days, The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze, And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew, Where the spring winds their soft eyes open flew; Safely they sleep the churlish winter through.

Though all life's portals are indiced with woe, And frozen pearls are all the world can show, Feel! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up, dear mourners! Still the blue expanse, Serenely tender, bends to catch thy glance; Within thy tears sibyllic sunbeams dance!

With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land:

The fall is but the folding of His hand, Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dumb heart hid beneath the pulseless tree Will throb again; and then the torpid bee Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant bluebirds backward fly, And all loved things that vanish or that die Return to us in some sweet By-and-By.

ANONYMOUS.

WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintry winds are sweeping;
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng Charms the wood with song; Ice-bound trees are glittering; Merry snow-birds, twittering, Fondly strive to cheer Scenes so cold and drear. Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee, —
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

From the German of LUDWIG HÖLTY, Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

NO

No sun — no moon! No morn — no noon —

No dawn — no dust — no proper time of day —

No sky — no earthly view —

No distance looking blue —

No road -- no street -- no "t' other side the

No end to any Row — No indications where the Crescents go-

No top to any steeple —

No recognitions of familiar people —

No courtesies for showing 'em —

No knowing 'em!

No travelling at all — no locomotion, No inkling of the way — no notion —

"No go"—by land or ocean— No mail—no post—

No news from any foreign coast — No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —

No company — no nobility —

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,

November!

THOMAS HOOD.

WINTER MORNING.

FROM "THE WINTER MORNING WALK:"
"THE TASK," BOOK V.

'T is morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds, That crowd away before the driving wind, More ardent as the disk emerges more, Resemble most some city in a blaze, Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale, And, tingeing all with his own rosy hue, From every herb and every spiry blade Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field. Mine, spindling into longitude immense, In spite of gravity, and sage remark That I myself am but a fleeting shade, Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance

I view the muscular proportioned limb Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair, As they designed to mock me, at my side Take step for step : and, as I near approach The cottage, walk along the plastered wall. Preposterous sight! the legs without the man. The verdure of the plain lies buried deep Beneath the dazzling deluge: and the bents. And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest, Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad, And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb. The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait Their wonted fodder: not, like hungering man. Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek, And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay. He from the stack carves out the accustomed load. Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft, His broad keen knife into the solid mass: Smooth as a wall the unright remnant stands, With such undeviating and even force He severs it away : no needless care Lest storms should overset the leaning pile Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight. Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned The cheerful haunts of men, - to wield the axe And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear. From morn to eve his solitary task. Shaggy and lean and shrewd with pointed ears, And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur, His dog attends him. Close behind his heel Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout; Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale, Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side, Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing, And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood, Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge. The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye The scattered grain, and, thievishly resolved To escape the impending famine, often scared As oft return, a pert voracious kind. Clean riddance quickly made, one only care Remains to each, the search of sunny nook, Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned To sad necessity, the cock foregoes His wonted strut, and, wading at their head With well-considered steps, seems to resent His altered gait and stateliness retrenched. How find the myriads, that in summer cheer

The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?

Earth yields them naught; the imprisoned worm
is safe

Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigor of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and
holes

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.
WILLIAM COWPER.

NEW ENGLAND IN WINTER.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

THE sun that brief December day Rose cheerless over hills of grav. And, darkly circled, gave at noon A sadder light than waning moon. Slow tracing down the thickening sky Its mute and ominous prophecy. A portent seeming less than threat, It sank from sight before it set. A chill no coat, however stout, Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, A hard, dull bitterness of cold. That checked, mid-vein, the circling race Of life-blood in the sharpened face, The coming of the snow-storm told. The wind blew east: we heard the roar Of Ocean on his wintry shore, And felt the strong pulse throbbing there Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores.—
Brought in the wood from out of doors, '
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:

And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on : The morning broke without a sun : In tiny spherule traced with lines Of Nature's geometric signs, In starry flake, and pollicle., All day the hoary meteor fell ; And, when the second morning shone. We looked upon a world unknown, On nothing we could call our own. Around the glistening wonder bent The blue walls of the firmament. No cloud above, no earth below, -A universe of sky and snow! The old familiar sights of ours Took marvellous shapes; strangedomes and towers Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood, Or garden wall, or belt of wood : A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed, A fenceless drift what once was road: The bridle-post an old man sat With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat: The well-curb had a Chinese roof: And even the long sweep, high aloof, In its slant splendor, seemed to tell Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath Our father wasted: "Boys, a nath!" Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy Count such a summons less than joy?) Our buskins on our feet we drew : With mittened hands, and caps drawn low, To guard our necks and ears from snow, We cut the solid whiteness through. And, where the drift was deepest, made A tunnel walled and overlaid With dazzling crystal: we had read Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave, And to our own his name we gave, With many a wish the luck were ours To test his lamp's supernal powers. We reached the barn with merry din. And roused the prisoned brutes within. The old horse thrust his long head out, And grave with wonder gazed about; The cock his lusty greeting said, And forth his speckled harem led; The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked, And mild reproach of hunger looked; The horned patriarch of the sheep, Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, Shook his sage head with gesture mute, And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore The loosening drift its breath before: Low circling round its southern zone. The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone. No church-bell lent its Christian tone To the savage air, no social smoke Curled over woods of snow-hung oak. A solitude made more intense By dreary-voiced elements. The shricking of the mindless wind. The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind, And on the glass the unmeaning beat Of ghostly tinger-tips of sleet. Beyond the circle of our hearth No welcome sound of toil or mirth Unbound the spell, and testified Of human life and thought outside. We minded that the sharpest ear The buried brooklet could not hear. The music of whose liquid lip Had been to us companionship. And, in our lonely life, had grown To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest Of wooded knolls that ridged the west. The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank From sight beneath the smothering bank, We piled, with care, our nightly stack Of wood against the chimney-back. -The oaken log, green, huge, and thick, And on its top the stout back-stick; The knotty forestick laid apart. And filled between with curious art The ragged brush: then, hovering near, We watched the first red blaze appear. Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam On whitewashed wall and sagging beam, Until the old, rude-furnished room Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom; While radiant with a mimic flame Outside the sparkling drift became, And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free. The crane and pendent trammels showed; The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed; While childish fancy, prompt to tell The meaning of the miracle, Whispered the old rhyme : "Under the tree. When fire outdoors burns merrily, There the witches are making tea.

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green

Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black Against the whiteness at their back. For such a world and such a night Most fitting that unwarming light, Which only seemed where'er if fell To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without. We sat the clean-winged hearth about, Content to let the north-wind roar In baffled rage at pane and door. While the red logs before us beat The frost-line back with tropic heat : And ever, when a louder blast Shook beam and rafter as it passed. The merrier up its roaring draught The great throat of the chimney laughed; The house-dog on his paws outspread Laid to the fire his drowsy head. The cat's dark silhouette on the wall A couchant tiger's seemed to fall: And, for the winter fireside meet, Between the andirons' straddling feet, The mug of cider simmered slow. The apples sputtered in a row, And, close at hand, the basket stood With nuts from brown October's wood. IOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WINTER NOON.

FROM "THE WINTER WALK AT NOON:"
"THE TASK." BOOK VI.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern
blast.

The season smiles, resigning all its rage, And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue Without a cloud, and white without a speck The dazzling splendor of the scene below.

Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.

No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:

Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the
heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

WINTER.

THE day had been a calm and sunny day.

And tinged with amber was the sky at even;

The fleecy clouds at length had rolled away,

And lay in furrows on the eastern heaven; — The moon arose and shed a glimmering ray, And round her orb a misty circle lay.

The hoar-frost glittered on the naked heath,
The roar of distant winds was loud and deep.
The dry leaves rustled in each passing breath,
And the gay world was lost in quiet sleep.

And the gay world was lost in quiet sleep. Such was the time when, on the landscape brown, Through a December air the snow came down.

The morning came, the dreary morn, at last,

And showed the whitened waste. The shivering herd

Lowed on the hoary meadow-ground, and fast Fell the light flakes upon the earth unstitud; The forest firs with glittering snows o'erlaid Stood like hoar priests in robes of white arrayed.

WINTER PICTURES.

FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old; On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,

Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and

here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And lung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
'Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap

And belly and tug as a flag in the wind; Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap, Hunted to death in its galleries blind:

And swift little troops of silent sparks,

Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks

Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp, Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,

And rattles and rings
The iey strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,

Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night

The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun; Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold, As if her veins were sapless and old, And she rose up decrepitly. For a last dim look at earth and sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WINTER SCENES.

FROM "THE SEASONS: WINTER."

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb.
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower
descends

At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'T is brightness all; save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun Faint from the west emits his evening ray, Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill, Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven. Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around The winnowing store, and claim the little boon Which Providence assigns them. One alone. The redbreast, sacred to the household gods, Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky, In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man His annual visit. Half afraid, he first Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor, Eyes all the smiling family askance, And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is: Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds Pour forth their brown inhabitants. Though timorous of heart, and hard beset By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs, And more unpitying man, the garden seeks, Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind Eye the bloak heaven, and next the glistening earth.

With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed, Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. JAMES THOMSON. WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

FROM "LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST," ACT V. SC. 2.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who:

To-whit, to-who, a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the not.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields, Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven, And veils the farm-house at the garden's end. The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry! Out of an unseen quarry, evermore Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer Curves his white bastions with projected roof Round every windward stake or tree or door; Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he For number or proportion. Mockingly, On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths; A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn: Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate A tapering turret overtops the work. And when his hours are numbered, and the world Is all his own, retiring as he were not, Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone, Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work, The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the Milky Way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all, —
Flake after flake, —
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and; side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy
height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,

What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;
Flake after flake

To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

SNOW .- A WINTER SKETCH.

THE blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,
And seems to say,
Break, break from the enchanter's chain
Away, away!

'T is winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air
Of winds along their battle-ground;
But gently there
The snow is falling, — all around
How fair, how fair!
RALPH HOYT.

SNOW-FLAKES.

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,

Slowly in silent syllables recorded;

This is the secret of despair,

Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,

Now whispered and revealed

To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

"T is a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.

The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down, — all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the norther, see! on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,
Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain, —
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort.

She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short.

With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein, To rouse up his dying steed; And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain, For help in his master's need. For a while he strives with a wistful cry
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er,—
'T is the hour of midnight, past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon with her peaceful light
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
Are they who came from the town, —
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown, —
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his
hand, —

The dog with his nose on his master's feet, And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet, Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

O WINTER! WILT THOU NEVER GO?

O WINTER! wilt thou never, never go?
O summer! but I weary for thy coming,
Longing once more to hear the Luggie flow,
And frugal bees, laboriously humming.
Now the east-wind diseases the infirm,
And must crouch in corners from rough weather;
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm,—
When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,
And the large sun dips red behind the hills.
I, from my window, can behold this pleasure;
And the eternal moon, what time she fills
Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,
Through the white spaces of infinitude.

DAVIC GRAY.

VIEW FROM THE EUGANEAN HILLS,* NORTH ITALY.

MANY a green isle needs must be In the deep wide sea of misery, Or the mariner, worn and wan, Never thus could voyage on Day and night, and night and day, Drifting on his dreary way,

^{*} The lonely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch.

With the solid darkness black Closing round his vessel's track : Whilst above, the sunless sky, Big with clouds, hangs heavily, And behind, the tempest fleet Hurries on with lightning feet, Riving sail and cord and plank Till the ship has almost drank Death from the o'erbrimming deep: And sinks down, down, like that sleep When the dreamer seems to be Weltering through eternity; And the dim low line before Of a dark and distant shore Still recedes, as, ever still Longing with divided will, But no power to seek or shun, He is ever drifted on O'er the unreposing wave To the haven of the grave.

Av. many flowering islands lie In the waters of wide agony : To such a one this morn was led My bark, by soft winds piloted. - Mid the mountains Euganean I stood listening to the næan With which the legioned rooks did hall The sun's uprise majestical: Gathering round with wings all hoar, Through the dewy mist they soar Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven Bursts, and then, as clouds of even, Flecked with fire and azure, lie In the unfathomable sky, So their plumes of purple grain, Starred with drops of golden rain, Gleam above the sunlight woods. As in silent multitudes On the morning's fitful gale, Through the broken mist they sail ; And the vapors cloven and gleaming Follow, down the dark steep streaming, Till all is bright and clear and still Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea The waveless plain of Lombardy, Bounded by the vaporous air, Islanded by cities fair; Underneath day's azure eyes, Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies, — A peopled labyrinth of walls, Amphitrite's destined halls, Which her hoary sire now paves With his blue and beaming waves. Lo! the sun upsprings behind, Broad, red, radiant, half reclined

On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city! thou hast been Ocean's child, and then his queen; Now is come a darker day. And thou soon must be his prev. If the power that raised thee here Hallow so thy watery bier. A less drear ruin then than now, With thy conquest-branded brow Stooping to the slave of slaves From thy throne among the waves. Wilt thou be when the sea-mew Flies, as once before it flew. O'er thine isles depopulate. And all is in its ancient state, Save where many a palace-gate With green sea-flowers overgrown Like a rock of ocean's own, Topples o'er the abandoned sea As the tides change sullenly. The fisher on his watery way Wandering at the close of day Will spread his sail and seize his oar Till he pass the gloomy shore, Lest thy dead should, from their sleep Bursting o'er the starlight deep, Lead a rapid mask of death O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now: 'T is the noon of autumn's glow, When a soft and purple mist, Like a vaporous amethyst, Or an air-dissolvèd star. Mingling light and fragrance, far From the curved horizon's bound To the point of heaven's profound, Fills the overflowing sky; And the plains that silent lie Underneath; the leaves unsodden Where the infant frost has trodden With his morning-winged feet, Whose bright print is gleaming yet; And the red and golden vines, Piercing with their trellised lines

The rough, dark-skirted wilderness; The dun and bladed grass no less, Pointing from this hoary tower In the windless air: the flower Glimmering at my feet: the line Of the olive-sandalled Apennine In the south dimly islanded; And the Alps, whose snows are spread High between the clouds and sun : And of living things each one: And my spirit, which so long Darkened this swift stream of soug. -Interpenetrated lie By the glory of the sky: Be it love, light, harmony, Odor, or the soul of all Which from heaven like dew doth fall. Or the mind which feeds this verse Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like winged winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be In the sea of life and agony: Other spirits float and flee O'er that gulf; even now, perhaps, On some rock the wild wave wraps, With folding winds they waiting sit For my bark, to pilot it To some calm and blooming cove. Where for me, and those I love, May a windless bower be built. Far from passion, pain, and guilt, In a dell mid lawny hills, Which the wild sea-murmur fills. And soft sunshine, and the sound Of old forests echoing round, And the light and smell divine Of all flowers that breathe and shine. We may live so happy there, That the spirits of the air, Envying us, may even entice To our healing paradise

The polluting multitude: But their rage would be subdued By that clime divine and calm. And the winds whose wings rain balm On the uplifted soul, and leaves Under which the bright sea heaves : While each breathless interval In their whisperings musical The inspired soul supplies With its own deep melodies: And the love which heals all strife. Circling, like the breath of life, All things in that sweet abode With its own mild brotherhood. They, not it, would change; and soon Every sprite beneath the moon Would repent its envy vain, And the earth grow young again! PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

GRONGAR HILL.

[The Vale of the Towy embraces, in its winding course of fifteen miles, some of the loveliest scenery of south Wales. If it be less cultivated than the Vale of Usk, its woodland views are more romantic and frequent. The neighborhood is historic and poetic ground. From Grongar Hill the eye discovers traces of a Roman camp; Golden Grove, the home of Jeremy Taylor, is on the opposite side of the river; Merlin's chair recalls Spenser; and a tarmhouse near the foot of Llangumnor Hill brings back the memory of its once genual occupant, Richard Steele. Spenser places the cave of Merlin among the dark woods of Dineswar.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye, Who, the purple even, dost lie On the mountain's lonely van. Beyond the noise of busy man, Painting fair the form of things, While the yellow linnet sings, Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale. -Come, with all thy various hues. Come, and aid thy sister Muse. Now, while Phœbus, riding high, Gives lustre to the land and sky, Grongar Hill invites my song, -Draw the landscape bright and strong: Grongar, in whose mossy cells Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made, So oft I have, the evening still, At the fountain of a rill. Sat upon a flowery bed, With my hand beneath my head. While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mead and over wood, From house to house, from hill to hill. Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind, And leave his brooks and meads behind, And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow; What a landscape lies below! No clouds, no vapors intervene; But the gay, the open scene Does the face of Nature show In all the hues of heaven's bow! And, swelling to embrace the light, Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies; Rushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires; Half his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain-heads, Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise. Beautiful in various dyes: The gloomy pine, the poplar blue, The yellow beech, the sable yew, The slender fir that taper grows, The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs: And beyond, the purple grove, Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love! Gaudy as the opening dawn, Lies a long and level lawn, On which a dark hill, steep and high, Holds and charms the wandering eve: Deep are his feet in Towy's flood; His sides are clothed with waving wood; And ancient towers crown his brow. That cast an awful look below ; Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keeps; So both a safety from the wind In mutual dependence find. 'T is now the raven's bleak abode; "T is now the apartment of the toad; And there the fox securely feeds ; And there the poisonous adder breeds, Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds: While, ever and anon, there fall Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall. Yet Time has seen, — that lifts the low And level lays the lofty brow, -Has seen this broken pile complete,

Big with the vanity of state.
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the gradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow, —
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm, —
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side, Where the prospect opens wide, Where the evening gilds the tide, How close and small the hedges lie! What streaks of meadow cross the eye! A step, methinks, may pass the stream, So little distant dangers seem; So we mistake the Future's face, Eyed through Hope's deluding glass; As yon summits, soft and fair, Clad in colors of the air, Which, to those who journey near, Barren, brown, and rough appear; Still we tread the same coarse way, — The present's still a cloudy day.

O, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul.
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high, As on the mountain-turf I lie; While the wanton Zephyr sings, And in the vale perfumes his wings; While the vaters murmur deep; While the shepherd charms his sheep; While the birds unbounded fly, And with music fill the sky,— Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search; she is not there!
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, — close allied,
Ever by each other's side, —
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

BUILDING A HOME.

FROM "THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH."

MEANTIME, the moist malignity to shun
Of burdened skies, mark where the dry champaign

Swells into cheerful hills: where marjoram And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air : And where the cynorrhodon with the rose For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires. And let them see the winter morn arise. The summer evening blushing in the west: While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind O'erhung, defends you from the blustering North, And bleak affliction of the peevish East. O, when the growling winds contend, and all The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm. To sink in warm repose, and hear the din Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights Above the luxury of vulgar sleep. The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks. Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. To please the fancy is no trifling good, Where health is studied; for whatever moves The mind with calm delight promotes the just And natural movements of the harmonious frame. Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill, From vale to mountain, with incessant change Of purest element, refreshing still Your airy seat, and uninfected gods. Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides The ethereal deep with endless billows chafes. His purer mansion nor contagious years Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

DOVER CLIFF.

FROM "KING LEAR." ACT IV. SC. 6.

COME on, sir; here's the place: stand still!

How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, — dreadful
trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head: The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark, Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight: the nurmuring surge, That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high. — I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALPINE HEIGHTS.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed; .
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye, Still vales and meadows lie; The soaring glacier's ice Gleams like a paradise.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow!

There the bold chamois go;

On giddy crags they stand,

And drink from his own hand.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
here, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;

His Shepherd is the Lord;

For he who feeds the sheep

Will' sure his offspring keep.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

From the German of KRUMMACHER. Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THE DESCENT.

My mule refreshed, his bells
Jingled once more, the signal to depart,
And we set out in the gray light of dawn,
Descending rapidly, — by waterfalls
Fast frozen, and among huge blocks of ice
That in their long career had stopt midway;
At length, unchecked, unbidden, he stood still,
And all his bells were muffled. Then my
guide,

Lowering his voice, addressed me: — "Through this chasm

On, and say nothing, — for a word, a breath, Stirring the air, may loosen and bring down A winter's snow, — enough to overwhelm The horse and foot that, night and day, defiled Along this path to conquer at Marengo."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

FROM "THE BROOK: AN IDYL."

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling, And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots: I slide by hazel covers; I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, Among my skimming swallows; I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows;

I murmur under moon and stars In brambly wildernesses; I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE RHINE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD." CANTO III.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Where for white wells allowe these,

Whose far white walls along them shine, Have strewed a scene, which I should see With double joy, wert thou with me.

And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me,
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,—
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,

The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose

Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

BYRON.

ON THE RHINE.

'T was morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow-

Hung with the clusters of the bending vine —
Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
We sailed and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting; varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some gray convent wall or sunlit spire
Starts up along the banks, unfolding slow.
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass; — there, on the vineyard's
side,

The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide; While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair, Counts not the hours of a long summer's day, Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

FRESH from the fountains of the wood
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glided on for many a rood,
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet;
The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,
And wet with dew-drops at my feet
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard Amid those pastures lone and still, Save the faint chirp of early bird, Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way;
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah, happy valley stream!" I said,
"Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
Whose fragrance round thy path is shed
Through all the joyous summer hours.

"O, could my years, like thine, be passed In some remote and silent glen, Where I could dwell and sleep at last, Far from the bustling haunts of men!

But what new echoes greet my ear?

The village school-boy's merry call;

And mid the village hum I hear

The murmur of the waterfall.

I looked; the widening veil betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished steel,
Where that bright valley stream was stayed
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I, I thought with shame, Sigh for a life of solitude, When even this stream without a name Is laboring for the common good.

No longer let me shun my part
Amid the busy scenes of life,
But with a warm and generous heart
Press onward in the glorious strife.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear:

l charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills! There daily I wander as noon rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow! There oft as mild evening weens over the lea; The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides. And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes; Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. ROBERT BURNS.

THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke, I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys And sit me down beside this little brook : The waters have a music to mine ear It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see, Shut in from all intrusion by the trees. That spread their giant branches, broad and free, The silent growth of many centuries; And make a hallowed time for hapless moods, A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter, - none, like me, Do seek it out with such a fond desire, Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree, And listening as the voiceless leaves respire. When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering, Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new. And sweet companions from their boundless store,

Of merry elves bespangled all with dew, Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore, Watching their wild but unobtrusive play, I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch — the root of an old oak Whose branches yield it moss and canopy — Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke Secure, shall never be resigned by me; It hangs above the stream that idly flies, Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent, Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour, While every sense on earnest mission sent,

Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flower: Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil.

A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet. Wind on their way with gentlest melody, Yielding sweet music, which the leaves reveat. Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by. -Yet not so rudely as to send one sound Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees.

Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries. -And with awakened vision upward bent, I watch the firmament.

How like its sure and undisturbed retreat — Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm -To the pure waters trickling at my feet The bending trees that overshade my form ! So far as sweetest things of earth may seem Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight, Sails far into the blue that spreads on high, Until I lose him from my straining sight, -

With a most lofty discontent to fly Upward, from earth to sky.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool, By laughing shallow and dreaming pool; Cool and clear, cool and clear, By shining shingle and foaming weir: Under the crag where the ouzel sings, And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings, Undefiled for the undefiled; Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

Dank and foul, dank and foul, By the smoky town in its murky cowl; Foul and dank, foul and dank, By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank; Darker and darker the further I go, Baser and baser the richer I grow; Who dare sport with the sin-defiled? Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child!

Strong and free, strong and free, The flood-gates are open, away to the sea: Free and strong, free and strong, Cleansing my streams as I hurry along

To the golden sands and the leaping bar, And the taintless tide that awaits me afar, As I lose myself in the infinite main, Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again, Undefiled for the undefiled; Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,

The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,

And round his breast the ripples break,

As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream, The dipping paddle echoes far, And flashes in the moonlight gleam, And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

THE BUGLE.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
3low, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying,

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem As if God poured thee from his hollow hand, And hung his bow upon thine awful front, And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake The sound of many waters; and had bade Thy flood to chronicle the ages back, And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we, That hear the question of that voice sublime? O, what are all the notes that ever rung From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering

Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.
IOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

" How does the water Come down at Lodore!" My little boy asked me Thus, once on a time; And moreover he tasked me To tell him in rhyme. Anon at the word, There first came one daughter, And then came another, To second and third The request of their brother. And to hear how the water Comes down at Lodore, With its rush and its roar, As many a time They had seen it before. So I told them in rhyme, For of rhymes I had store;

And 't was in my vocation For their recreation That so I should sing; Because I was Liureate To them and the King.

From its sources which well In the tarn on the fell: From its fountains In the mountains. Its rills and its gills; Through moss and through brake, It runs and it creens For a while, till it sleeps In its own little lake. And thence at departing. Awakening and starting, It runs through the reeds, And away it proceeds, Through meadow and glade, In sun and in shade. And through the wood-shelter, Among crags in its flurry, Helter-skelter. Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tunult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong Then plunges along, Striking and raging As if a war waging Its caverns and rocks among ; Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and sweeping, Showering and springing. Flying and flinging, Writhing and ringing, Eddying and whisking, Spouting and frisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around With endless rebound: Smiting and fighting.

A sight to delight in; Confounding, astounding, Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

> Collecting, projecting, Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and parting,

And threading and spreading. And whizzing and hissing. And dripping and skipping, And hitting and splitting, And shining and twining. And rattling and battling. And shaking and quaking, And pouring and rearing. And waving and raving. And tossing and crossing. And flowing and going, And running and stunning. And foaming and roaming. And dinning and spinning, And dropping and hopping. And working and jerking. And guggling and struggling, And heaving and cleaving. And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering, And gathering and feathering, And whitening and brightening, And quivering and shivering, And hurrying and skurrying, And thund ring and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, Delaying and straying and playing and spraying, Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing.

Recoiling, turnoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and
beaming.

And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;

And so never ending, but always descending, Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blend-

All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, —
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

. WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the wind that brings the cold!
The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The east-wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE DANCING OF THE AIR.

And now behold your tender nurse, the air,
And common neighbor that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound!
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds!

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming-rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech.
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones
canst teach,

That, when the air doth dance her finest measure, Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure

Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the air's translucent gallery,

Where she herself is turned a hundred ways, While with these maskers wantonly she plays? Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace, As two at once encumber not the place.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

THE ORIENT.

FROM "THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are embleus of deeds that are done in their
clime:

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle.

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime? Know ye the land of the cedar and vine, Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom? Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit, And the voice of the nightingale never is mute; Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky.

In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
Tis the clime of the East; 't is the land of the

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have

O, wild as the accents of lover's farewell

Are the hearts which they bear and the tales

which they tell!

LORD BYRON.

SYRIA.

FROM "PARADISE AND THE PERL"

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air O'er all the enchanted regions there, How beauteous must have been the glow, The life, how sparkling from below!

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks Of golden melons on their banks. More golden where the sunlight falls: Gay lizards, glittering on the walls Of ruined shrines, busy and bright As they were all alive with light; And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks Of pigeons, settling on the rocks. With their rich restless wings, that gleam Variously in the crimson beam Of the warm west. - as if inlaid With brilliants from the mine, or made Of tearless rainbows, such as span The unclouded skies of Peristan! And then, the mingling sounds that come. Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum Of the wild bees of Palestine.

Banqueting through the flowery vales;— And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine, And woods, so full of nightingales!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere, With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave.

Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their
wave?

O, to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to
take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells, Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging.

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines; When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars.

And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet From the cool shining walks where the young people meet. Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks, Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun:

When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day, From his harem of night-flowers stealing away; And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a

The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over; When the east is as warm as the light of first

And day, with its banner of radiance unfurled, Shines in through the mountainous portal that ones.

Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

THOMAS MOORE.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed The lofty vault, to gather and roll back The sound of anthems: in the darkling wood. Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down. And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks And supplication. For his simple heart Might not resist the sacred influences Which, from the stilly twilight of the place, And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath that swayed at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed His spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down

Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,

Acceptance in his ear.

Offer one hymn, - thrice happy if it find

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy
breeze.

And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,

Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died

Among their branches, till at last they stood, As now they stand, massy and tall and dark, Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults, These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride Report not. No fantastic carvings show The boast of our vain race to change the form Of thy fair works. But thou art here, — thou fill'st.

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the
ground.

The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee. Here is continual worship; — nature, here, In the tranquillity that thou dost love, Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs.

Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades, Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak, -By whose immovable stem I stand and seem Almost annihilated, - not a prince, In all that proud old world beyond the deep, E'er wore his crown as loftily as he Wears the green coronal of leaves with which Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower With scented breath, and look so like a smile, Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould, An emanation of the indwelling Life, A visible token of the upholding Love. That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think Of the great miracle that still goes on, In silence, round me, - the perpetual work Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed Forever. Written on thy works I read The lesson of thy own eternity. Lo! all grow old and die; but see again, How on the faltering footsteps of decay Youth presses, - ever gay and beautiful youth In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees Wave not less proudly that their ancestors Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet, After the flight of untold centuries, The freshness of her far beginning lies, And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate

Of his arch-enemy Death, — yea, seats himself U pon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre, And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived

The generation born with them, nor seemed Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks Around them : - and there have been holy men Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus. But let me often to these solitudes Retire, and in thy presence reassure My feeble virtue. Here its enemies, The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill, With all the waters of the firmament, The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods And drowns the villages; when, at thy call, Uprises the great deep, and throws himself Upon the continent, and overwhelms Its cities, - who forgets not, at the sight Of these tremendous tokens of thy power, His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ? O. from these sterner aspects of thy face Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath Of the mad unchained elements to teach Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate. In these calm shades, thy milder majesty, And to the beautiful order of thy works Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO "EVANGELINE."

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic.

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFFLLOW.

THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green.—

O, then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 't is winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat, —
O, then 't is sweet
To sit and sing

Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring, We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE BRAVÈ OLD OAK.

A sone to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down.

There 's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out;

And he showeth his might on a wild midnight, When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold Had brightened his branches gray, Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,

To gather the dew of May.

And on that day to the rebeck gay

They frolicked with lovesome sweins

They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard
laid.

But the tree it still remains. Then here's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes Were a merry sound to hear, When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small Were filled with good English cheer. Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's, etc.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle, O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee, Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both, I love the palm, With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both, I love the tree Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three With love and silence and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie With any under the Arab sky; Yet none can sing of the palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem Cairo's citadel-diadem Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance, As the Almehs lift their arms in dance, —

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign, That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he, Dreaming where the beloved may be;

And when the warm south-winds arise, He breathes his longing in fervid sighs,

Quickening odors, kisses of balm, That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame, and the sands may stir, But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O tree of love, by that love of thine, Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun, Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a king, O stately tree, A likeness, glorious as might be, In the court of my palace I 'd build for thee;

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright, And leaves of beryl and malachite; With spikes of golden bloom ablaze, And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase;

And there the poets, in thy praise, Should night and morning frame new lays, --

New measures, sung to tunes divine;
But none, O palm, should equal mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR

THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm, On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm? Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath, Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath, And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails, Fibres of palm are its woven sails, And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well? The cocoa-nut with its stony shell, And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine, But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine, And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm? The master, whose cunning and skill could charm Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft, From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed, And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands, And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands, Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid, And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun Whereon he kneels when the day is done, And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine, Wherein all uses of man combine,— House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release, His need of the palm shall only cease With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace. "Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm; "Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm!" JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree;
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere;
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be, Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth — as youth is apt, I know — Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should be Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE SPICE-TREE.

THE spice-tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known Within the bounds of an earthly king; No lovelier skies have ever shone Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three; On each a thousand blossoms grow; And, old as aught of time can be, The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old:

"O princess bright! how long the night Since thou art sunk in the waters clear! How sadly they flow from the depth below,— How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of
death.

While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red;
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread;
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry, Into the sable and angry flood; And the face of the pool, as he falls from high, Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow,—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the spice-tree the garden's queen
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

JOHN STERLING.

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

LITHE and long as the serpent train,
Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see;
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
Never the congar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
Spanning the beach with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek, —
The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
As ever on lover's breast found place;
On thy waving train is a playful hold
Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O giant strange of our Southern woods!

I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
And the northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
As the cordage yields to my playful grasp,
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?

Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'T is pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond-trees. April's gift to April's bees. Birthday ornament of spring. Flora's fairest daughterling :-Coming when no flowerets dare Trust the cruel outer air. When the royal king-cup bold Dares not don his coat of gold, And the sturdy blackthorn spray Keeps his silver for the May ; -Coming when no flowerets would. Save thy lowly sisterhood, Early violets, blue and white, Dving for their love of light. Almond blossom, sent to teach us That the spring days soon will reach us, Lest, with longing over-tried, We die as the violets died. -Blossom, clouding all the tree With thy crimson broidery, Long before a leaf of green On the bravest bough is seen, -Ah! when winter winds are swinging All thy red bells into ringing, With a bee in every bell, Almond bloom, we greet thee well!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree? Buds, which the breath of summer days Shall lengthen into leafy sprays; Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest; We plant, upon the sunny lea, A shadow for the noontide hour, A shelter from the summer shower, When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree? Sweets for a hundred flowery springs To load the May-wind's restless wings, When, from the orchard row, he pours Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee, Flowers for the sick girl's silent room, For the glad infant sprigs of bloom, We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree! Fruits that shall swell in sunny June, And redden in the August noon, And drop, when gentle airs come by, That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee, And seek them where the fragrant grass Betrays their bed to those who pass, At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree, The winter stars are quivering bright, And winds go howling through the night, Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth, Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see, Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine And golden orange of the Line, The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree Winds and our flag of stripe and star Shall bear to coasts that lie afar, Where men shall wonder at the view, And ask in what fair groves they grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea Shall think of childhood's careless day And long, long hours of summer play, In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we Shall hear no longer, where we lie, The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh, In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.

O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be. Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears Of those who live when length of years Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?" The children of that distant day Thus to some aged man shall say; And, gazing on its mossy stem, The grav-haired man shall answer them : "A poet of the land was he,

Born in the rude but good old times; 'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes On planting the apple-tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE MAIZE.

"That precious seed into the furrow cast Earliest in spring-time crowns the harvest last." PHORBE CARY.

A song for the plant of my own native West, Where nature and freedom reside, By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,

To the corn! the green corn of her pride! In climes of the East has the olive been sung.

And the grape been the theme of their lays; But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung.

Thou bright, ever beautiful maize!

Afar in the forest the rude cabins rise, And send up their pillars of smoke, And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,

O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak: Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings

The axe till the old giant sways, And echo repeats every blow as it rings, Shoots the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first, And the willow's gold hair then appears, And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst By the red bud, with pink-tinted tears. And striped the bolls which the poppy holds up For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays, And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming And the heavy wains creak to the barns large

In the wood, near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the plough

Turns the mould from its unbroken bed The ploughman is cheered by the finch on the

And the blackbird doth follow his tread.

And idle, afar on the landscape descried, The deen-lowing kine slowly graze. And nibbling the grass on the sunny hillside Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize.

With spring-time and culture, in martial array It waves its green broadswords on high. And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray. And the sunbeams, which fall from the sky; It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at

1100n. And at night at the swift-flying favs.

Who ride through the darkness the beams of the Through the spears and the flags of the maize !

When the summer is fierce still its banners are

Each warrior's long beard groweth red. His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed and

And golden his tassel-plumed head.

As a host of armed knights set a monarch at naught.

That defy the day-god to his gaze, And, revived every morn from the battle that's fought.

Fresh stand the green ranks of the maize!

But brown comes the autumn, and sear grows. the corn.

And the woods like a rainbow are dressed. And but for the cock and the noontide horn Old Time would be tempted to rest. The humming bee fans off a shower of gold From the mullein's long rod as it sways,

And dry grow the leaves which protecting infold The ears of the well-ripened maize!

At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth come, With its blue frosty nights, and days still, When distantly clear sounds the waterfall's hum,

And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill! A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood, And the hills are all mellowed in haze,

While Fall, creeping on like a monk 'neath his

Plucks the thick-rustling wealth of the maize.

and gray.

Where the treasure securely we hold, Housed safe from the tempest, dry-sheltered away,

Our blessing more precious than gold! And long for this manna that springs from the sod Shall we gratefully give him the praise,

The source of all bounty, our Father and God, Who sent us from heaven the maize!

WILLIAM W. POSDICK-

THE PUMPKIN.

O. GREENLY and fair in the lands of the sun. The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run, And the rock and the tree and the cottage en-

With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold.

Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once

While he waited to know that his warning was

And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in

For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish maiden

Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden:

And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold :

Yet with dearer delight from his home in the

On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth, Where crook-necks are coiling and vellow fruit

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West.

From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest.

When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board

The old broken links of affection restored.

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more.

And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled

What moistens the lip and what brightens the

What calls back the past, like the rich numpkinpie ?

C, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling; When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling !

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin, Glaring out through the dark with a candle within !

When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune.

Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon, Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present ! - none sweeter or hetter

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter! Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine. Brighter eves never watched o'er its baking, than thine !

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express.

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below. And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie! JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation, And dew-drops on her lonely alters sprinkle As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye, And the sun of September melts down on his vines. Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy Incense on high.

> Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty The floor of Nature's temple tessellate, What numerous emblems of instructive duty Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air, Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and col-

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand, But to that fane, most catholic and solemn, Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder, Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;

Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder, Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers I are living preachers.

Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book, Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a
crime."

O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread
hall.

What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;

Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,

From every source your sanction bids me treasure Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish
scope?

Each fading calyx a memento mori, Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun:
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.

BETROTHED ANEW.

THE sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The Earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky Spring.

The golden nurslings of the May In splendor strew the spangled green, And hues of tender beauty play, Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow; What lustres on the meadows lie! And hark! the songsters come and go, And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled, Or borne afar our blissful youth? Such joys are all about us spread; We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove Sing every carol that they sung When first our veins were rich with love, And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife,
And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain When autumn winds forebode decay? The days of love are born again; That fabled time is far away!



A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

For days the peaks were hoods of cloud,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the Summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud,—
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day, As though September, having blown A blast of tempest, now had thrown A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to spring our fancies flew, And, careless of the course of time, The bloomy days began anew. Then, as a happy dream comes true, Or, as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbelieved —
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers.
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,
And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved,
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring
The vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring
Did come again, in search of thee?

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.



THE JOYS OF THE ROAD.

TO R. H.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:

A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees; A vagrant's morning wide and blue, In early fall, when the wind walks, too; A shadowy highway cool and brown, Alluring up and enticing down From rippled water to dappled swamp, The outward eye, the quiet will, From purple glory to scarlet pomp; And the striding heart from hill to hill; The tempter apple over the fence; The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince; The palish asters along the wood,—A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—
Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;
The resonant, far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;
The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;
(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea, And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me; A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword, And a jug of cider on the board; An idle noon, a bubbling spring, The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry; A comrade neither glum nor merry, Asking nothing, revealing naught, But minting his words from a fund of thought, A keeper of silence eloquent, Needy, yet royally well content, Of the mettled breed, vet abhorring strife. And full of the mellow juice of life, A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid, Never too bold and never afraid, Never heart-whole, never heart-sick (These are the things I worship in Dick). No fidget and no reformer, just A calm observer of ought and must, A lover of books, but a reader of man, No cynic and no charlatan, Who never defers and never demands. But, smiling, takes the world in his hands .-Seeing it good as when God first saw And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And oh the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,
By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,
Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,
A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;
(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun, and the wind and
the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon:
The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;
With only another league to wend,
And two brown arms at the journey's end:

These are the joys of the open road— For him who travels without a load.

BLISS CARMAN.

And never seemed the land so fair As now, nor birds such notes to sing, Since first within your shining hair I wove the blossoms of the spring.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire? Whose modest form, so delicately fine, Was nursed in whirling storms And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's swav.

And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight, Thee on this bank he threw To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the year. Serene, thou openest to the nipping cale, Unnoticed and alone, Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms Of chill adversity: in some lone walk Of life she rears her head, Obscure and unobserved:

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows Chastens her spotless purity of breast,

And hardens her to bear Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes, I found the fresh rhodora in the woods, Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, To please the desert and the sluggish brook : The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters with their beauty gay, -Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array. Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky, Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing. Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose! I never thought to ask: I never knew, But in my simple ignorance suppose The self-same Power that brought me there brought

you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honor! You doe bring In the Spring. And wait upon her.

She has virgins many. Fresh and faire: Yet you are More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden Posies. And, so grac't, To be plac't Fore damask roses

Yet though thus respected, By and by Ye doe lie. Poore girles! neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet! Thine odor, like a key, Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow Blows through that open door The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low, And sadder than of vore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place, And that beloved hour. When life hung ripening in love's golden grace, Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass: The lark sings o'er my head, Drowned in the sky - O, pass, ye visions, pass! I would that I were dead !-

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door, From which I ever flee? O vanished joy! O love, that art no more, Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet! thy odor through my brain Hath searched, and stung to grief This sunny day, as if a curse did stain Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

THE DAISY.

FROM THE "LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN."

OF all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our town;
To hem I have so great affection,
As I said erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day
That I nam * up and walking in the mede,
To seene this flour ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it up riseth early by the morrow.
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
So glad am I, whan that I have the presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
And ever shall, till that mine herte die
All swere I not, of this I will not lie.

My busic gost, that thursteth alway newe, To seen this flour so yong, so fresh of hew, Constrained me, with so greedy desire, That in my herte I fele yet the fire, That made me rise ere it were day. And this was now the first morow of May, With dreadful + herte, and glad devotion For to been at the resurrection Of this floure, whan that it should unclose Againe the Sunne, that rose as redde as rose. And doune on knees anon right I me sette. And as I could, this fresh floure I grette, Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was, Upon the small, soft, swete gras, That was with floures swete embrouded all. Of such swetenesse, and such odour overall That for to speke of gomme, herbe, or tree, Comparison may not ymaked be, For it surmounteth plainly all odoures, And of rich beaute of floures. And Zephirus, and Flora gentelly, Yave to these floures soft and tenderly. Hir swote 1 breth, and made hem for to sprede, As god and goddesse of the flourie mede, In which me thoughte I might day by day, Dwellen alway, the joly month of May, Withouten slepe, withouten meat or drinke: Adoune full softly I gan to sinke, And leaning on my elbow and my side, The long day I shope me for to abide, For nothing els, and I shall nat lie, But for to looke upon the daisie, That well by reason men it call may The daisie, or els the eye of the day, The empress and floure of floures all. I pray to God that faire mote she fall, And all that loven floures for her sake.

· I am not.

CHAUCER.

† Fearful. I Sweet.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON THRNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower, Thou's met me in an evil hour, For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stom:

To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet

The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen. alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven.
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven.

He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine, — no distant date:
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE DAISY.

STAR of the mead! sweet daughter of the day, Whose opening flower invites the morning ray, From the moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold. To kiss the tears of eve, the dow-drops cold! Sweet daisy, flower of love! when birds are paired.

'T is sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared, Smiling in virgin innocence serene, Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green. The lark with sparkling eye and rustling wing Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring, And, as he prunes his plumes of russet hue, Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true. Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve, Which for the parting sunbeams seemed to grieve;

And when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,

Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again;
Nor he who sung "The daisy is so sweet!"
More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet,
When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
And dames to tourneys shone with daisies
crowned,

And fays forsook the purer fields above, To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

JOHN LEYDEN

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field In gay but quick succession shine; Race after race their honors yield, They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Inwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill, Hides in the forest, haunts the glen, Plays on the margin of the rill, Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round It shares the sweet carnation's bed; And blooms on consecrated ground In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'T is Flora's page, — in every place, In every season, fresh and fair; It opens with perennial grace, And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain, Its humble buds unheeded rise; The rose has but a summer reign; The daisy never dies!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie. In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude: And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DAFFODILS.

FAIRE daffadills, we ween to see You haste away so soone: As yet the early-rising sun Has not attained his noone. Stay, stay, Until the hastening day Has run But to the even-song; And, having prayed together, we Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay as you. We have as short a spring; As quick a growth, to neet decay. As you or anything. We die. As your hours doe, and drie Awav. Like to the summer's raine, Or as the pearles of morning's dew.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE ROSE.

Ne'er to be found againe.

FROM "HASSAN BEN KHALED."

THEN took the generous host A basket filled with roses. Every guest Cried, "Give me roses!" and he thus addressed His words to all: "He who exalts them most In song, he only shall the roses wear." Then sang a guest: "The rose's cheeks are fair; It crowns the purple bowl, and no one knows If the rose colors it, or it the rose." And sang another: "Crimson is its hue, And on its breast the morning's crystal dew Is changed to rubies." Then a third replied : "It blushes in the sun's enamored sight, As a young virgin on her wedding night, When from her face the bridegroom lifts the veil." When all had sung their songs, I, Hassan, tried. "The rose," I sang, "is either red or pale, Like maidens whom the flame of passion burns, And love or jealousy controls, by turns. Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss; Its open flowers are like the blush of bliss

On lovers' cheeks; the thorns its armor are. And in its centre shines a golden star, As on a favorite's cheek a sequin glows : -And thus the garden's favorite is the rose." The master from his open basket shook The roses on my head.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower.

Which Mary to Anna conveyed, The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower. And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet. And it seemed, to a fanciful view, To ween for the buds it had left with regret. On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned. And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas! I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part Some act by the delicate mind, Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less, Might have bloomed with its owner awhile : And the tear that is wiped with a little address, May be followed perhaps by a smile.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers, one day, Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay, -That spirit to whose charge 't is given To bathe young buds in dews of heaven. Awaking from his light repose. The angel whispered to the rose: "O fondest object of my care, Still fairest found, where all are fair; For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee." "Then," said the rose, with deepened glow, "On me another grace bestow." The spirit paused, in silent thought, What grace was there that flower had not? 'T was but a moment, - o'er the rose A veil of moss the angel throws. And, robed in nature's simplest weed, Could there a flower that rose exceed?

From the German of KRUMMACHER.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

'T is the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No rosebud, is nigh To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew, And colored with the heaven's own blue, That openest when the quiet light Succeeds the keen and frosty night:

Thou comest not when violets lean O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen, Or columbines, in purple dressed, Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone, When woods are bare and birds are flown, And frosts and shortening days portend The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringes to the sky, Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart, May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creening, creening everywhere.

By the dusty roadside,

On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady nook,

I come creening, creening everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part, —
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come erceping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home,—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS

THE IVY GREEN.

O, A DAINTY plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;

And the mouldering dust that years have made, Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings, And a staunch old heart has he!

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings' To his friend, the huge oak-tree!

Ana slyly he traileth along the ground,

And his leaves he gently waves,

And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim death has been, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed, And nations have scattered been; But the stout old ivy shall never fade From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;

For the stateliest building man can raise Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping on where Time has been, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago.

And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood.

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men.

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home:

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill :

The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died.

The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf.

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours.

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth .
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made, All dyed with rambow light,

All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness

Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man,— to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.

THE LION'S RIDE.

THE lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide

Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.

By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close couches the grim chief;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more

The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er

With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karroo;

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste, --- what see ye? The giraffe,

Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph to quaff:

With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool

His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound, a roar, a bound, — the lion sits astride

Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?

Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;

His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.

Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,

Away, away, in wild dismay, the cameleopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!

As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;

In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast his life is fleeting:

The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the path of Israel traced. —

Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste. —

From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout from ocean.

A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture whirs on high:

Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce

And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race;

By the footprints wet with gore and sweat, their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while

With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.

On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain!

The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes his last;

The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried:—

Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts doth ride.

From the German of FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed, Strong, black, and of a noble breed, Full of fire, and full of bone, With all his line of fathers known; Fine his nose, his nostrils thin, But blown abroad by the pride within!

His mane is like a river flowing. And his eves like embers glowing In the darkness of the night. And his pace as swift as light.

Look. - how round his straining throat Grace and shifting beauty float : Sinewy strength is in his reins, And the red blood gallops through his veins: Richer, redder, never ran Through the boasting heart of man. He can trace his lineage higher Than the Bourbon dare aspire, --Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph, Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born Here, upon a red March morn. But his famous fathers dead Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred, And the last of that great line Trod like one of a race divine! And vet. - he was but friend to one Who fed him at the set of sun By some lone fountain fringed with green; With him, a roving Bedouin, He lived (none else would he obey Through all the hot Arabian day), And died untamed upon the sands Where Balkh amidst the desert stands. BRYAN W. PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright, In the forests of the night; What immortal hand or eye Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies Burned the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art. Could twist the sinews of thine heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did He, who made the Lamb, make thee! Tiger! Tiger! burning bright, In the forests of the night. What immortal hand or eve Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE

TO A MOUSE;

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOYER NOVEMBER, 1985.

Wee, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastic. O. what a panic 's in thy breastie! Thou needna start awa sae hastv. Wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murdering pattle!

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion Has broken nature's social union, An' justifies that ill opinion Which makes thee startle At me, thy poor earth-born companion. An' fellow-mortal!

I doubtna, whyles, but thou may thieve; What then? poor beastie, thou mann live! A daimen-icker * in a thrave † 'S a sma' request: I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave, And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin! Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'! An' naething now to big a new ane O' foggage green ! An' bleak December's winds ensuin'.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary winter comin' fast, An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, Till, crash! the cruel coulter past

Baith snell and keen!

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble Has cost thee mony a weary nibble ! Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald,

Out through thy cell.

To thole the winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch I cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain: The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft a-gley,

An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain, For promised joy.

* An ear of corn. 1 Hoat-troat.

† Twenty-four sheaves.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me! The present only toucheth thee: But, och! I backward cast my e'e On prospects drear: An' forward, though I canna see, I guess an' fear.

ROBERT BURNS.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green. -Say, did you give the thrilling transport way.

Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play Leaped o'er your path with animated pride, Or gazed in merry clusters by your side? Ye who can smile — to wisdom no disgrace — At the arch meaning of a kitten's face ; If spotless innocence and infant mirth Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth; In shades like these pursue your favorite joy, Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy. A few begin a short but vigorous race, And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place: Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one, From every side assembling playmates run; A thousand wilv antics mark their stay. A starting crowd, impatient of delay; Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed. Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed:" Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong, The green turf trembling as they bound along Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb. Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme, Then, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain, -A bird, a leaf, will set them off again : Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow. Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow, Their little limbs increasing efforts try; Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly. Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom; Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom ! ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair, Fold your flocks up; for the air 'Gins to thicken, and the sun Already his great course hath run. See the dew-drops, how they kiss Every little flower that is; Hanging on their velvet heads, Like a string of crystal beads. See the heavy clouds low falling And bright Hesperus down calling The dead night from underground: At whose rising, mists unsound, Damps and vapors, fly apace, And hover o'er the smiling face Of these pastures : where they come, Striking dead both bud and bloom. Therefore from such danger lock Every one his loved flock : And let your dogs lie loose without. Lest the wolf come as a scout From the mountain, and ere day, Bear a lamb or kid away : Or the crafty, thievish fox, Break upon your simple flocks. To secure yourself from these. Be not too secure in ease : So shall you good shepherds prove. And deserve your master's love. Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers And soft silence fall in numbers On your evelids. So farewell: Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

THE SONGSTERS.

FROM "THE SEASONS: SPRING."

Up springs the lark. Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn. Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts ('alls up the tuneful nations. Every copse Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads ()f the coy quiristers that lodge within, Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng Superior heard, run through the sweetest length ()f notes: when listening Philomela deigns To let them joy, and purposes, in thought Elate, to make her night excel their day. The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake: The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove; Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze Poured out profusely, silent: joined to these, Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'T is love creates their melody, and all This waste of music is the voice of love: That even to birds and beasts the tender arts Of pleasing teaches.

JAMES THOMSON.

DOMESTIC BIRDS.

FROM "THE SEASONS: SPRING."

THE careful hen

Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardor flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely checkered duck before her train
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing awan
Gives out her snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock
spreads

His every-colored glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

BIRDS.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

— Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean, Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace; In plumage, delicate and beautiful, Thick without burden, close as fishes' scales, Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze; With wings that might have had a soul within

They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment,

 Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and colors,

Here flew and perched, there swam and dived at pleasure;

Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning, Or winds and waves abroad upon the water. Some sought their food among the finny shoals, Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon With slender captives glittering in their beaks; These in recesses of steep crags constructed Their eyries inaccessible, and trained Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers: Others, more gorgeously apparelled, dwelt Among the woods, on nature's dainties feeding, Herbs, seeds, and roots; or, ever on the wing, Pursuing insects through the boundless air: In hollow trees or thickets these concealed Their exquisitely woven nests; where lay Their callow offspring, quiet as the down

On their own breasts, till from her search the

With laden bill returned, and shared the meal Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape; Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings, She felt how sweet it is to be a mother. Of these, a few, with melody untaught, Turned all the air to music within hearing, Themselves unseen; while bolder quiristers On loftiest branches strained their clarion-pipes, And made the forest echo to their screams Discordant, — yet there was no discord there, But tempered harmony; all tones combining, In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues, To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus:

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

FROM "OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING."

ONCE, Paumanok, When the snows had melted, and the Fifthmonth grass was growing,

Up this sea-shore, in some briers,
Two guests from Alabama, — two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted
with brown,

And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand.

And every day the she-bird, crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,

And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,

Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

"Shine! shine! shine! Pour down your warmth, great Sun! While we bask — we two together.

Nor ever appeared again.

"Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home.
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together."

Till, of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the
nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the sea,

And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer weather,

Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one,
the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

"Blow! blow! blow! Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore! I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me."

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scalloped

Down, almost amid the slapping waves, Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate;
He poured forth the meanings which I, of all
men. know.

"Soothe! soothe! soothe!

Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,

And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every one close,

But my love soothes not me, not me.

"Low hangs the moon — it rose late.

O, it is lagging — O, I think it is heavy with love, with love.

"O, madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,

With love - with love.

"O night! do I not see my love fluttering out there among the breakers? What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

"Loud! loud! loud!

Loud I call to you, my love!

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;

Surely you must know who is here, is here.

You must know who I am, my love!

"Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O, it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

"Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give
me my mate back again, if you only would:
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever
way I look.

"O rising stars!

Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

"O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the

"Shake out, carols!
Solitary here — the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols!

Soft! let me just murmur;

And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;

For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,

"But soft! sink low:

So faint — I must be still, be still to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not
come immediately to me.

"Hither, my love!

Here I am! Here!

With this just-sustained note I announce myself
to you;

This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

"Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind — it is not my voice;

That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray; Those are the shadows of leaves.

"O darkness! O in vain!
O, I am very sick and sorrowful."

WALT WHITMAN.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hall, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear. Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood To pull the primrose gay, Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear, And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green, Thy sky is ever clear; Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No winter in thy year!

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee! We'd make, with joyful wing, Our annual visit o'er the globe, Companions of the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice. O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, Or but a wandering voice!

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the green; And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again. O blessed bird! the earth we pare
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place;
That is fit home for thee!

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell The nest of a pigeon is builded well. In summer and winter that bird is there. Out and in with the morning air : I love to see him track the street. With his wary eye and active feet; And I often watch him as he springs, Circling the steeple with easy wings, Till across the dial his shade has passed. And the belfry edge is gained at last: 'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note, And the trembling throb in its mottled throat : There's a human look in its swelling breast. And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ; And I often stop with the fear I feel, --He runs so close to the rapid wheel. Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, -Chime of the hour, or funeral knell, -The dove in the belfry must hear it well. When the tongue swings out to the midnight

When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be A hermit in the crowd like thee! With wings to fly to wood and glen, Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men; And daily, with unwilling feet, I tread, like thee, the crowded street, But, unlike me, when day is o'er, Thou caust dismiss the world, and soar; Or, at a half-felt wish for rest, Caust smooth the feathers on thy breast, And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;

And never sad with others' sadness, And never glad with others' gladness, Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime, And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness. Blithesome and cumberless. Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea! Emblem of happiness. Blest is thy dwelling-place. -O. to abide in the desert with thee! Wild is thy lay and loud Far in the downv cloud. Love gives it energy, love gave it birth. Where, on thy dewy wing, Where art thou journeying? Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth. O'er fell aud fountain sheen. O'er moor and mountain green. O'er the red streamer that heralds the day. Over the cloudlet dim. Over the rainbow's rim.

Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven,

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee!
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower:

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it
from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavywinged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers

On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and fresh and clear thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird, What sweet thoughts are thine; I have never heard Proise of love or wine That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, Or triumphant chant. Matched with thine, would be all But an empty vaunt, -A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden went

What objects are the fountains Of thy happy strain? What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain? What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

> With thy clear, keen joyance Languor cannot be: Shadow of annovance

Never come near thee: Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, Thou of death must deem Things more true and deep Than we mortals dream, Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after, And pine for what is not: Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught; Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn Hate and pride and fear. If we were things born Not to shed a tear. I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures Of delightful sound. Better than all treasures That in books are found, Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness That thy brain must know, Such harmonious madness From my lips would flow, The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK.

FROM "CYMBELINE." ACT II, SC. 2.

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings. And Phœbus 'gins arise, His steeds to water at those springs On chaliced flowers that lies: And winking Mary-buds begin To one their golden eves : With everything that pretty bin.

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise!

SHAVESDEADE

TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky! Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound? Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground? Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will. Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond, Mount, daring warbler ! - that love-prompted strain.

Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond. Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain : Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood: A privacy of glorious light is thine. Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood Of harmony, with instinct more divine : Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam. -True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove.

The linnet, and thrush say "I love, and I love!"

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;

What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather.

And singing and loving - all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love, The green fields below him, the blue sky above, That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he, "I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE ENGLISH ROBIN.

SEE yon robin on the spray; Look ye how his tiny form Swells, as when his merry lay Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,
Specking o'er his coat with white, —
Though loud roars the chilly blast,
And the evening 's lost in night, —

Yet from out the darkness dreary Cometh still that cheerful note; Praiseful aye, and never weary, Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,
Who, when storms make others quake,
Sings of days that brighter were.

HARRISON WEIR

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow. Or beneath the orchard's shadow. Keepest up a constant rattle Joyous as my children's prattle, Welcome to the north again ! Welcome to mine ear thy strain, Welcome to mine eye the sight Of thy buff, thy black and white! Brighter plumes may greet the sun By the banks of Amazon; Sweeter tones may weave the spell Of enchanting Philomel: But the tropic bird would fail, And the English nightingale, If we should compare their worth With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue allove
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes;
Then, amid the sunlight clear,
Floating in the fragrant sir,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low, Like a full heart's overflow, Forms the prelude; but the strain Gives us no such tone again; For the wild and saucy song Leaps and skips the notes among, With such quick and sportive play, Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the spring! Thy melodies before me bring Visions of some dream-built land. Where, by constant zephyrs fanned, I might walk the livelong day. Embosomed in pernetual May. Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows: For thee a tempest never blows: But when our northern summer's o'er, By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore The wild rice lifts its airy head. And royal feasts for thee are spread. And when the winter threatens there. Thy tireless wings yet own no fear, But bear thee to more southern coasts. Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
summer, winter, fall, and spring.
THOMAS HILL.

THE O'LINCOLN FAMILY.

A FLOCK of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove:

Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love:

There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, Conquedle, —

A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle, ---

Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see, Bobolincon, ...

Down among the tickletops, hiding in the buttercups!

I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap Bobbing in the clover there, — see, see, see !"

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree, Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery;

Soon he spies the rogue affoat, curvetting in the air.

And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware!

"T is you that would a-wooing go, down among the rushes O!

But wait a week, till flowers are cheery, — wait a week, and, ere you marry,

Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!

Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait,

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little mellow;

Follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow!

Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now they rise and now they fly;

They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the middle, and wheel about, —

With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon! listen to me, Bobolincon!—

Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing,

That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover!

Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow me!

THE TELLTALE.

Once, on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along:
The air was fragrant with woodland scents;
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;

The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;

And hovering near them, "Chee, chee,

Queried the curious bobolink, Pausing and peering with sidelong head, As saucily questioning all they said;

While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,

And all glad nature rejoiced with them.
Over the odorous fields were strown
Wilting windrows of grass new-mown,

And rosy billows of clover bloom Surged in the sunshine and breathed per-

Swinging low on a slender limb, The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn, And, balancing on a blackberry-brier,

The bobolink sung with his heart on fire,—
"Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!

Do it, do it! You coward, you!

Kiss her! Kiss, kiss her! Who will see?

Only we three! we three! we three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed.

Wandered the indolent country road. The lovers followed it, listening still,

And, loitering slowly, as lovers will, Entered a low-roofed bridge that lay, Dusky and cool, in their pleasant way.

Under its arch a smooth, brown stream Silently glided, with glint and gleam, Shaded by graceful elms that spread

Their verdurous cauopy overhead, —
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.

Alders loved it, and seemed to keep Patient watch as it lay asleep, Mirroring clearly the trees and sky And the flitting form of the dragon-fly,

Save where the swift-winged swallow played In and out in the sun and shade, And darting and circling in merry chase, Dipped, and dimpled its clear dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink Followed the garrulous bobolink,

Rallying loudly, with mirthful din, The pair who lingered unseen within. And when from the friendly bridge at last Into the road beyond they passed,

Again beside them the tempter went, Keeping the thread of his argument: -"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee! I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!

I'll be sentinel - I can see

All around from this tall birch-tree!"
But ah! they noted — nor deemed it strange —
ln his rollicking chorus a trifling change:

"Do it! do it!" with might and main Warbled the telltale — "Do it again!"

ANONYMOUS.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spiuk, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine, Sure there was never a bird so fine. Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown; Fun and frolic no more he knows; Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone; Off he flies, and we sing as he goes: Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, Spink, spank, spink; When you can pipe that merry old strain, Robert of Lincoln, come back again. Chee, chee, chee.

THE HEATH-COCK.

Good morrow to thy sable beak
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy:
I see thee slyly cowering through
That wiry web of silvery dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like easements of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower, Who, peeping from her early bower, Half shows, like thee, her simple wile, Her braided hair and morning smile. The rarest things, with wayward will, Beneath the covert hide them still; The rarest things to break of day Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight I sunned me in her cheering sight; As short, I ween, the time will be That I shall parley hold with thee. Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day. The climbing herd-boy chants his lay, The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring, — Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again, — and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, — and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

R. S. S. ANDROS.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

[Addressed to two swallows that flew into the Chauncy Place Church during divine service.]

GAY, guiltless pair, What seek ye from the fields of heaven? Ye have no need of prayer; Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing

Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,

And join the choirs that sing

In you blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in you bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

"T were heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow too is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed-roof thy nest of clay,
And let my ear thy music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindustani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 't were marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,

That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wild wilderness
Thou camest o'er the sea.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go; — But who doth hear Its summer cheer As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'T is all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care;
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flowers:

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare, And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare, A stain to human sense in sin that lowers. What soul can be so sick which by thy songs (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs, And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven? Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise To airs of spheres, — yes, and to angels' lays.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side,
Culling the lemons pale:
Thither, — yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
"T is for her lover all:
Thither, — yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale:
Thither, — yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

From the Portuguese of GIL VICENTE.
Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he, — a winged and wandering
sound;

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre,
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue

O charming creature rare!
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song, — thy breast
Thrills for one month o' the year, — is tranquil

Thee wondrous we may call, —
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud

R Hote.
From the Dutch of MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark, — what pain!
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, — after many years, in distant lands, —
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, Old-World
pain, —

Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold, Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost, thou again peruse,

With hot cheeks and seared eyes, The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?

Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive! the feathery change
Once more; and once more make resound,
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?
Listen, Eugenia,—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!

Again — thou hearest! Eternal passion! Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day. In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade Which a grove of myrtles made. Beasts did leap, and birds did sing, Trees did grow, and plants did spring; Everything did banish moan. Save the nightingale alone. She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Leaned her breast up-till a thorn: And there sung the doleful'st ditty That to hear it was great pity. Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry: Teru. teru, by and by; That, to hear her so complain, Scarce I could from tears refrain ; For her griefs, so lively shown, Made me think upon mine own. Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain; None takes pity on thy pain: Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee : Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee : King Pandion, he is dead ; All thy friends are lapped in lead : All thy fellow-birds do sing, Careless of thy sorrowing ! Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled. Thou and I were both beguiled. Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery. Words are easy, like the wind; Faithful friends are hard to find. Every man will be thy friend Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend: But, if stores of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call; And, with such-like flattering, "Pity but he were a king." If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice: 4 But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown: They that fawned on him before. Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need; If thou sorrow, he will weep, If thou wake, he cannot sleep .. Thus, of every grief in heart, He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

THE PELICAN.

TROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

AT early dawn I marked them in the sky. Catching the morning colors on their plumes : --Not in voluntuous pastime revelling there. Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise. Whence issued forth the angel of the sun. And gladdened nature with returning day: - Eager for food, their searching eyes they fixed On ocean's unrolled volume, from a height That brought immensity within their scope ; Yet with such power of vision looked they down. As though they watched the shell-fish slowly gliding

O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral. On indefatigable wing upheld, Breath, pulse, existence, seemed suspended in them:

They were as pictures painted on the sky: Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot, Like meteors changed from stars to gleams of lightning.

And struck upon the deep, where, in wild play, Their quarry floundered, unsuspecting harm: With terrible voracity, they plunged Their heads among the affrighted shoals, and bent A tempest on the surges with their wings. Till flashing clouds of foam and spray concealed

Nimbly they seized and secreted their prey, Alive and wriggling in the elastic net, Which Nature hung beneath their grasping beaks. Till, swollen with captures, the unwieldy burden Clogged their slow flight, as heavily to land These mighty hunters of the deep returned. There on the cragged cliffs they perched at case. Gorging their hapless victims one by one ; Then, full and weary, side by side they slept, Till evening roused them to the chase again.

Love found that lonely couple on their isle, And soon surrounded them with blithe compan-

The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed A nest of reeds among the giant-grass, That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil. There, in sweet thraldom, yet unweening why, The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs, Long ere she found the curious secret out, That life was hatching in their brittle shells. Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey, Tamed by the kindly process, she became That gentlest of all living things, - a mother; Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young, Fiercest when stirred by anger to defend them.

Her mate himself the softening power confessed, Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite, And ranged the sky and fished the stream for her. Or, when o'erwearied Nature forced her off To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze, And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood, He took her place, and felt through every nerve, While the plump nestlings throbbed against his heart.

The tenderness that makes the vulture mild; Yea, half unwillingly his post resigned, When, homesick with the absence of an hour, She hurried back, and drove him from her seat With pecking bill and cry of fond distress, Answered by him with murmurs of delight, Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own

Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave, White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding. Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed; And, while beneath the comfort of her wings. Her crowded progeny quite filled the nest, The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind Is breathless, and the sea without a curl. Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days, Or nights more beautiful with silent stars, Than in that hour, the mother pelican, When the warm tumults of affection sunk Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were, -Dreams more delicious than reality. He sentinel beside her stood, and watched With jealous eye the raven in the clouds, And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs. Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh! The snap of his tremendous bill was like Death's scythe, down-cutting everything it struck.

The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peeped Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers, But paid the instant forfeit of his life; Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude ('apture, when gliding by, nor in defence Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

Erelong the thriving brood outgrew their cradle,

Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools; No sooner denizens of earth than made Free both of air and water; day by day, New lessons, exercises, and amusements Employed the old to teach, the young to learn. Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them; The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering, Their cygnets following through the foamy wake, Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects, Or catching at the bubbles as they broke: Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows, With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,

The well-taught scholars plied their double att,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurried with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half swimming and
half flying.

But when their pens grew strong to fight the storm.

And buffet with the breakers on the reef. The parents put them to severer proof: On beetling rocks the little ones were marshalled; There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged To try the void convexity of heaven. And plough the ocean's horizontal field. Timorous at first they fluttered round the verge. Balanced and furled their hesitating wings. Then put them forth again with steadier aim : Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames With buoyancy that bore them from their feet, They yielded all their burden to the breeze. And sailed and soared where er their guardians led; Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting, They searched the deep in quest of nobler game Than yet their inexperience had encountered; With these they battled in that element, Where wings or fins were equally at home, Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife, They dragged their spoils to land, and gorged at leisure.

TAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, --The desert and illimitable air, --Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone, Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO A BIRD

THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being
school

To patience, which all evil can allay.

God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:

He who has not enough for these to spare,
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair,
Nature is always wis in every part.

EDWARD HOVEL, LORD THURLOW.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpaper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky:
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood-fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?
CELIA THAXTER.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
Why with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With motion and with roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells,—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit nevermore.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea, —
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains, —
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! — up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home, —
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! — o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the swordfish sleep, —

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale — in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters, — so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BRYAN W. PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

LINES TO THE STORMY PETREL.

THE lark sings for joy in her own loved land, In the furrowed field, by the breezes fanned; And so revel we In the furrowed sea, As joyous and glad as the lark can be.

On the placid breast of the inland lake
The wild duck delights her pastime to take;
But the petrel braves
The wild ocean waves,
His wing in the foaming billow he laves.

The halcyon loves in the noontide beam
To follow his sport on the tranquil stream:
He fishes at ease
In the summer breeze,
But we go angling in stormiest seas.

No song-note have we but a piping cry,
That blends with the storm when the wind is high.
When the land-birds wail

We sport in the gale,
And merrily over the ocean we sail.

ANONYMOUS

THE EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE OWL.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,

The boldest will shrink away!

O, when the night falls, and roosts the fool,
Then, then, is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold, And loveth the wood's deep gloom; And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone

cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom;
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;

But when her heart heareth his flapping wings, She hoots out her welcome shrill!

O, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl, Then, then, is the joy of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So, when the night fulls, and dogs do howl,

So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl, Sing, ho I for the reign of the horned owl ! We know not alway

Who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!
BEVAN W. PROCTER (Barry Cornwall)

TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

BURLY, dozing humblebee! Where thou art is clime for me; Let them sail for Porto Rique, Far-off heats through seas to seek, I will follow thee alone, Thou animated torrid zone! Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer, Let me chase thy waving lines; Keep me nearer, me thy hearer, Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,
All without is martyrdom.

When the south-wind, in May days, With a net of shining haze Silvers the horizon wall; And, with softness touching all, Tints the human countenance With the color of romance; And infusing subtle heats Turns the sod to violets, — Thou in sunny solitudes, Rover of the underwoods, The green silence dost displace With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone, Sweet to me thy drowsy tone Tells of countless sunny hours, Long days, and solid banks of flowers; Of gulfs of sweetness without bound, In Indian wildernesses found; Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure, Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt annong:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A SOLILOQUY:

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! ever blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song!
Wretched poet! ever curst
With a life of lives the worst,
Sad despondence, restless fears,
Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer thou Warblest on the verdant bough, Meditating cheerful play, Mindless of the piercing ray; Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I Ever ween and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will, Ready Nature waits thee still; Balmy wines to thee she pours, Weeping through the dewy flowers, Rich as those by Hebe given To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet, alas, we both agree.
Miserable thou like me!
Each, alike, in youth rehearses
Gentle strains and tender verses;
Ever wandering far from home,
Mindless of the days to come
(Such as aged Winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings),
Both alike at last we die;
Thou art starved, and so am I!

WALTER HARTE,

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee!
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.

Thou dost drink and dance and sing. Happier than the happiest king! All the fields which thou dost see. All the plants belong to thee : All the summer hours produce. Fertile made with early juice. Man for thee does sow and plough. Farmer he, and landlord thou! Thou dost innocently joy. Nor does thy luxury destroy. The shepherd gladly heareth thee, More harmonious than he. Thee country hinds with gladness hear. Prophet of the ripened year! Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire; Phœbus is himself thy sire. To thee, of all things upon earth. Life is no longer than thy mirth. Happy insect! happy thou Dost neither age nor winter know: But when thou 'st drunk and danced and sung Thy fill, the flowery leaves among, (Voluptuous and wise withal. Epicurean animal!) Sated with thy summer feast. Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

From the Greek of ANACREON, Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's, — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
(In a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there
shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever, And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost, The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June, —
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong, One to the fields, the other to the hearth, Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong

At your clear hearts; and both seem given to

To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, — In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth, Chirping on my kitchen hearth, Wheresoe'er be thine abode Always harbinger of good, Pay me for thy warm retreat With a song more soft and sweet; In return thou shalt receive Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed, Inoffensive, welcome guest! While the rat is on the scout, And the mouse with curious snout, With what vermin else infest Every dish, and spoil the best; Frisking thus before the fire, Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,—
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing then — and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.
WILLIAM COWPER.

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —
Old gentlefolks are they, —
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?

O, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do!
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze an' lace;
Though, faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep and sprawl and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations:
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight; Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right Till ye've got on it, The very tapmost tow'ring height O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth; right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as ony grozet;
Of for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum!
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On 's wyliccoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fie!
How daur ye do't!

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad leu'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SNAILS.

YE little snails,
With slippery tails,
Who noiselessly travel
Along this gravel,
By a silvery path of slime unsightly,
I learn that you visit my pea-rows nightly.
Felonious your visit, I guess!
And I give you this warning,
That, every morning,
I'll strictly examine the pods;
And if one I hit on,
With slaver or spit on,
Your next meal will be with the gods.

I own you're a very ancient race,
And Greece and Babylon were amid;
You have tenanted many a royal dome,
And dwelt in the oldest pyramid;
The source of the Nile!—O, you have been there!
In the ark was your floodless bed;
On the moonless night of Marathon
You crawled o'er the mighty dead;
But still, though I reverence your ancestries,
I don't see why you should nibble my peas.
The meadows are yours,—the hedgerow and

brook,
You may bathe in their dews at morn;
By the aged sea you may sound your shells,
On the mountains erect your horn;
The fruits and the flowers are your rightful dowers,
Then why — in the name of wonder —
Should my six pea-rows be the only cause
To excite your midnight plunder?

I have never disturbed your slender shells;
You have hung round my aged walk;
And each might have sat, till he died in his fat,
Beneath his own cabbage-stalk:
But now you must fly from the soil of your sires;
Then put on your liveliest crawl,

And think of your poor little snails at home, Now orphans or emigrants all.

Utensils domestic and civil and social I give you an evening to pack up; But if the moon of this night does not rise on

your flight,
To-morrow I 'll hang each man Jack up.
You'll think of my peas and your thievish

With tears of slime, when crossing the Styx.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose.

Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He 's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam, —

CHARLES LAMB.

TO A MOSQUITO.

Knock when you will, - he's sure to be at

home.

FAIR insect, that, with thread-like legs spread out.

And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,
And tall'st how little our leave wing should

And tell'st how little our large veins should bleed.

Would we but yield them freely in thy need;

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth;
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, broad and
green,

The offspring of the gods, though born on earth.

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway, —
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks
kissed

By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist!

And, fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin-Bloomed the bright blood through the transpurent skin.

O, these were sights to touch an anchorite!—
What, do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain:
Thou art a wayward being,—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer! "Rouge makes thee sick.

And China bloom at best is sorry food;
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for
blood"?

Go, 't was a just reward that met thy crime, — But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such.
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired.

Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou 'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

And thin will be the banquet drawn from me. Look round, — the pale-eyed sisters, in my cell, Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman: and suck the blood Enriched with generous wine and costly meat; In well-filled skins, soft as thy native mud,

Fix thy light pump, and raise thy freckled feet. Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls, The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee; and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose,
Shall tempt thee as thou flittest round the
brow:

And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings, No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PAN IN LOVE.

NAY! if you will not sit upon my knee, Lie on that bank, and listen while I play A sylvan song upon these reedy pipes. In the full moonrise as I lay last night Under the alders on Peneus' banks, Dabbling my hoofs in the cool stream that welled Wine-dark with gleamy ripples round their roots, I made the song the while I shaped the pipes. 'T is all of you and love, as you shall hear. The drooping lilies, as I sang it, heaved Upon their broad green leaves, and underneath, Swift silvery fishes, poised on quivering fins, Hung motionless to listen; in the grass The crickets ceased to shrill their tiny bells: And even the nightingale, that all the eve, Hid in the grove's deep green, had throbbed and

Paused in his strain of love to list to mine.
Bacchus is handsome, but such songs as this
He cannot shape, and better loves the clash
Of brazen cymbals than my reedy pipes.
Fair as he is without, he's coarse within, —
Gross in his nature, loving noise and wine,
And, tipsy, half the time goes reeling round
Leaning on old Silenus shoulders fat.
But I have scores of songs that no one knows,
Not even Apollo, no, nor Mercury, —
Their strings can never sing like my sweet
pipes. —

Some, that will make fierce tigers rub their fur Against the oak-trunks for delight, or stretch Their plump sides for my pillow on the sward. Some, that will make the satyrs' clattering hoofs Leap when they hear, and from their noonday dreams

Start up to stamp a wild and frolic dance
In the green shadows. Ay! and better songs,
Made for the delicate nice ears of nymphs,
Which while I sing my pipes shall imitate
The droning bass of honey-seeking bees,
The tinkling tenor of clear pebbly streams,
The breezy alto of the alder's sighs,
And all the airy sounds that lull the grove
When noon falls fast asleep among the hills.
Nor only these, — for I can pipe to you
Songs that will make the slippery vipers pause,
And stay the stags to gaze with their great eyes;
Such songs — and you shall hear them if you
will —

That Bacchus' self would give his hide to hear. If you 'll but love me every day, I 'll bring The coyest flowers, such as you never saw, To deck you with. I know their secret nooks, — They cannot hide themselves away from Pan. And you shall have rare garlands; and your bed Of fragrant mosses shall be sprinkled o'er

With violets like your eyes, — just for a kiss. Love me, and you shall do whate'er you like, And shall be tended wheresoe'er you go, And not a beast shall hurt you, — not a toad But at your bidding give his jewel up. The speckled shining snakes shall never sting, But twist like bracelets round your rosy arms, And keep your bosom cool in the hot noon. You shall have berries ripe of every kind, And luscious peaches, and wild nectarines, And sun-flecked apricots, and honeyed dates, And wine from bee-stung grapes, drunk with the

(Such wine as Bacchus never tasted yet).

And not a poisonous plant shall have the power
To tetter your white flesh, if you 'll love Pan.

And then I 'll tell you tales that no one knows;
Of what the pines talk in the summer nights,
When far above you hear them murmuring,
As they sway whispering to the lifting breeze;
And what the storm shrieks to the struggling

As it flies through them hurrying to the sea From mountain crags and cliffs. Or, when you're

I'll tell you tales that solemn cypresses
Have whispered to me. There's not anything
Hid in the woods and dales and dark ravines,
Shadowed in dripping caves, or by the shore,
Slipping from sight, but I can tell to you.
Plump, dull-eared Bacchus, thinking of himself,
Never can catch a syllable of this;
But with my shaggy ear against the grass
I hear the secrets hidden underground,
And know how in the inner forge of Earth,
The pulse-like hammers of creation beat.
Old Pan is ugly, rough, and rude to see,
But no one knows such secrets as old Pan.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

GOD EVERYWHERE IN NATURE.

How desolate were nature, and how void Of every charm, how like a naked waste Of Africa, were not a present God Beheld employing, in its various scenes, His active might to animate and adorn! What life and beauty, when, in all that breathes, Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work! When it is viewed unfolding every bud, Each blossom tingeing, shaping every leaf, Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky, Rolling each billow, moving every wing That fans the air, and every warbling throat Heard in the tuneful woodlands! In the least As well as in the greatest of his works

Is ever manifest his presence kind;
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen
Quick to and fro within a foot of air,
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,
As in the systems of resplendent worlds,
Through time revolving in unbounded space.
His eye, while comprehending in one view
The whole creation, fixes full on me;
As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,
While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same,
His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,
And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,
Guards the poor rushlight from the blast of death.

CARLOS WILCOX.

FRAGMENTS.

GOD AND NATURE.

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.

Assembly of Fonles.

CHAUCER.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand : Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. Night Thoughts, Night ix. DR. E. YOUNG.

To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. WORDSWORTH.

The course of nature is the art of God.

Night Thoughts, Night ix. Dr. E. Young.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

The Cock and Fax.

DRYDEN.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

The Seasons: Spring.

THOMSON.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Essay on Man. Epistle I. POPE.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

The Fate of the Butterfy.

SPENSER.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.

Essay on Man. Epsite 1. POPE.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Ode: On the Pleasure arraing from Vicassitude.
T. GRAY

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Essay on Man. Episte 1.

POPE.

COUNTRY LIEE.

But on and up, where Nature's heart

Beats strong amid the hills.

Tragedy of the Lac de Ganhe.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.

Odyssey, Book xiv. Translation of POPE. HOMER.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny: You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace.

The Castle of Indolence, Caut. ii.

THOMSON.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,

Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.

Politics and Poetics.

LEIGH HUNT.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like Is, Act ii. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

The Old Cumberland Beggar. WORDSWORTH.

FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
Timen of Athens, Activ. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIGHT AND THE SKY.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day; Light will repay The wrongs of night;

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Emblems, Book i. F. QUARLES

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.

Hamlet, Acti. Sc. 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Night wanes. - the vapors round the mountains curled

Melt into morn, and light awakes the world. RVPON

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed, And yet anon repairs his drooping head, And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. Lveidas

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day Rejoicing in the east.

The Seasons : Summer.

THOMSON.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Clothing the palpable and familiar With golden exhalations of the dawn. The Death of Wallenstein, Act i. Sc. I. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," As some one somewhere sings about the sky. Don Juan, Cant. iv. RVRON.

The soft blue sky did never melt Into his heart : he never felt The witchery of the soft blue sky! Peter Bell. WORDSWORTH.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. WORDSWORTH.

By day or star light thus from my first dawn Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me The passions that build up our human soul. WORDSWORTH. The Excursion: The Prelude.

MORNING.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near. And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Fled Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night. Paradise Lost, Book iv. MILTON.

Till morning fair Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray. Paradise Regained, Book iv. MILTON.

Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand Unbarred the gates of light. Paradise Lost, Book vi. MILTON.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn. Lycidas. MILTON. The sun had long since in the lap Of Thetis taken out his nap. And, like a lobster boiled, the morn From black to red began to turn.

Hudibras, Part II. Cant. ii. DR. S. BUTLER

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime Advancing, sowed the earth with orient nearl. When Adam waked, so customed, for his sleen Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred. Paradise Lost, Book v. MILTON.

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie. Canterbury Tales: The Knightes Tale. CHAUCER.

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews. The Seasons : Summer. THOMSON

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun, When first on this delightful land he spreads His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower. Glistering with dew.

Paradise Lost, Book iv.

MILTON.

No tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears. Sunrise on the Hulls. LONGFELLOW.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes. Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was.very Heaven! The Prelude, Book xi. WORDSWORTH.

EVENING.

Behold him setting in his western skies, The shadows lengthening as the vapors rise. Absalom and Achitophel, Part I.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ; Nature in silence bid the world repose.

The Hermit. T. PARNELL. .

Parting day Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues With a new color as it gasps away, The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone — and all is gray. Childe Harold, Cant. iv.

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night. As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight. The Day 25 Done.

LONGFELLOW.

BYRON.

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows That for oblivion take their daily birth From all the fuming vanities of earth.

Sky-Prospect from the Plain of France. WORDSWORTH.

Sweet the coming on Of grateful evening mild; then silent night With this her solemn bird and this fair moon, And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

Paradise Lost, Book iv. MILTON.

The star that bids the shepherd fold.

MILTON

SOUTHEY.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun, —
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

Advice to a Lady in Autumn. Chesterfield.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.

Parsina.

BYRON

Now spurs the lated traveller apace, To gain the timely inn.

Macbeth, Act iii. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,

Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it? T is the felt presence of the Deity.

Thalaba.

By night an atheist half believes a God.

Night Thoughts, Night v. Dr. E. Young.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne, In rayless majesty, now stretches forth Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. Night Thoughts, Nighti. DR. E. YOUNG

All is gentle; naught stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night, Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.

Degreef Venice.

BYRON.

In the dead vast and middle of the night.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2. Shakespeare

T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself
breathes out
Contagion to this world.

Contagion to tims w

SHAKESPEARE

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. L.

SHAKESPEARL

THE MOON.

There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And east a gleam over this tufted grove.

Comus. MILTON.

The dews of summer nights did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cunnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Cunnor Hall
W. J. MICKLE.

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.

Paradise Lost. Book 1.

MILTON.

I see them on their winding way, Above their ranks the moonbeams play.

And waving arms and banners bright
Are glancing in the mellow light.

Lines written to a March.

BISHOF HEBER.

The moon looks
On many brooks,
"The brook can see no moon but this."

While gazing on the moon's light. Moore-

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice: and thrice my peace was slain:

And thrice, ere thrice you moon had filled her horn.

Night Thoughts, Night v.

DR. E. YOUNG.

THE STARS.

That full star that ushers in the even.

Sonnet C.Y.Y.XII. SHAKESPEARE.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar, For lovers love the western star.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Cant. iii.

SCOTT.

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain This pendent world, in bigness as a star Of smallest magnitude close by the moon. Paradise Lost, Rook il.

MILTON.

An host

Innumerable as the stars of night, Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun Impearls on every leaf and every flower. MILTON.

Paradise Lost. Book v.

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Evangeline, Part I.

LONGFELLOW.

But I am constant as the northern star. Of whose true-fixed and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. CUAURODRARE. Fulius Casar, Act in Sc. 1.

Devotion! daughter of astronomy! An undevout astronomer is mad. Nicht Thoughts, Nichtix.

DR. E. YOUNG.

THE SEASONS.

So issued forth the seasons of the year: First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear, In which a thousand birds had built their bowers. That sweetly sung to call forth paramours; And in his hand a javelin he did bear, And on his head (as fit for warlike stores) A gilt engraven morion he did wear, That, as some did him love, so others did him fear

Faërse Queene, Book vil.

SPENSKR.

The stormy March has come at last, With winds and clouds and changing skies: I hear the rushing of the blast

That through the snowy valley flies. March. W. C. BRYANT

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. Sonne XCVIII. SHAKESPEARE.

O, how this spring of love resembleth The uncertain glory of an April day! The Tempest, Act .. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

As it fell upon a day In the merry month of May. The Passionale Pilgrim.

SHAKESPEARE.

For May wol have no slogardie a-night. The seson priketh every gentil herte. And maketh him out of his slope to sterte. Canterbury Tales: The Knightes Tale. CHAUCER. In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Lines written in Early Spring.

WORDSWURZU

Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal Mildness ! come The Seasons . Spring.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight In a thin silken cassock colored green. That was unlined, all to be more light. And on his head a garland well beseene. Faerre Queene, Book vii. SPENSER.

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn. A Christmas Carol. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Still as night

Or summer's noontide air. Paradise Lost, Book ii.

MILTON

This bud of lovely Summer's ripening breath. May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Romeo and Fullet, Act ii. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Then came the Autumne, all in vellow clad. As though he joyed in his plenteous store. Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad That he had banished hunger, which to-fore Had by the belly oft him pinched sore : Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold With ears of corne of every sort, he bore. And in his hand a sickle he did holde. To reape the ripened fruit the which the earth had vold.

Faërie Queene, Book vii.

CHRNCLD

Autumn nodding o'er the vellow plain. The Seasons: Autumn. THOMSON.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hav Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor. Richard III. (Altered), Act v. Sc. 3. COLLEY CIBBER.

Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize, Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill; Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze. And the dull drops that from his purple bill As from a limbeck did adown distill; In his right hand a tipped staff he held With which his feeble steps he stayed still. For he was faint with cold and weak with eld. That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld. Faerie Queene, Book vii. SPENSED

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year.

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st, And dreaded as thon art!

The Task: Winter Evening

COWPER.

Chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Coriolanus, Act v. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose, No sound of hammer or of saw was there. Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts Were soon conjoined.

The Task: Winter Morning Walk.

COWPER.

Sounds of NATURE.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds, Exhilarate the spirit, and restore The tone of languid nature.

The Task: The Sofa.

COWPER.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain, Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain; Peal upon peal, redoubling all around, Shakes it again and faster to the ground.

In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.

A Life Drama.

A. SMITH.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented.
Bislam Paters, Scond Series, No. x. I. R. LOWELL.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides, .

Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered, He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones, Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act il. Sc. 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

The Princess, Cant. vii.

TENNYSON.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Over the hills and far away.

The Beggar's Opera, Act L. Sc. 1.

J. GAY.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice.

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.
WORDSWORTH.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seedtime and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the Alps — that mighty chain
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth —
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and forever!

ROGLES.

Mont Blane is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Manfred Act is So. 1.

BYRON.

I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me; and to me High mountains are a feeling, but the hum Of human cities torture.

Childe Harold, Cant. iii.

BYRON.

WATER.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
grave.

The Minstrel, Book ii.

Contemplations.

I. BEATTIE.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

The Story of Runtini.
L. Hunt.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sat I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I, that once loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I
dwell.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
Yarrow Unrasited.
WORDSWORTE.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,

As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

Meanurphysis, Book xv. Translation of DRYDEN. OVID.

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same!

The Excursion, Book ix.

WORDSWORTH.

Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still.
Lay of the Last Mustrel. Cant. iv.

SCOTT.

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!

Gertrude, Part III.

T. CAMPBELL.

RAIN AND STORM.

The lowering element Scowls o'er the darkened landscape. Paradize Lost, Book ii.

MILTON.

The hooded clouds, like friars, Tell their beads in drops of rain.

Midnight Mass.

LONGERLLOW.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain, And drinks and gapes for drink again; The plants suck in the earth, and are With constant drinking fresh and fair.

Anacreontiques.

A. COWLEY.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
Twelfth Night. Act v. Sc. 1. Shakespeare.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides.
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend
you

From seasons such as these?

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPRARE.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.
The Seasons: Summer.
TROMSON.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part;
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
70 the Rainbow.
T. CAMPBELL.

TREES. .

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

The Tables Turned.

WORDSWORTH.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

Hydrigm. Rook 1.

KEATS.

A brotherhood of venerable Trees.

Sonnet composed at - Castle.

WORDSWORTH.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades High overarched imbower.

Paradise Lost, Book L

MILTON.

But 'neath you crimson tree, Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame, Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,

Her blush of maiden shame.

A.tumn Woods.

Lycidas.

W. C. BRYANT.

FLOWERS.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd, No arborett with painted blossoms drest And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

Faërie Queene, Book ii. Cant. vl.

SPENSER.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks; Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes, That on the green turf suck the honied showers, And purple all the ground with vernal flowers. Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet, The glowing violet,

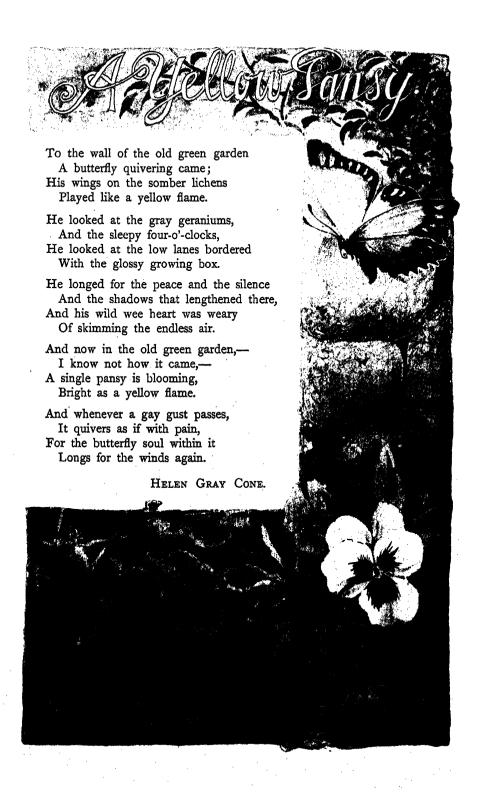
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine, With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Figures:
Longellow.

And every flower that sad embroidery wears.

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; The same dew, which sometimes on the buds Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flow'reta' eyes, Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. Midsummer Night's Draum, daiv. Sc. 2. Shakespeare.





TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black, In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard, Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

With litt! here to do or see Of things that in the great world be. Sweet daisy! oft I talk to thee.

For thou art worthy. Thou unassuming commonplace Of nature, with that homely face. And yet with something of a grace

Which love makes for thee!

To the Days.

WORDSWORTH.

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour Have passed away : less happy than the one That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove

The tender charm of poetry and love. Poems composed in the Summer of 1823. WORDSWORTH.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought, When such are wanted.

To the Days v.

WORDSWORTH.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold. First pledge of blithesome May,

Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold, High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they An El Dorado in the grass have found.

Which not the rich earth's ample round May match in wealth - thou art more dear to me Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be. I. R. LOWELL. To the Dandelion.

O Proserpina!

For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall From Dis's wagon! daffodils, That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarried ere they can behold Bright Phobus in his strength -

bold oxlips, and The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds. The Wanter's Tale, Act iv. Sc. 3. Shakespeare.

A primrose by a river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more. Peter Bell.

WORDSWORTH.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows: Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

Mutsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Desert caves, With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown. Lycidas.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember :- and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Hamlet, Act IV Sc. s.

SUATESPEAD!

Gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head. Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. 2.

CUAUCODADE.

But earthlier happy is the rose distilled, Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn, Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. Sc 1. SHAKESPEARE

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose. With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.

King Henry VI., Part II. Act i. Sc.1.

CUATECDEADU

The Frenchman's darling.* The Task: Winter Evening.

COWPER.

And 't is my faith that every flower Enjoys the air it breathes.

Lines written in Early Spring.

Pairing Time Anticipated.

WORDSWORTH.

ANIMATE NATURE.

I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau If birds confabulate or no. 'T is clear that they were always able To hold discourse - at least in fable.

COWPER.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed. I. HURDIS. The Village Curate.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren. Since o'er shady groves they hover, And with leaves and flowers do cover The friendless bodies of unburied men. The Il'hite Devil, Act v. Sc. a. I. WRESTER.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail? O, 't is the ravished nightingale -Jug, jug, jug, jug -tereu - she cries, And still her woes at midnight rise. Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear? None but the lark so shrill and clear, Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings, The morn not waking till she sings. Hark, hark! but what a pretty note, Poor Robin-redbreast tunes his throat; Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing "Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring. Alexander and Campaspe, Act v. Sc. 1. JOHN LYLY

* Bartlett says, " It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the Mignonette."

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day.

Portend success in love.

MILTON

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection.

Merchant of Venice, Act v. S. I. SHAKESPEARE.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum.

Postry, a Rhapsody.

SWIFT.

A harmless necessary cat.

Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1.

SHAURGDEADE

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Essay on Man. Essa & I.

A poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and the big round tens

. . . . and the big round tears Coursed one another down his innocent now In piteous chase.

As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPIARE.

MILTON

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood

Essay on Man. Epistle I. Pople.

Now half appeared
The tawny lion,* pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from
bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane.

Paradise Lost, Book vii.

* See Mr. Bryant's Introduction, page 32.



POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.



ore his eyes; his work is done. There is from his work is done. Lay him low, 'lay him low I the cloves on the Snow! a of morn or set of burn, What cares he? Henrel of min, Lay hi

POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.

WAR.

WAR FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE. FROM "BRITANNIA."

O'FIRST of human blessings, and supreme! Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou! By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men Like brothers live, in amity combined And unsuspicious faith: while honest toil Gives every joy, and to those joys a right Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps. Pure is thy reign.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee ?

What painful patience? What incessant care? What mixed anxiety? What sleepless toil? E'en from the rash protected, what reproach? For he thy value knows; thy friendship he To human nature: but the better thou, The richer of delight, sometimes the more Inevitable WAR, - when ruffian force Awakes the fury of an injured state. E'en the good patient man whom reason rules. Roused by bold insult and injurious rage. With sharp and sudden check the astonished sons Of violence confounds; firm as his cause His bolder heart; in awful justice clad: His eyes effulging a peculiar fire : And, as he charges through the prostrate war. His keen arm teaches faithless men no more To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

Then ardent rise! O, great in vengeance rise! O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore; And, as you ride sublimely round the world. Make every vessel stoop, make every state At once their welfare and their duty know.

JAMES THOMSON.

WAR.

AH! whence you glare, That fires the arch of heaven ! - that dark-red smoke Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched | Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

In darkness, and pure and spangling snow Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening

In countless echoes through the mountains ring, Startling pale midnight on her starry throne! Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb; The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout.

The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men Inebriate with rage; - loud, and more loud The discord grows; till pale death shuts the

And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws His cold and bloody shroud. - Of all the men Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there. In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts That beat with anxious life at sunset there. How few survive, how few are beating now! All is deep silence, like the fearful calm That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause; Save when the frantic wail of widowed love Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay

Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away, And the bright beams of frosty morning dance Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms, And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path

Of the outsallying victors; far behind, Black ashes note where their proud city stood. Within yon forest is a gloomy glen, -Each tree which guards its darkness from the dav

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight, The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade, And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore, The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean. Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround Their palaces, participate the crimes That force defends, and from a nation's rage Secure the crown, which all the curses reach That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury breathe. These are the hired bravos who defend The tyrant's throne.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.

FROM "PARADISE LOST." BOOK VL

THE ARRAY.

Now went forth the morn, Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold Empyreal; from before her vanished night, Shot through with orient beams; when all the

Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright, Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds, Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.

The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, Idol of majesty divine, enclosed With flaming cherubim, and golden shields; Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now Twixt host and host but narrow space was left, A dreadful interval, and front to front Presented stood in terrible array Of hideous length: before the cloudy van, On the rough edge of battle ere it joined, Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced, Came towering, armed in adamant and gold.

THE CONFLICT.

Michael bid sound

The archangel trumpet; through the vast of
heaven

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose, And clamor, such as heard in heaven till now Was never; arms on armor clashing brayed Horrible discord, and the madding wheels Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew, And flying vaulted either host with fire. So under flery cope together rushed Both battles main, with ruinous assault

And inextinguishable rage. All heaven Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth Had to her centre shook.

Deeds of eternal fame Were done, but infinite: for wide was spread That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing, Tormented all the air; all air seemed then Conflicting fire.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power Which God hath in his mighty angels placed!) Their arms away they threw, and to the hills (For earth hath this variety from heaven, Of pleasure situate in hill and dale), Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew.

From their foundations loosening to and fro, They plucked the seated hills, with all their load, Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze, Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host, When coming towards them so dread they saw The bottom of the mountains upward turned,

. . . . and on their heads

Main promontories flung, which in the air

Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions
armed:

Their armor helped their harm, crushed in and bruised

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain

Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighboring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! war seemed a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose.

THE VICTOR.

So spake the Son, and into terror changed His countenance too severe to be beheld, And full of wrath bent on his enemies. At once the four spread out their starry wings With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. He on his impious foes right onward drove, Gloonly as night: under his burning wheels The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,

WAR. 501

All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues: they, astonished, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields, and helms, and helmèd heads he
rode

Of thrones and mighty scraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them ruled; and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that withered all their
strength.

And of their wonted vigor left them drained, Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen. Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked

His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven; which, opening wide,
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB. FROM "HEBREW MELODIES."

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.

And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea.

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green.

That host with their banners at sunset were seen: Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,

That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and

And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail:

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

CATILINE TO THE ROMAN ARMY.

FROM "CATILINE." ACT V. SC. 2.

Sound all to arms! (A flourish of trumpets.)
Call in the captains, — (To an officer.)

I would speak with them!

(The officer goes.)

Now, Hope! away,—and welcome gallant Death!

Welcome the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell, —

Welcome the fever of the mounting blood,
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson
toil

Seem but a sport, — and welcome the cold bed, Where soldiers with their upturned faces lie, — And welcome wolf's and vulture's hungry throats, That make their sepulchres! We fight to-night.

(The soldiery enter.)

Centurions! all is ruined! I disdain
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
And now, let each that wishes for long life
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
Ye all are free to go. What! no man stirs!
Not one! a soldier's spirit in you all?
Give me your hands! (This moisture in my eyes
Is womanish, — 't will pass.) My noble hearts!
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
The grave is better than o'erburdened life;

Better the quick release of glorious wounds, Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues; Better the spear-head quivering in the heart, Than daily struggle against fortune's curse. Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood, To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge In poverty, dull pain, and base decay. Once more, I say, — are ye resolved?

(The soldiers shout, "All! All!")
Then, each man to his tent, and take the ann.
That he would love to die in, — for, this how.
We storm the Consul's camp. A last farewell

(He takes their hands.)

When next we meet, — we'll have no time to look,
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance.
Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
That shall shake Rome!
Now to your cohorts' heads; — the word s—
Revenge!

George Crolly

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry,

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour,—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride, King Henry to deride, His ransom to provide . To the king sending; Which he neglects the while, As from a nation vile, Yet, with an angry smile, Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me,
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen,
Excester had the rear,—
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did grean, —
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And, like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw, And forth their bilboes drew, And on the French they flew, Not one was tardy; Arms were from shoulders sent; Scalps to the teeth were rent; Down the French peasants went; Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruishd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden kuight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade; Oxford the foe invade, And cruel slaughter made, Still as they ran up. Suffolk his axe did ply: Beaumont and Willoughby Bare them right doughtily, Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE KING TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE HARFLEUR.

FROM "KING HENRY V.," ACT III. SC. I.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillness, and humility: But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage: Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it, As fearfully as doth a galled rock O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide; Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English.

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you called fathers, did beget

those whom you called fathers, did bege you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear

That you are worth your breeding: which I

doubt not:

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint
George!

SHAKESPEARE.

OF THE WARRES IN IRELAND.

FROM "EPIGRAMS," BOOK IV. EP. 6.

I PRAISED the speech, but cannot now abide it, That warre is sweet to those that have not try'd it; For I have proved it now and plainly see't, It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet. Athome Canaric wines and Greek grow lothsome; Here milk is nectar, water tasteth toothsome. There without baked, rost, boyl'd, it is no cheere; Bisket we like, and Bonny Clabo here. There we complaine of one wan rosted chick; Here meat worse cookt ne're makes us sick. At home in silken sparrers, beds of Down, We scant can rest, but still tosse up and down; Here we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow, A hedge the Curtaine, Canopy a Willow. There if a child but cry, O what a spite! Here we can brook three larums in one night. There homely rooms must be perfumed with Roses:

Here match and powder ne're offend our noses. There from a storm of rain we run like Pullets; Here we stand fast against a showre of bullets. Lo, then how greatly their opinions erre,
That think there is no great delight in warre;
But yet for this, sweet warre, Ile be thy debtor,
I shall forever love my home the better.

SIR TOHN HARRINGTON.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

Ir was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights, All in our dark array, And flung our armor in the ships That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less, But gazed in silence back, Where the long billows swept away The form behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed Upon the fading hill, And but one heart in all that ship Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,
And O, his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.—

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight, Sir Simon of the Lee; There is a freit lies near my soul I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day;
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay, I dreamed a dreary dream:— Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye, Snow-white his scattered hairs, And even such a cross he bore As good St. Andrew bears. "Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee Creeps through its groves of palm, The olives on the Holy Mount Stand glittering in the calm.

"But't is not there that Scotland's heart Shall rest, by God's decree,

Till the great angel calls the dead

To rise from earth and sea!

"' Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

""And it shall pass beneath the Cross, And save King Robert's vow; But other hands shall bear it back, Not, James of Douglas, thou!"

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray, Sir Simon of the Lee, — For truer friend had never man Than thou hast been to me, —

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'T is mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand, "Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James, 'T is ours once more to ride, Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend, Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed Across the weary sea, Until one morn the coast of Spain Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds you Eastern music here So wantonly and long, And whose the crowd of armed men That round you standard throng?"

- "The Moors have come from Africa
 To spoil and waste and slay,
 And King Alonzo of Castile
 Must fight with them to-day."
- "Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
 "Shall never be said of me
 That I and mine have turned aside
 From the Cross in jeopardie!
- "Have down, have down, my merry men all,— Have down unto the plain; We'll let the Scottish lion loose Within the fields of Spain!"
- "Now welcome to me, noble lord,
 Thou and thy stalwart power;
 Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
 Who comes in such an hour!
- "Is it for bond or faith you come, Or yet for golden fee? Or bring ye France's lilies here, Or the flower of Burgundie?"
- "God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
 Thee and thy belted peers, —
 Sir James of Douglas am I called,
 And these are Scottish spears.
- "We do not fight for bond or plight, Nor yet for golden fee; But for the sake of our blessed Lord, Who died upon the tree.
- "We bring our great King Robert's heart Across the weltering wave, To lay it m.the holy soil Hard by the Saviour's grave.
- "True pilgrims we, by land or sea, Where danger bars the way; And therefore are we here, Lord King, To ride with thee this day!"
- The King has bent his stately head, And the tears were in his eyne,— "God's blessing on thee, noble knight, For this brave thought of thine!
- "I know thy name full well, Lord James; And honored may I be, That those who fought beside the Bruce Should fight this day for me!
- "Take thou the leading of the van, And charge the Moors amain; There is not such a lance as thine In all the host of Spain!"

- The Douglas turned towards us then,
 O, but his glance was high!—
 "There is not one of all my men
 But is as bold as I.
- "There is not one of all my knights
 But bears as true a spear,—
 Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,
 And think King Robert's here!"
- The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
 The arrows flashed like flame,
 As spur in side, and spear in rest,
 Against the foe we came.
- And many a bearded Saracen
 Went down, both horse and man;
 For through their ranks we rode like corn,
 So furiously we ran!
- But in behind our path they closed,
 Though fain to let us through,
 For they were forty thousand men,
 And we were wondrous few.
- We might not see a lance's length, So dense was their array, But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade Still held them hard at bay.
- "Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried —
 "Make in, my brethren dear!
 Sir William of St. Clair is down;
 We may not leave him here!"
- But thicker, thicker grew the swarm, And sharper shot the rain, And the horses reared amid the press, But they would not charge again.
- "Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
 "Thou kind and true St. Clair!
 An' if I may not bring thee off,
 I'll die beside thee there!"
- Then in his stirrups up he stood, So lion-like and bold, And held the precious heart aloft, All in its case of gold.
- He finng it from him, far ahead,
 And never spake he more,
 But—"Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,
 As thou wert wont of yore!"
- The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
 And heavier still the stour,
 Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
 And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly, o'er flood and fell, —
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well!"

"O, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

"There lies, above his master's heart, The Douglas, stark and grim; And woe is me I should be here, Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old, And thin my lyart hair, And all that I loved best on earth Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright Beneath the sun of May! The heaviest cloud that ever blew Is bound for you this day.

"And Scotland! thou mayst veil thy head In sorrow and in pain The sorest stroke upon thy brow Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship, We'll bear them o'er the sea, And lay them in the hallowed earth Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King, For this I tell thee sure, The sod that drank the Douglas' blood Shall never bear the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse, He flung his brand away, And took the Douglas by the hand, So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away, And the priceless heart we bore, And heavily we steered our ship Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day,—
God grant their souls repose!
WILLIAM EDMUNDSTONE AYTOUN

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

FROM "KING HENRY IV.." PART I. ACT I. SC. L.

But I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword. Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed, Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped, Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home: He was perfumèd like a milliner; And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box which ever and anon He gave his nose, and took 't away again ; — Who, therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff: —and still he smiled and talked; And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse Betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many holiday and lady terms He questioned me; among the rest, demanded My prisoners in your majesty's behalf. I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold, To be so pestered with a popiniay. Out of my grief and my impatience, Answered neglectingly, I know not what, ---He should, or he should not; for he made me mad To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet. And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, - God save

the mark!—
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKESPEARE.

HUDIBRAS' SWORD AND DAGGER.

FROM "HUDIBRAS," PART I.

His puissant sword unto his side Near his undaunted heart was tied, With basket hilt that would hold broth, And serve for fight and dinner both. In it he melted lead for bullets To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets, To whom he bore so fell a grutch He ne'er gave quarter to any such. The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty, For want of fighting was grown rusty, And ate into itself, for lack Of somebody to hew and hack. The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt, The rancor of its edge had felt; For of the lower end two handful It had devoured, it was so manful; And so much scorned to lurk in case, As if it durst not show its face.

This sword a dagger had, his page, That was but little for his age. And therefore waited on him so As dwarfs unto knight-errants do. It was a serviceable dudgeon, Either for fighting or for drudging. When it had stabbed or broke a head. It would scrape trenchers or chip bread. Toast cheese or bacon, though it were To bait a mouse-trap 't would not care ; 'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth Set leeks and onions, and so forth: It had been 'prentice to a brewer, Where this and more it did endure : But left the trade, as many more Have lately done on the same score.

DR. SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Your horse is faint, my King, my Lord! your gallant horse is sick, —

His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;

Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!

Or in my arms I'll lift your Grace, — their trampling hoofs are nigh!

"My King, my King! you're wounded sore, —
the blood runs from your feet;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat;

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast ! - I hear their coming cry, -

Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy, — I'll save you though I die!

"Stand, noble steed! this hour of need, — be gentle as a lamb;

I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, -- thy master dear I am, -- Mount, Juan, mount; whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,

And plungs the rowels in his side. — My horse

And plunge the rowels in his side. — My horse shall save my King!

"Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,

And joyfully their blood shell environce be it

And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures:

If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead.

How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head?

"Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,

And say there's one that ran away when our good lords were slain!

I leave Diego in your care, — you'll fill his father's place;

Strike, strike the spur, and never spare, — God's blessing on your Grace!"

So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's lord was

And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;

He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill. —

the hill, —

He died, God wot! but not before his sword had

drunk its fill.

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

FLODDEN FIELD.

FROM " MARMION." CANTO VI.

[The battle was fought in September, 1513, between the forces of England and Scotland. The latter were worsted, and King James slaw with eight thousand of his men. Lord Surrey commanded the English troops.]

A MOMENT then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for deadly fray;
Their marshalled lines stretched cast and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon-mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle
That breathes the voice of modern battle,

But slow and far between. --

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed:
"Here, by this cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene;
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clave:
O, think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;

With England if the day go hard, To Berwick speed amain, — But, if we conquer, cruel maid, My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,

Nor heed the discontented look From either squire: but spurred amain, And, dashing through the battle-plain, His way to Surrey took.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still With Lady Clare upon the hill; On which (for far the day was spent) The western sunbeams now were bent. The cry they heard, its meaning knew, Could plain their distant comrades view sadly to Blount did Eustace say, "Unworthy office here to stay! No hope of gilded spurs to-day.— But, see! look up,—on Flodden bent The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—

And sudden, as he spoke, From the sharp ridges of the hill, All downward to the banks of Till

Was wreathed in sable smoke. Volumed and vast, and rolling far, The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke; Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone, Announced their march; their tread alone, At times their warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,

Until at weapon-point they close. — They close in clouds of smoke and dust, With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air:
O, life and death were in the shout,

Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,

At length the freshening western blast

Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tunult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;

Although against them come Of gallant Gordons many a one, And many a stubborn Highlandman, And many a rugged Border clan, With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'T was vain: — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!

A Home! a Gordon! was the cry: Loud were the clanging blows; Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,

The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,

When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, It wavered mid the foes. No longer Blount the view could bear:—

"By heaven and all its saints, I swear, I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; — yet stayed,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels. Left in that dreadful hour alone: Perchance her reason stoops or reels; Perchance a courage, not her own, Braces her mind to desperate tone. -The scattered van of England wheels :-She only said, as loud in air The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"-They fly, or, maddened by despair, Fight but to die, - "Is Wilton there ?" With that, straight up the hill there rode Two horsemen drenched with gore. And in their arms, a helpless load, A wounded knight they bore. His hand still strained the broken brand: His arms were smeared with blood and sand. Dragged from among the horses' feet, With dinted shield, and helmet beat, The falcon-crest and plumage gone, Can that be haughty Marmion! Young Blount his armor did unlace, And, gazing on his ghastly face, Said, - "By St. George, he's gone! That spear-wound has our master sped, -And see the deep cut on his head! Good night to Marmion." -"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge agam!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring:—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;

He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

Tunstall lies dead upon the field. His life-blood stains the spotless shield : Edmund is down ; - my life is reft ; -The Admiral alone is left. Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, -With Chester charge, and Lancashire, Full upon Scotland's central host. Or victory and England's lost. -Must I bid twice ? - hence, varlets ! flv ! Leave Marmion here alone - to die." They parted, and alone he lay: Clare drew her from the sight away. Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan. And half he murmured. — "Is there none. Of all my halls have nurst, Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring. Of blessed water from the spring, To slake my dying thirst?"

O woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made: When pain and anguish wring the brow. A ministering angel thou ! -Scarce were the piteous accents said, When, with the Baron's casque, the maid To the nigh streamlet ran : Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; The plaintive voice alone she hears. Sees but the dying man. She stooped her by the runnel's side, But in abhorrence backward drew; For, oozing from the mountain's side, Where raged the war, a dark-red tide Was curdling in the streamlet blue. Where shall she turn ! — behold her mark A little fountain cell, Where water, clear as diamond-spark, In a stone basin fell. Above, some half-worn letters say, Brink - weary - pilgrim - drink - and - pray-For the kind soul of Sybil Grey TTAho · built · this · cross · and · well · She filled the holm, and back she hied, And with surprise and joy espied A monk supporting Marmion's head ; A pious man whom duty brought To dubious verge of battle fought, To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, And, as she stooped his brow to lave,— "Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then, as remembrance rose,— "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer! I must redress her woes. Short space, few words, are mine to spare; Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—

"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!" he said,—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would snare me but a day!

Would spare me but a day! For wasting fire, and dying groan, And priests slain on the altar stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance,—
Curse on yon base marander's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear.
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,

"In the lost battle, borne down by the juying,

IV here mingles war's rattle with groans of the

dying!"

So the notes rung:—

So the notes rung:—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeener's grace divine:
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

The war. that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And — STANLEY! was the cry: —

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand above his head

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted "Victory!—

'harge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BEAL! AN DHUINE.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO VI.

THERE is no breeze upon the fern. No ripple on the lake. Upon her evrie nods the erne. The deer has sought the brake: The small birds will not sing aloud. The springing trout lies still, So darkly glooms you thunder-cloud, That swathes, as with a purple shroud. Benledi's distant hill. Is it the thunder's solemn sound That mutters deep and dread. Or echoes from the groaning ground The warrior's measured tread? ls it the lightning's quivering glance That on the thicket streams. Or do they flash on spear and lance The sun's retiring beams? I see the dagger crest of Mar, I see the Moray's silver star Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war. That up the lake comes winding far! To hero bound for battle strife, Or bard of martial lav. 'T were worth ten years of peaceful life, One glance at their array!

Their light-armed archers far and near Surveyed the tangled ground, Their centre ranks, with pike and spear, A twilight forest frowned. Their barbed horsemen, in the rear, The stern battalia crowned. No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang. Still were the pipe and drum; Save heavy tread, and armor's clang, The sullen march was dumb. There breathed no wind their crests to shake. Or wave their flags abroad; Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake, That shadowed o'er their road. Their vaward scouts no tidings bring. Can rouse no lurking foe, Nor spy a trace of living thing, Save when they stirred the roe; The host moves like a deep sea wave, Where rise no rocks its pride to brave, High swelling, dark, and slow. The lake is passed, and now they gain A narrow and a broken plain, Before the Trosach's rugged jaws ; And here the horse and spearmen pause. While, to explore the dangerous glen, Dive through the pass the archer men.



wallerfeen

At once there rose so wild a yell Within that dark and narrow dell, As all the fiends, from heaven that fell, Had pealed the banner cry of hell! Forth from the pass in tumult driven, Lake chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky.

Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;

Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood?

"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!

Bear back both friend and foe!"

Like reeds before the tempest's frown, That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
—"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their Tinchel * cows the game; They come as fleet as forest deer, We'll drive them back as tame."

Bearing before them, in their course, The relics of the archer force, Like wave with crest of sparkling foam, Right onward did Clan-Alpine come. Above the tide, each broadsword bright Was brandishing like beam of light,

Each targe was dark below; And with the ocean's mighty swing, When heaving to the tempest's wing,

They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank—

"My bannerman, advance! I see," he cried, "their columns shake. Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

Upon them with the lance!"
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;

As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.

('lan-Alpine's best are backward borne — Where, where was Roderick then? One blast upon his bugle-horn

Were worth a thousand men!

And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

WATERLOO.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD." CANTO UL

THERE was a sound of revelry by night, And Belgium's capital had gathered then Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when Music arose with its voluptuous swell, Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, And all went merry as a marriage-bell; But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? - No; 't was but the wind.

()r the car rattling o'er the stony street;
()n with the dance! let joy be unconfined!

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet, — But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more.

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening
roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear:

And when they smiled because he deemed it

His heart more truly knew that peal too well Which stretched his father on a bloody bier, And roused the vengeance blood alone could

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

A circle of sportsmen, surrounding the deer.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress.

And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness; And there were sudden partings, such as press The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess

If evermore should meet those mutual eyes Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the

The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, — "The foe! they
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills Have heard, — and heard, too, have her Saxon

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass, Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, Over the unreturning brave, — alas! Ere evening to be trodden like the grass Which now beneath them, but above shall grow In its next verdure, when this fiery mass Of living valor, rolling on the foe, And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life, Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, The midnight brought the signal sound of strife.

and low.

The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent

The earth is covered thick with other clay, Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent.

Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine:

Yet one I would select from that proud throug, Partly because they blend me with his line, And partly that I did his sire some wrong, And partly that bright names will hallow soug! And his was of the bravest, and when showered The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files

Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,

They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

along.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee

And mine were nothing, had I such to give; But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree, Which living waves where thou didst cease to live.

And saw around me the wide field revive With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring Come forth her work of gladness to contrive, With all her reckless birds upon the wing,

I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each And one as all a ghastly gap did make In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake; The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must

Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake The fever of vain longing, and the name So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:

The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mastandsail betorn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall

Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;

The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out
the sun;

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on;

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass In every fragment multiplies, and makes A thousand images of one that was The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;

And thus the heart will do which not forsakes.

Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold, And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches, Yet withers on till all without is old, Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

LORD BYRON.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight When the drum beat, at dead of night, Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger neighed, To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven, Then rushed the steed to battle driven, And louder than the bolts of heaven 'Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow On Linden's hills of stained snow, And bloodier yet the torrent flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet! The snow shall be their winding-sheet, And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Smiling, the boy fell dead.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he; I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three; "Good speed!" cried the watch as the gatebolts undrew,

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, And into the midnight we galloped abreast. Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace, -

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight, Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit.

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

"T was a moonset at starting; but while we drew

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime.——

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun, And against him the cattle stood black every one, To stare through the mist at us galloping past; And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last, With resolute shoulders, each butting away The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track:

And one eye's black intelligence, - ever that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;

And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;

We'll remember at Aix," — for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I, Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky; The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh; 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff:

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white, And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!" "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone; And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate.

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the

And with circles of red for his eve-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear, Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer. —

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground:

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine.

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good
news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS;* OR, THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.

["Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform Kotou. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, and was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body throws upon a dunghill."—China Correspondent of the London Times.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race,

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught, Bewildered, and alone,

A heart, with English instinct fraught, He yet can call his own.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb, Bring cord or axe or flame,

He only knows that not through him Shall England come to shame.

" The "Buffs" are the East Kent regiment.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!— with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring, —
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.
SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

O, THAT last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife, A fair, young, gentle thing, Wanted with fever in the siege, And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor, In the flecking of woodbine-shade, When the house-dog sprawls by the open door, And the mother's wheel is stayed. It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and , had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; — but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! O, dinna ye hear The slogan far awa? The McGregor's, — O, I ken it weel; It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; — they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo.

The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war.
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way, —
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!

And now they played Auld Lang Syne
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another s hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them, Our men put Jessie first; And the general gave her his hand, and cheers Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played Auld Lang Syne.
ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop, — that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands, —
Father, that here kissed his boy
Not a month since, — father kind,
Who this night may (never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear)
Cry out loud that He may hear
Who is God of battles, — cry,
"God keep father safe this day
By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk;
Right of nations, trampled creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work;
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sevastopol!
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, whate'er it be,
Where he stands — no other word —
Stands — God sure the child's prayers heard —
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing in the town to-day;
That's for victory. No knell swells
For the many swept away,—
Hundreds, thousands. Let us weep,
We, who need not,—just to keep
Reason clear in thought and brain
Till the morning comes again;
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and — fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is, — poor and hard;
But thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or, beneath the starry dome,

Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries — Willie, mark! —
Where he buries those who died
Fighting — fighting at his side —
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
God will help us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy;
When I need not shrink to meet
Those great placards in the street,
That for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes — child, say that prayer
Once again, — a different one, —
Say, "O God! Thy will be done
By the Alma River."

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK,

BALAKLAVA.

O THE charge at Balaklava! O that rash and fatal charge ! Never was a fiercer, braver, Than that charge at Balaklava. On the battle's bloody marge! All the day the Russian columns, Fortress huge, and blazing banks, Poured their dread destructive volumes On the French and English ranks, -On the gallant allied ranks ! -Earth and sky seemed rent asunder By the loud incessant thunder! When a strange but stern command -Needless, heedless, rash command -Came to Lucan's little band, -Scarce six hundred men and horses Of those vast contending forces : -"England's lost unless you save her! Charge the pass at Balaklava!" O that rash and fatal charge, On the battle's bloody marge! .

Far away the Russian Eagles
Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
Dense and countless, round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!
Here behold the Gallic Lilies —
Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies —
Float as erst at old Ramillies!

And beside them, lo! the Lion!
With her trophied Cross, is flying!
Glorious standards!—shall they waver
On the field of Balaklaya?

No, by Heavens! at that command —
Sudden, rash, but stern command —
C'harges Lucan's little band!
Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down you deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play,
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli.

Down that gorge they swept away! Down that new Thermopylæ, Flashing swords and helmets see! Underneath the iron shower,

To the brazen cannon's jaws, Heedless of their deadly power.

Press they without fear or pause, —

To the very cannon's jaws! Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland

At the field of Roncesvalles, Dashes down the fatal valley, Dashes on the bolt of death, Shouting with his latest breath, "Charge, then, gallants! do not waver, Charge the pass at Balaklava!"

O that rash and fatal charge, On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder Rend that little band asunder, Steed and rider wildly screaming,

Screaming wildly, sink away; Late so proudly, proudly gleaming, Now but lifeless clods of clay.

Now but bleeding clods of clay! Never, since the days of Jesus, Saw such sight the Chersonesus! Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,

Presses onward, onward, onward,
Till they storm the bloody pass, —

Till. like brave Leonidas.

They storm the deadly pass, Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli, In that wild shot-rended valley, — Drenched with fire and blood, like lava, Awful pass at Balaklava!

O that rash and fatal charge, On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces, Swarming hordes of Cossack horses, Trampling o'er the reeking corses,

Drive the thinned assailants back,

Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!
Thrice your number lie asleep,

In that valley dark and deep.

Weak and wounded you retire From that hurricane of fire, — That tempestuous storm of fire, — But no soldiers, firmer, braver,

Ever trod the field of fame, Than the Knights of Balaklava, -

Honor to each hero's name! Yet their country long shall mourn For her rank so rashly shorn, — So gallantly, but madly shorn

In that fierce and fatal charge, On the battle's bloody marge.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. "Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!" he said; Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them

Volleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well; Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell, Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,—
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.

Honor the charge they made!

Honor the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CAVALRY SONG.

FROM "ALICE OF MONMOUTH."

Our good steeds snuff the evening air, Our pulses with their purpose tingle; The foeman's fires are twinkling there; He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

Each carbine send its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all! Heaven help those whose horses fall: Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!

They fall! they spread in broken surges.

Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,

And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:

Cling! clang! backward all!

Home, and good night!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil, Wake thy wild voice anew, Summon Clan Conuil.

Gathering-song of Donald the Black.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountains so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the hord,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE TROOPER'S DEATH.

THE weary night is o'er at last!
We ride so still, we ride so fast!
We ride where Death is lying.
The morning wind doth coldly pass,
Landlord! we'll take another glass,
Ere dying.

Thou, springing grass, that art so green, Shalt soon be rosy red, I ween,
My blood the hue supplying!
I drink the first glass, sword in hand,
To him who for the Fatherland
Lies dying!

Now quickly comes the second draught. And that shall be to freedom quaffed While freedom's foes are fiving! The rest. O land, our hope and faith ! We'd drink to thee with latest breath. Though dving !

My darling ! - ah, the glass is out ! The bullets ring, the riders shout -No time for wine or sighing! There! bring my love the shattered glass -Charge ! on the foe ! no joys surpass Such dying!

From the German. Translation of R. W. RAYMOND.

SONG OF CLAN-ALPINE.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO IL.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances! Honored and blessed be the evergreen Pine! Long may the tree, in his banner that glances. Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line! Heaven send it happy dew. Earth lend it sap anew.

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow. While every Highland glen Sends our shout back again. "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade: When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain.

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade. Moored in the rifted rock.

Proof to the tempest's shock, Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow; Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin. And Bannachar's groans to our slogan replied; Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin, And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her

Widow and Saxon maid Long shall lament our raid. Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe; Lennox and Leven-glen Shake when they hear again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! 1eroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine ! O that the resebud that graces you islands Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gen. Worthy such noble stem. Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow! Loud should Clan-Alpine then Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" SIR WALTER SCOTI.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

FEAR not, O little flock! the foe Who madly seeks your overthrow, Dread not his rage and power: What though your courage sometimes faints? His seeming triumph o'er God's saints Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs To him who can avenge your wrongs. Leave it to him, our Lord. Though hidden now from all our eyes. He sees the Gideon who shall rise To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true. Not earth or hell with all their crew Against us shall prevail. A jest and by-word are they grown: God is with us, we are his own, Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer! Great ('antain, now thine arm make bare . Fight for us once again! So shall the saints and martyrs raise A mighty chorus to thy praise. World without end! Amen. From the German of MICHAEL ALTENBURG

SWORD SONG.

[Charles Theodore Körner was a young German soldier, scholar, poet, and patriot. He was born at Dresden in the autumn of 1761, poet, and patriot. He was born at Dreaden in the autuum of 1791, and fell in battle for his country at the early age of twenty-two. The "Sword Song," so called, was written in his pocket-book only two hours before he fell, during a halt in a wood previous to the engagement, and was read by him to a comrade just as the signal was given for battle. This bold song represents the soldier chiding his sword, which, under the image of his fron bride, is impatient to come forth from her chamber, the scabbard, and be wedded to him on the field of battle, where each soldier shall press the blade to his

lips.

Körner fell in an engagement with superior numbers near a thicket

He had advanced in pursuit in the neighborhood o' Rosenburg. He had advanced in pursuit of the hyling toe too far beyond his comrades. They buried him under an old oak on the site of the battle, and corved his name on the trunk.j

Sword, on my left side gleaming, What means thy bright eye's beaming? It makes my spirit dance To see thy friendly glance. Hurrah !

"A valiant rider bears me;
A free-born German wears me:
That makes my eye so bright;
That is the sword's delight."
Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I am free, And love thee heartily, And clasp thee to my side, E'en as a plighted bride. Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven, My light steel life have given; When shall the knot be tied? When wilt thou take thy bride?" Hurrah!

The trumpet's solemn warning Shall hail the bridal morning. When cannon-thunders wake Then my true-love I take. Hurrah!

"O blessèd, blessèd meeting!
My heart is wildly beating:
Come, bridegroom, come for me;
My garland waiteth thee."
Hurrah!

Why in the scabbard rattle, So wild, so fierce for battle? What means this restless glow a My sword, why clatter so? Hurrah!

"Well may thy prisoner rattle; My spirit yearns for battle. Rider, 't is war's wild glow That makes me tremble so." Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber near, My love; what wilt thou here? Still in thy chamber bide: Soon, soon I take my bride. Hurrah!

"Let me not longer wait: Love's garden blooms in state, With roses bloody-red, And many a bright death-bed." Hurrah!

Now, then, come forth, my bride! Come forth, thou rider's pride! Come out, my good sword, come! Forth to thy father's home! "O, in the field to prance
The glorious wedding dance!
How, in the sun's bright beams,
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"

Then forward, valiant fighters!
And forward, German riders!
And when the heart grows cold,
Let each his love infold.
Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,
And stolen glances flung;
Now clearly on your right
Doth God each fond bride plight.
Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel
That virgin cheek of steel;
One kiss, — and woe betide
Him who forsakes the bride.
Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing; Now let the clear blade ring, Till the bright sparks shall fly, Heralds of victory! Hurrah!

For, hark! the trumpet's warning Proclaims the marriage morning; It dawns in festal pride; Hurrah, thou Iron Bride! Hurrah!

From the German of CHARLES THEODORE KORNER
Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PENSIONER.

"OLD man, God bless you i does your pipe taste sweetly?

A beauty, by my soul! A red-clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly! What ask you for the bowl?"

"O sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with:

A brave man gave it me,
Who won it — now what think you? — of a bashaw
At Belgrade's victory.

"There, sir, ah! there was booty worth the showing,— Long life to Prince Eugene! Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing

The Turkish ranks down clean."

"Another time I'll hear your story : ---Come, old man, be no fool: Take these two ducats, - gold for glory, -And let me have the bowl!"

"I'm a poor churl, as you may say, sir: My pension's all I'm worth: Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir. For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now! Once, as we hussars, all merry, Hard on the foe's rear pressed. A blundering rascal of a janizary Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once across my horse I hove him. --The same would be have done. -And from the smoke and tumult drove him Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him, and, before his end, bequeathing His money and this bowl To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his

breathing.

And so he died, brave soul!

"The money thou must give mine host, - so thought I, -

Three plunderings suffered he:

And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it, In flight or in pursuit; It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir, Under the walls of Prague: First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, sir, And then picked up my leg.'

"You move me even to tears, old sire: What was the brave man's name? Tell me, that I, too, may admire, And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter; His farm lay near the Rhine." -"God bloss your old eyes! 't was my father, And that same farm is mine.

"Come, friend, you've seen some stormy weather, With me is now your bed; We'll drink of Walter's grapes together, And eat of Walter's bread."

"Now. - done! I march in. then. to-morrow: You 're his true heir. I see : And when I die, your thanks, kind master.

The Turkish pine shall be."

From the German of PERFFEL. Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears:

But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away.

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand.

And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land:

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine.

For Lwas born at Bingen. - at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around.

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun :

And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars. -

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, -

And one had come from Bingen, - fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;

For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.

For my father was a soldier, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, - but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen, - calm Bingen on the Rhine.

with drooping head.

When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light steadfast eve.

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die :

And if a comrade seek her love. I ask her in my

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame, And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)

For the honor of old Bingen. - dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another. - not a sister; in the happy days gone by

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry, - too fond for idle scorning. -

O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen.

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison). --

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen. - fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, -I heard, or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear :

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill.

The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and wellremembered walk !

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in

But we'll meet no more at Bingen, - loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak, -

His eyes put on a dying look, -he sighed and ceased to speak;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled. -

The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob! And the soft moon rose un slowly, and calmly she looked down

> On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn:

seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen. - fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.*

THE tattoo beats, - the lights are gone, The camp around in slumber lies. The night with solemn pace moves on. The shadows thicken o'er the skies: But sleep my weary eyes hath flown, And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one, Whose love my early life hath blest -Of thee and him - our baby son -Who slumbers on thy gentle breast. God of the tender, frail, and lone, O, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near To her whose watchful eye is wet, -To mother, wife, - the doubly dear, In whose young heart have freshly met Two streams of love so deep and clear, And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne, O, teach her, Ruler of the skies, That, while by thy behest alone Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise, No tear is wept to thee unknown, No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands Of dark disease, and soothe its pain; That only by thy stern commands The battle's lost, the soldier's slain: That from the distant sea or land Thou bring st the wanderer home again,

And when upon her pillow lone Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed. May happier visions beam upon The brightening current of her breast. No frowning look or angry tone Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

" Written in the year 1846, in Mexico, the author being at that time Colonel of the 1st Regiment Georgia Volunteers.

Whatever fate these forms may show. Loved with a passion almost wild. By day, by night, in joy or woe, By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled. From every danger, every foe, O God, protect my wife and child! HENRY R. JACKSON.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, - we who stood Before the iron sleet that day : Yet many a gallant spirit would Give half his years if but he could

Have been with us at Monterev.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed In deadly drifts of fiery spray, Yet not a single soldier qualled When wounded comrades round them wailed Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept, Through walls of flame, its withering way ; Where fell the dead, the living stept, Still charging on the guns which swept The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast, When, striking where he strongest lay, We swooped his flanking batteries past, And, braving full their murderous blast, Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave. And there our evening bugles play; Where orange boughs above their grave, Keep green the memory of the brave Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed Beside the brave who fell that day; But who of us has not confessed He'd rather share their warrior rest Than not have been at Monterey? CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

IN STATE.

O KEEPER of the Sacred Key, And the Great Seal of Destiny, , Whose cye is the blue canopy, Look down upon the warring world, and tell us Is turned to verdure; and the Land is now one what the end will be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmosphere, On the white bosom of the sphere. A cluster of five lakes appear : And all the land looks like a couch, or warrior's shield, or sheeted bier.

"And on that vast and hollow field. With both lips closed and both eves sealed, A mighty Figure is revealed, -Stretched at full length, and stiff and stark, as in the hollow of a shield.

"The winds have tied the drifted snow Around the face and chin: and lo. The sceptred Giants come and go. And shake their shadowy crowns and say: 'We always feared it would be so!'

"She came of an heroic race: A giant's strength, a maiden's grace, Like two in one seem to embrace, And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in her colossal form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be One hand is fallen in the sea ; The Gulf Stream drifts it far and free; And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other, in its rest, The starry banner of the West Is clasped forever to her breast : And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the crest.

"And on her brow, a softened light, As of a star concealed from sight By some thin veil of fleecy white, Or of the rising moon behind the raining vapors of the night.

"The Sisterhood that was so sweet, The Starry System sphered complete, Which the mazed Orient used to greet, The Four-and-Thirty fallen Stars glimmer and glitter at her feet.

"And over her, - and over all, For panoply and coronal, -The mighty Immemorial, And everlasting Canopy and Starry Arch and Shield of All.

"Three cold, bright moons have marched and wheeled: And the white cerement that revealed

A Figure stretched upon a Shield, mighty Battle-field.

"And lo, the children which she bred, And more than all else cherished, To make them true in heart and head, Stand face to face, as mortal foes, with their swords crossed above the dead.

"Each hath a mighty stroke and stride:
One true, — the more that he is tried;
The other dark and evil-eyed;—
And by the hand of one of them, his own dear
mother surely died!

"A stealthy-step, a gleam of hell, —
It is the simple truth to tell, —
The Son stabbed and the Mother fell:
And so she lies, all mute and pale, and pure and
irreproachable!

"And then the battle-trumpet blew;
And the true brother sprang and drew
His blade to smite the traitor through;
And so they clashed above the bier, and the
Night sweated bloody dew.

"And all their children, far and wide,
That are so greatly multiplied,
Rise up in frenzy and divide;
And choosing, each whom he will serve, unsheathe the sword and take their side.

"And in the low sun's bloodshot rays,
Portentous of the coming days,
The Two great Oceans blush and blaze,
With the emergent continent between them,
wrapt in crimson haze.

"Now whichsoever stand or fall,
As God is great, and man is small,
The Truth shall triumph over all:
Forever and forevermore, the Truth shall triumph
over all!

IIT.

"I see the champion sword-strokes flash;
I see them fall and hear them clash;
I hear the murderous engines crash;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foeman-brother's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and
through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into
bloody slime, and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall, — expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead. He turns the head, — the
face! The son beholds his sire!

I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents, the gaps, the broken ranks,
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down
the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of
heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle blots,—
And writ on many a nameless grave, a legend of
forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorged prison-den,
The dead line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone that were the
goodly shapes of men.

"And still the bloody Dew must fall!
And His great Darkness with the Pall
Of His dread Judgment cover all,
Till the Dead Nation rise Transformed by Truth
to triumph over all!"

"And Last—and Last I see — The Deed."
Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
And leaves the Pall of His great Darkness over
all the Land and Sea.

FORCEVTHE WILLSON.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
"I is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

WAR. 525

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind Through the forest leaves softly is creeping; While stars up above, with their glittering eyes, Keep guard, — for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed, Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim, Grows gentle with memories tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep, For their mother, — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then, That night when the love yet unsucken

Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,

And gathers his gun closer up to its place, As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree, – The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,

Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing? It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!" And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, —
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, —
The picket's off duty forever.

ETHELIN ELIOT BEERS

CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette; Ring me a ball in the glittering spot That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead, There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"

Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch

From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;

A button, a loop, or that luminous patch That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!" "O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track, When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette, For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back, That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket, — this locket of gold;

An inch from the centre my lead broke its way, Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold, Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she, My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon

Washer husband — Hush! soldier, 't was Henven's decree.

We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite; War is a virtue, — weakness a sin;

There 's a lurking and loping around us to-night; Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!" CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

THE BRIER-WOOD PIPE.

HA! bully for me again, when my turn for picket is over,

And now for a smoke as I lie, with the moonlight, out in the clover.

My pipe, it's only a knot from the root of a brier-wood tree.

But it turns my heart to the Northward — Harry gave it to me.

And I'm but a rough at best, bred up to the row and the riot;

But a softness comes over my heart, when all are asleep and quiet.

For, many a time, in the night, strange things appear to my eye,

As the breath from my brier-wood pipe curls up between me and the sky.

Last night a beautiful spirit arose with the wisping smoke;

O, I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread out its hands and spoke;

Saying, "I am the soul of the brier; we grew at the root of a tree

Where lovers would come in the twilight, two ever, for company.

ever but two, together :

When the flowers were full in their blow: the birds, in their song and feather.

"Where lovers would come in the noontide. loitering -- never but two,

Looking in each other's eyes, like pigeons that kiss and coo.

"And O, the honeved words that came when the lins were parted.

And the passion that glowed in the eyes, and the lightning looks that darted!

"Enough: Love dwells in the pipe - so ever it glows with fire !

I am the soul of the bush, and the spirits call me Sweet Brier."

That's what the brier-wood said, as nigh as my tongue can tell,

And the words went straight to my heart, like the stroke of the fire-bell.

To-night I lie in the clover, watching the blossomy smoke :

I'm glad the boys are asleep, for I ain't in the humor to joke.

I lie in the hefty clover: up between me and the moon

The smoke of my pipe arises: my heart will be quiet, soon.

My thoughts are back in the city, I'm everything I've been ;

I hear the bell from the tower, I run with the swift machine.

I see the red shirts crowding around the enginehouse door.

The foreman's hail through the trumpet comes with a hollow roar.

The reel in the Bowery dance-house, the row in the beer-saloon,

Where I put in my licks at Big Paul, come between me and the moon.

I hear the drum and the bugle, the tramp of the cow-skin boots.

We are marching on our muscle, the Fire-Zouave recruits!

White handkerchiefs wave before me — O, but the sight is pretty

On the white marble steps, as we march through the heart of the city.

"Where lovers would come in the morning - | Bright eyes and clasping arms, and lips that bade us good han:

And the splendid lady who gave me the havelock for my cap.

O, up from my pipe-cloud rises, there between me and the moon.

A beautiful white-robed lady; my heart will be quiet, soon.

The lovely golden-haired lady ever in dreams I

Who gave me the snow-white havelock - but what does she care for me?

Look at my grimy features; mountains between us stand :

I with my sledge-hammer knuckles, she with her jewelled hand!

What care I? - the day that's dawning may see me, when all is over,

With the red stream of my life-blood staining the hefty clover.

Hark! the reveille sounding out on the morning

Devils are we for the battle - Will there be angels there?

Kiss me again, Sweet Brier, the touch of your lip to mine

Brings back the white-robed lady with hair like the golden wine!
CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

WOUNDED TO DEATH.

STEADY, boys, steady! Keep your arms ready, God only knows whom we may meet here.

Don't let me be taken: I'd rather awaken,

To-morrow, in — no matter where,

Than lie in that foul prison-hole - over there.

Step slowly! Speak lowly!

These rocks may have life. Lay me down in this hollow:

We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the formen may track me in blood. For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood. No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid: The surgeon I want is pickaxe and spade. What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on ye, man! I thought you a hero; but since you began

To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens,

By George! I don't know what the devil it means!

Well! well! 1 am rough; 't is a very rough school,
This life of a trooper, — but yet I 'nn no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know;
But was n't it grand

When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand !

But we stood — did we not ? — like immovable rock.

Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.

Did you mind the loud cry

When, as turning to fly,

Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?

O. was n't it grand!

God help the poor wretches that fell in that fight; No time was there given for prayer or for llight; They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand, And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.

Huzza !

Great Heavens! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave:

A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
ls there never a one of ye knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray!

Prav!

Our Father! our Father!... why don't ye proceed?

Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!

Ebbing away!

Ebbing away !

The light of the day Is turning to gray.

Pray!

Pray!
Our Father in Heaven, — boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in
my breast.

There's something about the forgiveness of sin—Put that in! put that in!— and then
I'll follow your words and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand; And, Wilson, my comrade — O, was n't it grand When they came down the hill like a thundercharged cloud!

Where 's Wilson, my comrade ? — Here, stoop down your head;

Can't jou say a short prayer for the dying and dead!

"Christ God, who died for sinners all, Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry; Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall Unheeded by thy gracious eye. "Throw wide thy gates to let him in, And take him, pleading, to thine arms; Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin, And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for saying that hymn;

It is light to my path when my eye has grown dim.

I am dying — bend down till I touch you once

Don't forget me, old fellow, -- God prosper this

Confusion to traitors! — keep hold of my hand — And float the OLD FLAG o'er a prosperous land!

TOHN W. WATSON.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

What, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!

We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done, It was all too dark to see his face; -But I heard his death-groans, one by one, And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening
prayer!

My brother! would I had died for thee, —
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not
speak.

But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side, And then for a while I forgot my pain, And over the lakelet we seemed to glide lu our little boat, two boys again. And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago, He wandered away to a foreign land; And our dear old mother will never know That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLION.

THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

ALL day long the storm of battle through the startled valley swept;

All night long the stars in heaven o'er the slain sad vigils kept.

O, the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely through the night!

O, the heaps of mangled corses in that dim sepulchral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the morning broke;

But not one of all the sleepers on that field of death awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long bright summer day,

And upon that field of carnage still the dead unburied lay.

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a dumb, unceasing prayer,

For a little dust to hide them from the staring sun and air.

But the foeman held possession of that hard-won battle-plain,

In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them, --night so holy and so calm

That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all the rest,

Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay

Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to the face,

And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passionless repose.

Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, unpitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short story told:

How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of stars.

While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery planet Mars.

Hark ! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices whispering low,

Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to look round

As they passed with silent shudder the pule corses on the ground,

Came two little maidens, — sisters, — with a light and hasty tread,

And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing hearts, they stood

Where the drummer-boy was lying in that partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from their wardrobe's scanty store,

And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back the pitying tears,

For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of maiden shame

Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour of sorest need.

And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanctified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new strange task was o'er.

And the form that lay before them its unwonted garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave they hollowed out.

And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves that lav about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work was done.

And in crimson pomp the morning heralded again the sun.

Gently then those little maidens - they were children of our foes -

Laid the body of our drummer-boy to undisturbed repose.

ANONYMOUS.

BEFORE SEDAN.

"The dead hand clasped a letter." - Special Correspondent.

HERE in this leafy place, Quiet he lies. Cold, with his sightless face Turned to the skies: 'T is but another dead :--All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, -Kings must have slaves; Kings climb to eminence Over men's graves. So this man's eye is dim ; --Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched, There at his side? Paper his hand had clutched Tight ere he died; Message or wish, may be :---Smooth out the folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us Here could have smiled ! -Only the tremulous Words of a child :— Prattle, that had for stops Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss. Morning and night. His - her dead father's - kiss. Tries to be bright. Good to mamma, and sweet. That is all. "Marquerite."

Ah, if beside the dead Slumbered the pain! Ah, if the hearts that bled Slept with the slain! If the grief died !- But no: -. Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce. — for the night-cloud had lowered.

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered.

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain:

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw. And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array. Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track: T was autumn, - and sunshine arose on the way

To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft In life's morning march, when my bosom was voung;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, And knew the sweet strain that the cornreapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I

From my home and my weeping friends never

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er. And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of

"Stay, stay with us, - rest, thou art weary and worm:"

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ; ---But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn. And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHERE ARE THE MEN?

Where are the men who went forth in the morning,

Hope brightly beaming in every face?

Fearing no danger, — the Saxon foe scorning, —
Little thought they of defeat or disgrace!

Fallen is their chieftain — his glory departed —
Fallen are the heroes who fought by his side!

Fatherless children now weep, broken-hearted,

Mournfully wandering by Rhuddlan's dark

tide!

Small was the band that escaped from the slaughter.

Flying for life as the tide 'gan to flow;
Hast thou no pity, thou dark rolling water?
More cruel still than the merciless foe!
Death is behind them, and death is before them;
Faster and faster rolls on the dark wave;
One wailing cry — and the sea closes o'er them;
Silent and deep is their watery grave.

From the Welsh of TALHAIARN. Translation of THOMAS OLIPHANT.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they

And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black stradfast eye,
And seemed to say, — past friendship to renew, —
"Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it
there.

And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare. Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose; My heart felt everything but calm repose; I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years, But rose at once, and bursted into tears;

Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again, And thought upon the past with shame and pain; I raved at war and all its horrid cost, And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost. On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused, And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard, One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared. In stepped my father with convulsive start, And in an instant clasped me to his heart. Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid; And stooping to the child, the old man said, "Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again; This is your Uncle Charles, come home from

This is your Uncle Charles, come nome from Spain."

The child approached, and with her fingers light Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.

But why thus spin my tale, - thus tedious be ?

Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum.

Booming from the sedgy shallow. Ruder sounds shall none be near, Guards nor warders challenge here; Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,

Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; Think not of the rising sun. For, at dawning to assail ve. Here no bugles sound reveille.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eved grass He turned them into the river-lane : One after another he let them pass, Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill, He patiently followed their sober pace; The merry whistle for once was still, And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said He never could let his voungest go : Two already were lying dead Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done, And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp, Over his shoulder he slung his gun And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat With resolute heart and nurpose grim. Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet, And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white. And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom; And now, when the cows came back at night, The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm That three were lying where two had lain; And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late, He went for the cows when the work was done: But down the lane, as he opened the gate, He saw them coming one by one, -

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess, Shaking their horns in the evening wind: Cropping the buttercups out of the grass, -But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air The empty sleeve of army blue; And worn and pale, from the crisping hair, Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes vawn. And vield their dead unto life again: And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn in golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eves : For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb: And under the silent evening skies Together they followed the cattle home. KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.*

CLOSE his eves : his work is done ! What to him is friend or foeman. Rise of moon or set of sun. Hand of man or kiss of woman? Lav him low, lav him low. In the clover or the snow! What cares he? he cannot know: Lav him low!

As man may, he fought his fight, Proved his truth by his endeavor: Let him sleep in solemn night. Sleep forever and forever. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow ! What cares he? he cannot know: Lav him low!

Fold him in his country's stars. Roll the drum and fire the volley ! What to him are all our wars? What but death-bemocking folly? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow! What cares he? he cannot know: Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye; Trust him to the hand that made him. Mortal love weeps idly by; God alone has power to aid him. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow! What cares he? he cannot know; Lay him low!

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

FROM "SOUTH SONGS."

lyro a ward of the whitewashed walls . Where the dead and the dying lay -Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls -Somebody's darling was borne one day.

* Major-General Philip Kearney, U. S. V., killed at Chantilly. \'a., Sept. 1, 1862,

Somebody's darling! so young and so brave, Wearing still on his pale, sweet face— Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave— The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould —
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace —
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take —
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love?
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him, Yearning to hold him again to her heart: There he lies — with the blue eyes dim, And smiling, child-like lips apart. Tenderly bury the fair young dead, Pausing to drop on his grave a tear, Carve on the wooden slab at his head, "Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

SENTINEL SONGS.

When falls the soldier brave
Dead—at the feet of wrong,—
The poet sings, and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.

Songs, march! he gives command, Keep faithful watch and true; The living and dead of the Conquered Land Have now no guards save you.

Grave Ballads! mark ye well!

Thrice holy is your trust!

Go! halt! by the fields where warriors fell,

Rest arms! and guard their dust.

List, Songs! your watch is long!
The soldiers' guard was brie!,
Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,
Ye may not seek relief.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!
Go! watch o'er the Dead in Gray!
Go guard the private and guard the chief,
And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme,
And with softly sounding tread,
Go forth, to watch for a time — a time,
Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
In music soft and low,
Sing round the graves, — whilst hot tears surge
From hearts that are homes of woe.

What though no sculptured shaft Immortalize each brave? What though no monument epitaphed Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away,
And monuments are dust, —
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfil their trust.

With lifted head, and steady tread,
Like stars that guard the skies,
Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,
Brave Songs! with sleepless eyes.

ARRAM I. RYAN.

ODE.

[Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C.]

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves, —
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[The women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the National soldiers]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe, —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day; —
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossons blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal nurmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,

The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,

No braver battle was won;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

PEACE.

O Land, of every land the best, — O Land, whose glory shall increase; Now in your whitest raiment drest For the great festival of peace:

Take from your flag its fold of gleom,
And let it float undimmed above,
Till over all our vales shall bloom
The sacred colors that we love.

On mountain high, in valley low, Set Freedom's living fires to burn; Until the midnight sky shall show A redder glory than the morn.

Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,
Your veterans from the war-path's track:
You gave your boys, untrained, untried;
You bring them men and heroes back!

And shed no tear, though think you must With sorrow of the martyred band; Not even for him whose hallowed dust Has made our prairies holy land.

Though by the places where they fell,
The places that are sacred ground,
Death, like a sullen sentinel,
Paces his everlasting round.

Yet when they set their country free, And gave her traitors fitting doom, They left their last great enemy, Baffled, beside an empty tomb.

Not there, but risen, redeemed, they go
Where all the paths are sweet with flowers;
They fought to give us peace, and lo!
They gained a better peace than ours.

PHGBE CARY

PEACE.

ODE TO PEACE.

DAUGHTER of God! that sitt'st on high Amid the dances of the sky. And guidest with thy gentle sway The planets on their tuneful way ; Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again

The smile of thy most holy face, From thine ethereal dwelling-place, Rejoice the wretched, weary race

Of discord-breathing men? Too long, O gladness-giving Queen! Thy tarrying in heaven has been ; Too long o'er this fair blooming world The flag of blood has been unfurled,

Polluting God's pure day; Whilst, as each maddening people reels, War onward drives his scythed wheels, And at his horses' bloody heels Shrick Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I went to hear the cry Of widow wailing bitterly; To see the parent's silent tear For children fallen beneath the spear : And I have felt so sore The sense of human guilt and woe, That I, in Virtue's passioned glow, Have cursed (my soul was wounded so) The shape of man I bore! Then come from thy serene abode, Thou gladness-giving child of God! And cease the world's ensanguined strife, And reconcile my soul to life: For much I long to see,

Ere I shall to the grave descend, Thy hand its blessed branch extend, And to the world's remotest end

Wave Love and Harmony!

WILLIAM TENNANT.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, Were trampled by a harrying crowd, And fiery hearts and armed hands Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget How gushed the life-blood of her brave, -Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still; Alone the chirp of flitting bird, And talk of children on the hill. And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ; Men start not at the battle-cry. -O. be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou Who minglest in the larder strife For truths which men receive not now, Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long Through weary day and weary year ; A wild and many-weaponed throng Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof, And blench not at thy chosen lot : The timid good may stand aloof, The sage may frown, - yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast, The foul and hissing bolt of scorn; For with thy side shall dwell, at last, The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again, -The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among his worshippers.

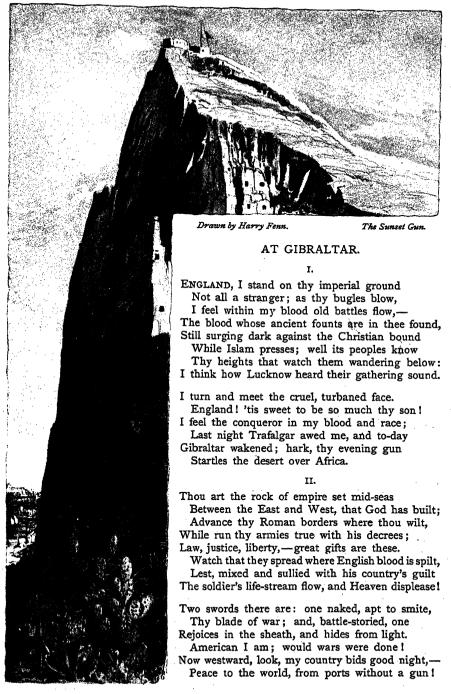
Yea, though thou lie upon the dust, When they who helped thee flee in fear, Die full of hone and manly trust. Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield, Another hand the standard wave. Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed The blast of triumph o'er thy grave. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

" To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country, - that would not be hard." - The Neighbors.

O No, no, - let me lie Not on a field of battle when I die! . Let not the iron tread. Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;



And I know that, when our couriers
With news of victory come,
They will bring a bitter message
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,
And I shudder as I see
The mock-grape's * blood-red banner
Hung out on the cedar-tree;

And I think of days of slaughter,
And the night-sky red with flames,
On the Chattahoochee's meadows,
And the wasted banks of the James.

O for the fresh spring-season,
When the groves are in their prime,
And far away in the future
Is the frosty autumn-time!

O for that better season,
When the pride of the foe shall yield,
And the hosts of God and Freedom
March back from the well-won field;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born With tears of joy and pride; And the scarred and war-worn lover Shall claim his promised bride!

The leaves are swept from the branches;
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kinder air.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BARCLAY OF URY.

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl, Jeered at him the serving-girl, Prompt to please her master; And the begging carlin, late Fed and clothed at Ury's gate, Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien Up the streets of Aberdeen Came he slowly riding:

 Ambelopsis, mock-grape; the botanical name of the Virginia creeper. And to all he saw and heard Answering not with bitter word, Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging, Bits and bridles sharply ringing, Loose and free and froward: Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down! Push him! prick him! through the town Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd Cried a sudden voice and loud: "Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!" And the old man at his side Saw a comrade, battle-tried, Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare, Fronting to the troopers there, Cried aloud: "God save us! Call ye coward him who stood Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood, With the brave Gustavus!"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword, Comrade mine," said Ury's lord; "Put it up, I pray thee. Passive to his holy will, Trust I in my Master still, Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said, With a slowly shaking head, And a look of pity; "Ury's honest lord reviled, Mock of knave and sport of child, In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend, — Like beginning, like the end!" Quoth the laird of Ury; "Is the sinful servant more Than his gracious Lord who bore Bonds and stripes in Jewry? "Give me joy that in his name I can bear, with patient frame, All these vain ones offer; While for them he suffered long, Shall I answer wrong with wrong, Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all, —
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me, —
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen
With bared heads to meet me:

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er, Blessed me as I passed her door; And the snooded daughter, Through her casement glancing down, Smiled on him who bore renown From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff, Hard the old friends' falling off, Hard to learn forgiving; But the Lord his own rewards, And his love with theirs accords Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, confessor old, Unto us the tale is told Of thy day of trial! Every age on him who strays From its broad and beaten ways Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern,
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, — that never yet Share of truth was vainly set In the world's wide fallow: After hands shall sow the seed, After hands from hill and mead Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow,—
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

IOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat broading o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel

made,"—
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

[The battle of Blenheim in Bavaria was fought Aug. 13, 1744, between the troops of the English and Austrians on one side, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians on the other side, led by Marshal Tallart and the Elector of Bavaria. The latter party was defeated, and the schemes of Louis XIV. of France were materially checked thereby.]

Ir was a summer evening, —
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
You little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won, —
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won, And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why 't was a very wicked thing!" Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,

" It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he ;

"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,

Under the twigs of a young birch-tree !

The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown. —
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints. I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FRAGMENTS.

WARFARE.

In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
The Task: Writer Morning Walk. COWPER.

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war.

**Julius Casar, Act iii. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

My sentence is for open war; of wiles

More unexpert I boast not: them let those

Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

Paradise Lost, Book ii.

MILTON.

A weak invention of the enemy.

Richard III , Act. v. Sc. 3.

COLLEY CIBBER.

All delays are dangerous in war.

Tyranuic Love, Act i. Sc 1.

DRYDEN.

DANGERS OF PEACE.

Long peace, I find,

But nurses dangerous humors up to strength, License and wanton rage, which war alone Can purge away.

Mustapha.

D. MALLET.

They sit them down just where they were before, Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

Castle of Indolence, Cant. 1.

J. THOMSON.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.

Death.

B. Porteus.

PLEASURES OF WAR.

O War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy intensely bright!
Such gleams as from thy polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!
Lind of the later. Scorr.

O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing

O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.
O, the sight outrancing.
T. MOORE.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down.

Othello, Act i. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE TRUE SOLDIER.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined, Tempering each other in the victor's mind, Alternately proclaim him good and great, And make the hero and the man complete.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform, Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The Campaign.

ADDISON.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace.
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star.

A Horatian Ode: Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

A. MARVELL.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
The Big low Papers, Second Series, No. 2. J. R. LOWELL-

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train! Turns his necessity to glorious gain. In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower; Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves Of their bad influence, and their good receives.

But who, if he be called upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined Great issues, good or bad for humankind, Is happy as a Lover; and attired With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired; And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

Who, not content that former worth stand fast, Looks forward persevering to the last From well to better, daily self-surpast;

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

Character of the Happy Warrier.

WORDSWORTH

CHALLENGE AND DEFIANCE.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

King Henry IV., Part II. Act v. Sa 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Fly they that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not to thee entreat
To passe; but mangre thee will passe or dy.

Fatric Queene. Spenser.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, They come. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Macheth Acty. Sc. Shakespeare.

PREPARATION AND BATTLE.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Hamlet, det i. St. 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

From the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

King Houry V., Jet W. Chorns.

SHAKESPEARE.

Now the storm begins to lower, (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,) Iron sleet of arrowy shower Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randoer's banc.
The tratal Staters.
T. Gray

That voice . . . heard so oft In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge Of battle when it raged.

Paraduse Lost, Book L

MILTON.

Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold,
enough!"

Machelh, Act v. Sc. 7.

SHAKESPRARE.

A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

King Richard !!!., Act v. Sc. 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come;
And oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war-cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel brighte,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Counter's Song W. MOTHERWELL.

DEFEAT.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.
And what is else not to be overcome.

At a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the books of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Sonnet XXV. SHAKESPRARE.

COURAGE AND FEAR.

He called so loud that all the hollow deep Of Hell resounded.

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!

MILTON.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
Huddiras, Part I. Cant. III. S. BUTLER

For he who fights and runs away *May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan. GOLDSMITH.

 Bartlett, in his Familiar Quotations, groups with this stanza the following :—

He that fights and runs away
May turn and tight another day,
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again
Ray's History of the Robellion, \$2.48. Bristol, 1752.

That same man, that runnith awale, Maic again fight an other daie. Erasmus, Apothegms, Trans. by Udall, 1542.

For those that fy may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain,
Butler, Hudibras. Part | 11. Cant. 3.

Never be it said

That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard. Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in

Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds. To horse!
away!

My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

Shakespeare's Richard III. (Altered), Act. v. Sc. 3.

COLLEY CIRBER.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

Alexander the Great, Act IV. Sc. 2.

N. LEE.

War, war is still the cry, — "war even to the knife!"

Childe Harold, Cant. i.

BYRON.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion.

King John, Ac il. Sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 5. Shakespeare.

HORRORS OF WAR.

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

King Richard H. Act | 1.5 C. 2.

SHAKESPEARE.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans'
tears.

Will not be drawn.

A New Way to pay Old Debts, Ad v. Sc. 1. P. MASSINGFR.

Mark where his carnage and his conquest cease! He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace! The Bride of Abydos, Cant. ii. BYRON.

CRIMINALITY OF WAR.

One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Leve of Fame, Satire vii.

DR. E. YOUNG

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.
The Bigious Papers, First Series, No. i.

J. R. LOWELL.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

Death. B. Porteus

Great princes have great playthings.

But war's a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at.

The Task : Winter Morning Walk

COWPER.

PEACE.

Take away the sword; States can be saved without it. Richelieu, Act il. Sc. 2. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled
front.

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

King Richard III., Act. Sc. ... SHAKESPEARE.

Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honor.

King Henry VI., Part III. Act iv. Sc. 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life; Beneath whose calm inspiring influence Science his views enlarges, Art refines, And swelling Commerce opens all her ports. Britantia. J. THOMSON

Till each man finds his own in all men's good, And all men work in noble brotherhood, Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers, And ruling by obeying Nature's powers, And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with all her flowers.

Ode, sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition.

Received on FreeDoms field of house. I have the pain that weight whor has 1. Huckan and truey Then breather a few bowne words and bring. Which to he breast he son she prems, Kissing The pain's Boos she blesse, -With me on has be exect 90d, Shad holy blood on ie. The sud The Mother who concease her going



POEMS OF TEMPERANCE AND LABOR.



of more theel ALL A ge deemed. whisher, Free welly by they course ! es me my uses

POEMS OF TEMPERANCE AND LABOR.

TEMPERANCE

MORAL COSMETICS.

YE who would have your features florid, Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead, From age's devastation horrid,

Adopt this plan, —
T will make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man:

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure, But find your richest, dearest treasure In God, his word, his work, not leisure: The mind, not sense,

Is the sole scale by which to measure Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science, Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance, That disappoints not man's reliance,

Whate'er his state; But challenges, with calm defiance, Time, fortune, fate.

HORACE SMITH.

THE WATER-DRINKER.

O, WATER for me! Bright water for me! Give wine to the tremulous debauchee! It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain, It maketh the faint one strong again; It-comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea, All freshness, like infant purity.

O, water, bright water, for me, for me! Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim! Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim! My hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.
O, water, bright water 's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the trenulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb.
To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

EDWARD JOHNSON.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, Father William," the young make cried:

"The few locks which are left you are gray; You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man; Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would fly fast, And abused not my health and my vigor at first, That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried.

"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied.

"I remembered that youth could not last; I thought of the future, whatever I did, That I never might grieve for the past." "You are old, Father William," the young man cried.

"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;

"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

OLD AGE OF TEMPERANCE.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT IL SC. 2.

ADAM. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

SHAKESPEARE.

TEMPERANÇE, OR THE CHEAP, PHYSICIAN.

Go now! and with some daring drug Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tug, Thou, to maintain their precious strife, Spend the dear treasures of thy life. Go! take physic - dote upon Some big-named composition. The oraculous doctor's mystic bills -Certain hard words made into pills ; And what at last shalt gain by these? Only a costlier disease. That which makes us have no need Of physic, that's physic indeed. Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see Nature her own physician be? Wilt see a man all his own wealth, His own music, his own health -A man whose sober soul can tell How to wear her garments well -Her garments that upon her sit As garments should do, close and fit -A well-clothed soul that 's not oppressed Nor choked with what she should be dressed -A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine, Through which all her bright features shine : As when a piece of wanton lawn, A thin aerial veil, is drawn

O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide, More sweetly shows the blushing bride -A soul whose intellectual beams No mists do mask, no lazy streams -A happy soul, that all the way To heaven hath a summer's day? Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood Bathes him in a genuine flood ? -A man whose tuned humors be A seat of rarest harmouv? Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguite Age? Wouldst see December smile? Wouldst see nest of new roses grow In a bed of reverend snow? Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering Winter's self into a spring?— In sum, wouldst see a man that can Live to be old, and still a man? Whose latest and most leadened hours Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers: And when life's sweet fable ends. Soul and body part like friends -No quarrels, murmurs, no delay -A kiss, a sigh, and so away? This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see? Hark, hither! and thyself be he!

RICHARD CRASIIAW.

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

[By a young lady, who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors.]

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn:
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gull;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard, —
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling-fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to a mother's side. And her crushed spirit cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear : Mark her dimmed eve. her furrowed brow. The grav that streaks her dark hair now, The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb, And trace the ruin back to him Whose plighted faith, in early youth, Promised eternal love and truth. But who, forsworn, hath yielded up This promise to the deadly cup, And led her down from love and light. From all that made her pathway bright, And chained her there mid want and strife. That lowly thing. - a drunkard's wife! And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild. That withering blight, -a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed, —'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl, —
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, — my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

ANONYMOUS.

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog: — come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen, — mind your eye!
Over the table, — look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather.

And slept out-doors when nights were cold, And ate and drank — and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!

The paw he holds up there's been frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir, —I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Are n't we, Roger?— see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then — we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too, — see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said, —
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!—
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is,
sir!)

Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your offi-

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold
your

Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle, To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, — that's five; he 's mighty knowing!
The night 's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill, — my brain is going!
Some brandy, — thank you, — there!— it
passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said,
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, And scarce remembering what mean meant, That my poor stomach's past reform;

And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink, —

The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features, —

You need n't laugh, sir; they were not then

Such a burning libel on God's creatures;

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you would n't
have guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She 's married since, — a parson's wife;

'T was better for her that we should part, —
Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You 've set me talking, sir; I 'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'T was well she died before — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I 'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse Straight confound my stammering verse, If I can a passage see In this word-perplexity. Or a fit expression find. Or a language to my mind (Still the phrase is wide or scant), To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT! Or in any terms relate Half my love, or half my hate; For I hate, yet love, thee so, That, whichever thing I show, The plain truth will seem to be A constrained hyperbole, And the passion to proceed More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine!
Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the laboring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst fees cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy heightening steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us.
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features.
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
Monsters, — that who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,—
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou mayst raise
The weak brain may serve to amaze;

But to the reins and nobler heart Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born? The old world was sure forlorn, Wanting thee, that aidest more The god's victories than, before, All his panthers, and the brawls Of his piping Bacchanals. These, as stale, we disallow, Or judge of thee meant: only thou His true Indian conquest art; And, for ivy round his dart, The reformed god now weaves A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume Chemic art did ne'er presume, Through her quaint alembic strain, None so sovereign to the brain. Nature, that did in thee excel, Framed again no second smell. Roses, violets, but toys For the smaller sort of boys, Or for greener damsels meant; Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind!
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather. Plant divine, of rarest virtue; Blisters on the tongue would hurt you! 'T was but in a sort I blamed thee: None e'er prospered who defamed thee; Irony all, and feigned abuse, Such as perplexed lovers use At a need, when, in despair To paint forth their fairest fair. Or in part but to express That exceeding comeliness Which their fancies doth so strike, They borrow language of dislike: And, instead of dearest Miss, Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss, And those forms of old admiring. Call her cockatrice and siren,

Basilisk, and all that's evil, Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil, Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor, Monkey, ape, and twenty more; Friendly trait'ress, loving foe, — Not that she is truly so, But no other way they know, A contentment to express Borders so upon excess That they do not rightly wot Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part With what's nearest to their heart, While their sorrow's at the height Lose discrimination quite, And their hasty wrath let fall, To appease their frantic gall, On the darling thing, whatever, Whence they feel it death to sever, Though it be, as they, perforce, Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee, Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee. For thy sake, Tobacco, I Would do anything but die, And but seek to extend my days Long enough to sing thy praise. But, as she who once hath been A king's consort is a queen Ever after, nor will bate Any tittle of her state Though a widow, or divorced, So I, from thy converse forced, The old name and style retain, A right Katherine of Spain; And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys Of the blest Tobacco Boys; Where, though I, by sour physician, Am debarred the full fruition Of thy favors, I may catch Some collateral sweets, and snatch Sidelong odors, that give life Like glances from a neighbor's wife; And still live in the by-places And the suburbs of thy graces ; And in thy borders take delight, An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB

LABOR.

THE HAPPY HEART.

FROM "PATIENT GRISSELL," ACT I. SC. I.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers !
O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed To add to golden numbers, golden numbers? O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace; Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny! Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content! Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thincown tears!

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKEE.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,—
He earns whate er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school, Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar, And catch the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice, Singing in Paradise! He needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

PLEASING 't is, O modest Moon!

Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,

O modest Moon!

How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains, Stern despoilers of the plains, Hence, away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds careering high
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all Nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, O

'Neath you lowly roof he lies,

The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes:
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
O, may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! O, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare!

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo;
Press ye still the downy bod,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And off my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!

In moderate cold and heat,

To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!

In every field of wheat,

The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,

And every meadow's brow;

So that I say, no courtier may

Compare with them who clothe in gray,

And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,

And labor till almost dark,

sleep
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are
singing
On each green, tender bough.

Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to

With what content and norriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!

Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team, With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,

The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with cozing
clay,

The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening
round.

Till the wide field one billowy waste appears, And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings. The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings; This is the page whose letters shall be seen, Changed by the sun to words of living green; This is the scholar whose immortal pen. Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men; These are the lines that heaven-commanded Toil Shows on his deed,—the charter of the soil!

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of
Time!

We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead;

We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread; O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn, Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn; Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain, Still thy soft answer is the growing grain. Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms, Let not our virtues in thy love decay, And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No, by these hills whose banners now displayed In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed; By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests; By these fair plains the mountain circle screens, And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines,—

True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained ban-dogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that, bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble
plough,

Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare
won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE MOWERS.

The sunburnt mowers are in the swath —
Swing, swing, swing!
The towering lilies loath
Tremble and totter and fall;
The meadow-rue
Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all —
Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the feathered grass,
Are thrown in a smothered mass;
Hastens away the butterfly;
With half their burden the brown bees hie;
And the meadow-lark shrieks distrest,
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
The daisies clasp and fall;
And totters the Jacob's-ladder tall.
Weaving and winding and curving lithe,
O'er plumy hillocks — through dewy hollows,
His subtle scythe

The nodding mover follows — Swing, swing, swing!

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring —

Ting-a-ling / ting-a-ling /

And the mower now

Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.

A moment he scans the fleckless sky.

A moment he scans the fleckless sky;
A moment, the fish-hawk soaring high;
And watches the swallows dip and dive
Anear and far.

They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive; What do they gossip together?

Cunning fellows they are,
Wise prophets to him!
"Higher or lower they circle and skim—
Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather!"

Tallest primroses, or loftiest daisies,
Not a steel-blue feather
Of slim wing grazes:
"Fear not! fear not!" cry the swallows.

Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge, And his finger daintly follows

The long blade's tickle-edge;
Softly the whetstone's last touches ring —

Ting-a-ling / ting-a-ling !

Like a leaf-muffled bird in the woodland nigh,
Faintly the fading echoes reply—

Ting-a-ling / ting-a-ling !

"Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee, Of to-morrow's hay-weather know little as we!" Says Farmer Russet. "Be it hidden in shower Or sunshine, to-morrow we do not own—

To-day is ours alone!—
Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour.
Grasp tightly the nibs—give heel and give toe!—
Lay a goodly swath, shaved smooth and low!

Prime is the day — Swing, swing, swing!"

Farmer Russet is aged and gray— Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring. Straight is he

As the green fir-tree;
And with heart-most blithe, and sinews lithe,

He leads the row with his merry scythe.

"Come, boys! strike up the old song
While we circle around...

While we circle around —
The song we always in haytime sing —
And let the woods ring,
And the echoes prolong
The merry sound!"

RONG

July is just in the nick of time!
(Hay-weather, hay-weather;)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme;—
(Swing all together!)
July is just in the nick of time!

Chorus.

O, we'll make our hay while the good sum shines —

We'll waste not a golden minute!
No shadow of storm the blue arch lines;
. We'll waste not a minute—not a minute!

For the west-wind is fair;

O, the hay-day is rare!—

The sky is without a brown cloud in it!

June is too early for richest hay; (Fair weather, fair weather;) The corn stretches taller the livelong day;
But grass is ever too sappy to lay;

(Clip all together!)
June is too early for richest hay.

August's a month that too far goes by;
(Late weather, late weather;)
Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high!
And grass that's standing is fodder scorched

dry;—
(Pull all together!)
August's a month that too far goes by.

July is just in the nick of time!
(Best weather, best weather;)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme;—
(Strike all together!)
July is just in the nick of time!

Still hiss the scythes!
Shudder the grasses' defenceless blades —
The lily-throng writhes;
And, as a phalanx of wild-geese streams,
Where the shore of April's cloudland gleams,
On their dizzy way, in serried grades —
Wing on wing, wing on wing —

Wing on wing, wing on wing—
The mowers, each a step in advance
Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
Of swerveless force:

And far through the meadow leads their course --Swing, swing, swing!

MYRON B. BENTON.

FROM "THE FARMER'S BOY."

FLED now the sullen murmurs of the north, The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth;

But unassisted, through each toilsome day, With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his

Draws his fresh parallals, and, widening still, Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill. Strong on the wing his busy followers play, Where writhing earthworms meet the unwelcome

Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown;
Again disturbed, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides,
His heels deep sinking, every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome, green headland! firm beneath his feet:
Welcome, the friendly bank's refreshing seat;

There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse Their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs; Till rest delicious chase each transient pain, And new-born vigor swell in every vein. Hour after hour and day to day succeeds, Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads To crumbling mould, — a level surface clear, And strewed with com to crown the rising year; And o'er the whole Giles, once transverse again, In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain. The work is done; no more to man is given; The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.

His simple errand done, he homeward hies; Another instantly its place supplies. The clattering dairy-maid, immersed in steam, Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream, Bawls out, "Go fetch the cows!"—he hears no more;

For pigs and ducks and turkeys throng the door. And sitting hens for constant war prepared, -A concert strange to that which late he heard. Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes: With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows: Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze. Or hear the summons with an idle gaze. For well they know the cow-yard yields no more Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store. Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow, The right of conquest all the law they know: The strong press on, the weak by turns succeed, And one superior always takes the lead, Is ever foremost wheresoe'er they stray. Allowed precedence, undisputed sway : With jealous pride her station is maintained, For many a broil that post of honor gained. At home, the yard affords a grateful scene. For spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean. Thence from its chalky bed behold conveyed The rich manure that drenching winter made, Which, piled near home, grows green with many a weed.

A promised nutriment for autumn's seed.

Forth comes the maid, and like the morning smiles:

The mistress too, and followed close by Giles. A friendly tripod forms their humble seat, With pails bright scoured and delicately sweet. Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray Begins the work, begins the simple lay; The full-charged udder yields its willing stream While Mary sings some lover's amorous dream; And crouching Giles, beneath a neighboring tree, Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee; Whose hat with battered brim, of nap so bare, From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair, — A mottled ensign of his harmless trade, An unambitious, peaceable cockade.

As unambitious, too, that cheerful aid The mistress vields beside her rosy maid: With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,

And bears a brimmer to the dairy door :

Her cows dismissed, the luscious mead to roam. Till eve again recall them loaded home.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged: 't is at a white heat now:

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound :

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round.

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windless there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves below.

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:

It rises, roars, rends all outright. - O Vulcan. what a glow!

'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such a fiery, fearful show. -

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil, - all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out;" bang, bang, the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strew

The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow ;

And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and | To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly lay on load !

Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I hode.

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilons road. -

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board:

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains, -

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still rangins.

And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing. - here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keen time :

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steenle's chime.

But while you sling your sledges, sing; and let the burden be.

The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped :

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay:

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,

For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer:

When, weighing slow, at eve they go - far, far from love and home,

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdúrate gloom, he darkens down

A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such . sights as thou?

The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 't were now

of the whales,

their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea | O, though our anchor may not be all I have unicorn.

And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn:

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade for-

And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn :

To leap down on the kraken's back, where mid Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed

Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or, haply in

Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love.

To find the long-haired mermaidens: or, hard by icy lands.

To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line:

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day.

Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave, -

A fisher's joy is to destroy, thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand

Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,

Slow swaying in the heaving waves that round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend:

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee.

Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand

To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland, -

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave

So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave;

fondly sung.

Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among! SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands. Be sure of your curb and rein, For I scorn the strength of your puny hands As a tempest scorns a chain. How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight For many a countless hour. At the childish boasts of human might. And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land, A navy upon the seas. Creening along, a snail-like band. Or waiting the wayward breeze; When I marked the peasant faintly reel With the toil that he daily bore, As he feebly turned the tardy wheel, Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed, The flight of the carrier dove, As they bore the law a king decreed, Or the lines of impatient love. I could but think how the world would feel. As these were outstripped afar. When I should be bound to the rushing keel,

Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last, They invited me forth at length. And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast, And laughed in my iron strength! O, then ye saw a wondrous change On the earth and ocean wide, Where now my fiery armies range, Nor wait for wind or tide!

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er, The mountain's steep decline; Time - space - have yielded to my power: The world, the world is mine! The rivers the sun hath earliest blest, Or those where his beams decline, The giant streams of the queenly West, Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep To hear my strength rejoice, And monsters of the briny deep Cower trembling at my voice.

I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erllow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I 've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns the chain.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

LABOR SONG.

FROM "THE BELL-FOUNDER."

At ! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,

Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness that kills.

Ah! little they know of the blessedness toilpurchased slumber enjoys

Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that destroys;

Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for, or gain;

Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;

Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath;—

Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,

Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or ploughshare or pen. Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,

Winning home and its darling divinities, - loveworshipped children and wife.

Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,

And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings. —

He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race.

Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them."—Spectator of May 14, 1869.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," Praise him who sendeth joy and woe. The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives, O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand, But why we cannot understand: Pours and dries up his mercies' flood, And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan, The mystery of God and man; We women, when afflictions come, We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by, He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky, We look up, and through black clouds riven We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise, We have no deep philosophies; Childlike we take both kiss and rod, For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

TO LABOR IS TO PRAY.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us; Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us; Hark, how Creation's deep musical chorus,

Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glow

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great

heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing
flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth:

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon. Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens; Only the waving wing changes and brightens; Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy
pillow;
Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's coming bil-

low;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow.

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping, How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!

How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl groweth;

Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon

floweth:

From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, — though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound

Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest, not content in thy darkness, — a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.
FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOM

THE LABORER.

TOILING in the naked fields,
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labor dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbifig hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all's in vain to keep him warm, Poverty must brave the storm, Friendship none its aid to lend, Constant health his only friend, Granting leave to live in pain, Giving strength to toil in vain.

JOHN CLARE.

CORN-LAW HYMN.

Lord ! call thy pallid angel,
The tamer of the strong!
And bid him whip with want and woe
The champions of the wrong!
O, say not thou to ruin's flood,
"'Up, sluggard! why so slow?"
But alone, let them groan,
The lowest of the low;
And basely beg the bread they curse,
Where millions curse them now!

No; wake not thou the giant
Who drinks hot blood for wine;
And shouts unto the east and west,
In thunder-tones like thine;
Till the slow to move rush all at once,
An avalanche of men.

While he raves over waves
That need no whirlwind then;
Though slow to move, moved all at once,
A sea, a sea of men!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

DUTY.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty: I woke and found that life was Duty: Was then thy dream a shadowy lie? Toil on, sad heart, courageously, And thou shalt find thy dream to be A noonday light and truth to thee.

ANONYMOUS

TRUE REST.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil!

Thou that wouldst taste it, Still do thy best: Use it, not waste it, -Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty Near thee? all round? Only hath duty Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting The busy career: Rest is the fitting Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion. Clear without strife. Fleeing to ocean After its life.

Deeper devotion Nowhere hath knelt: Fuller emotion Heart never felt.

"T is loving and serving The highest and best : "T is onwards! unswerving, -And that is true rest. IOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night. To each weary, toil-worn wight! Now the day so sweetly closes, Every aching brow reposes Peacefully till morning light. Good night!

Home to rest! Close the eye and calm the breast; Stillness through the streets is stealing. And the watchman's horn is pealing, And the night calls softly, "Haste! Home to rest!"

Sweetly sleep! Eden's breezes round ye sweep. O'er the peace-forsaken lover Let the darling image hover, As he lies in transport deep. Sweetly sleep!

So, good night! Slumber on till morning light; Slumber till another morrow Brings its stores of joy and sorrow : Fearless, in the Father's sight, Slumber on. Good night! From the German of KÖRNER. Trans. lation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

FRAGMENTS.

THE INTOXICATING CITE.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine. Comus. MILTON.

Ah! sly deceiver; branded o'er and o'er, Yet still believed! Exulting o'er the wreck Of sober yows.

The Art of Preserving Health.

T. ARMSTRONG.

In courts and palaces he also reigns, And in luxurious cities, where the noise ()f riot ascends above their loftiest towers. And injury, and outrage: and when night Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine, Paradise Lost, Book 1. MILTON.

O, when we swallow down Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation : laked we stand, the sport of mocking fiends. Who grin to see our nobler nature vanquished, Subdued to beasts. Wrfe's Reich.

C. JOHNSON.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em. To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em. The Revenger's Tragedy, Act iii, Sc. z. C. TOURNEUR.

TEMPERANCE.

Of my merit On thet point you yourself may jedge; All is, I'never drink no sperit, Nor I haint never signed no pledge. The Biglow Papers, First Series, No. vil. J. R. LOWELL

TOBACCO SMOKERS.

Such often, like the tube they so admire, Important triflers! have more smoke than fire. Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys. Unfriendly to society's chief joys, Thy worst effect is banishing for hours The sex whose presence civilizes ours. Compersation.

COWPER

LABOR.

From labor health, fre health contentment springs.

The Minstrel.

BEATTIE.

Like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labor to his grave.
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

King Henry V., Activ. Sc. 1. Shakespeare.

Cheered with the view, man went to till the ground

From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil, As to a punishment, yet (even in wrath, So merciful is heaven) this toil became The solace of his woes, the sweet employ Of many a liveloug hour, and surest guard Against disease and death.

Death.

B. PORTEUS.

MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,

But yet, 't'is one.

MACBETH. The labor we delight in physics pain.

Macbett, Act ii. Sc. 3. Shakespeare.

OVERWORK.

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day?

Hames, Act. So. 1. SHAKESPEARS.

WORK AND SONG. .

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
Contemplation.
R. GIFFORD.

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
Leve in a Village, Act. Sc. 2.
L. BICKERSTAFF.

Feels, and owns in carols rude
That all the circling joys are his
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicusitude.
T. GRAY.

PRUDENCE.

And for my means, I'll husband them so well
They, shall go far with little.

Hamiet, Activ. Sc. 5.
SHAKESPEARE.

Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3. SHAKESPBARE.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?*

J. BALL-

* "Lines used by John Ball, to encourage the Rebels in Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Hume's History of England, Vol. i. Ch. 17, Note 8," says BARTLETT.



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